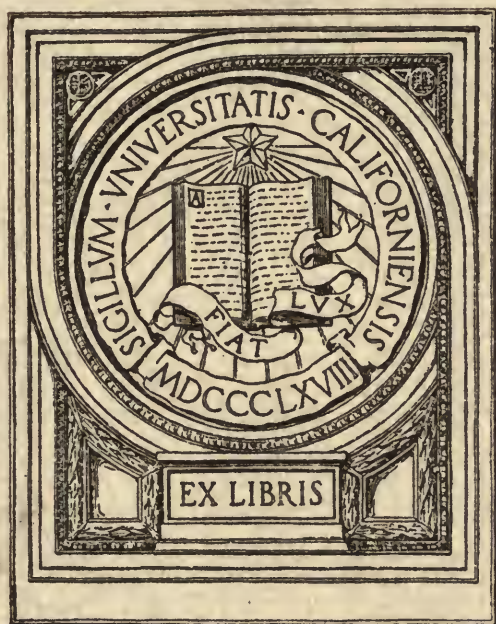


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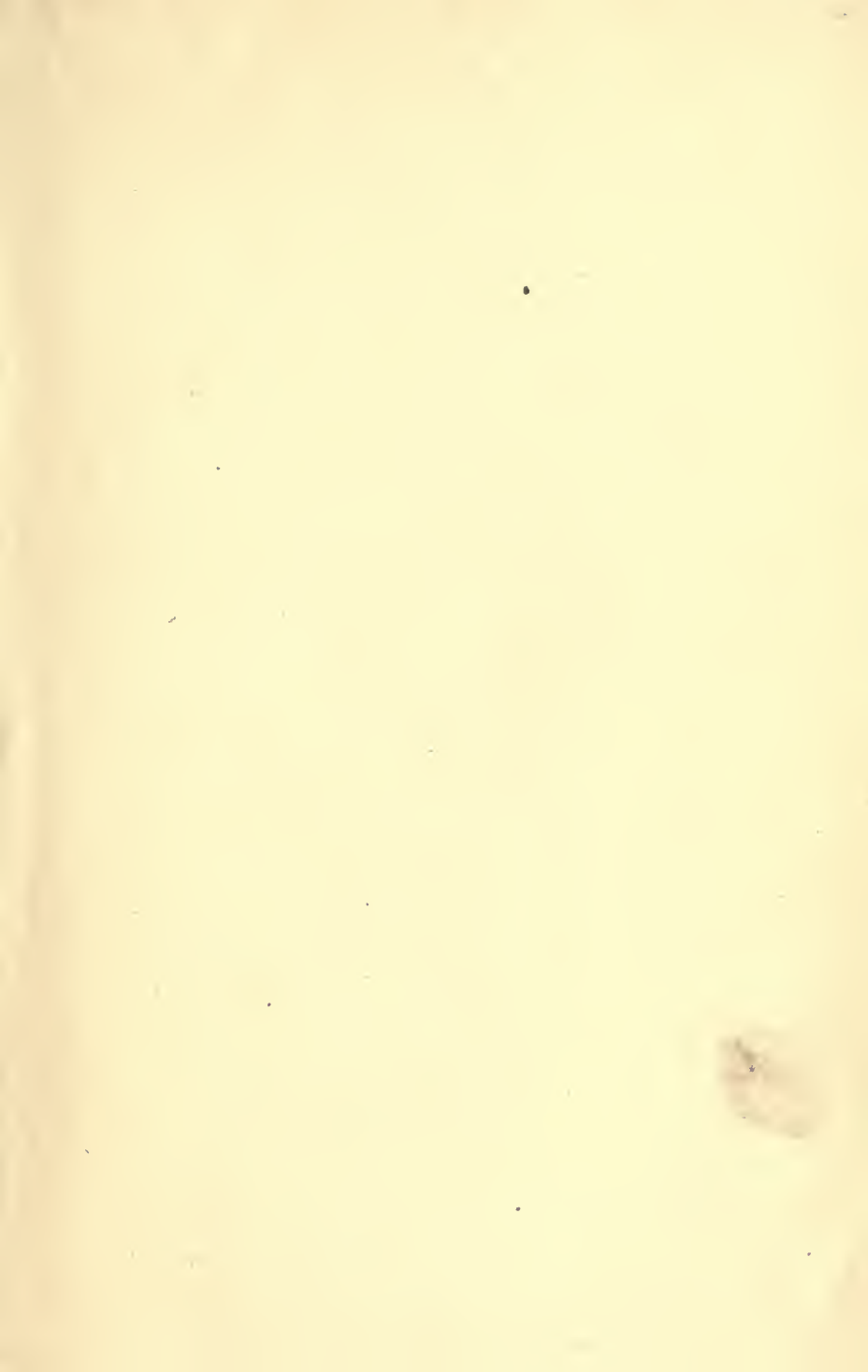
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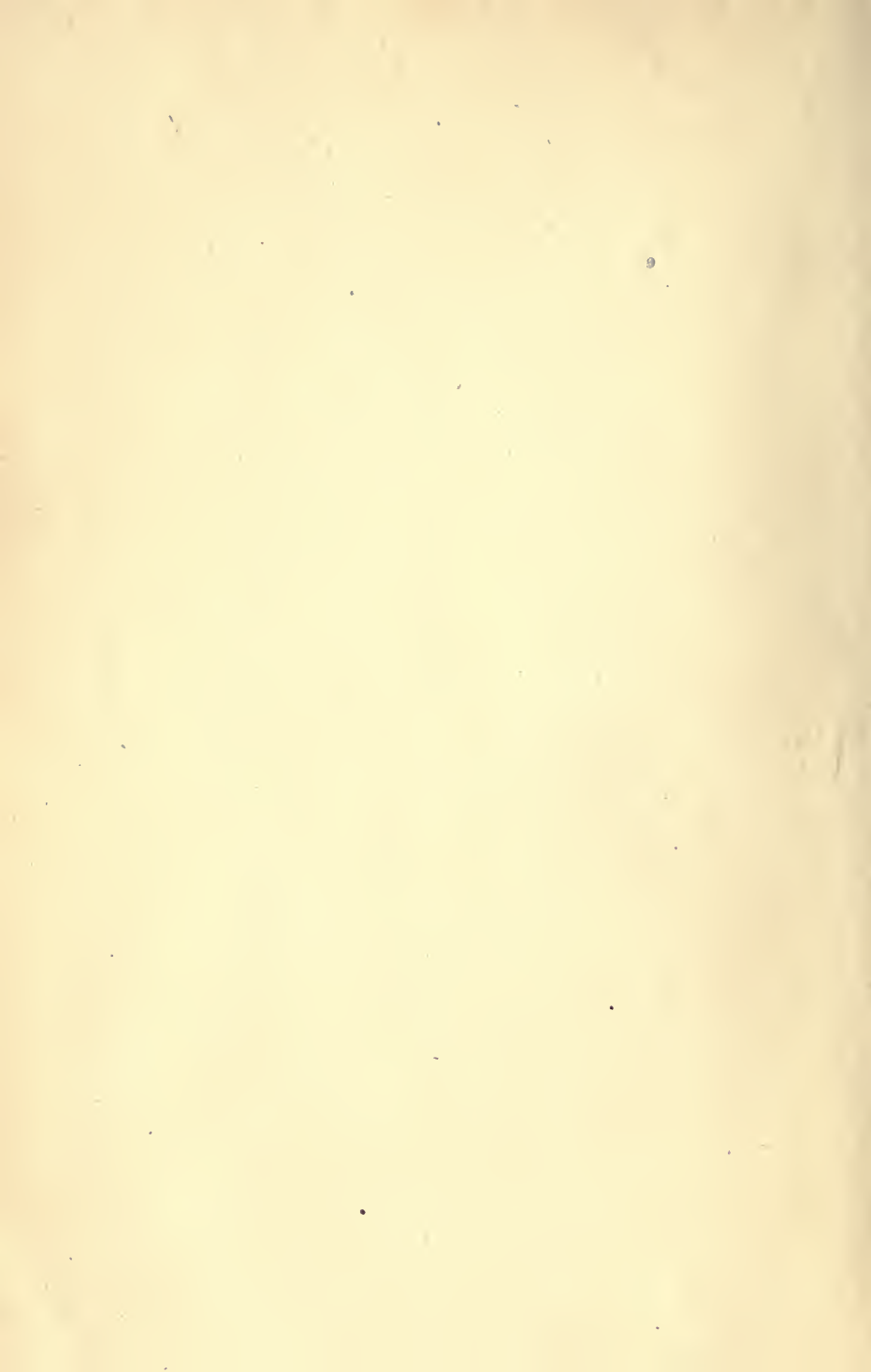
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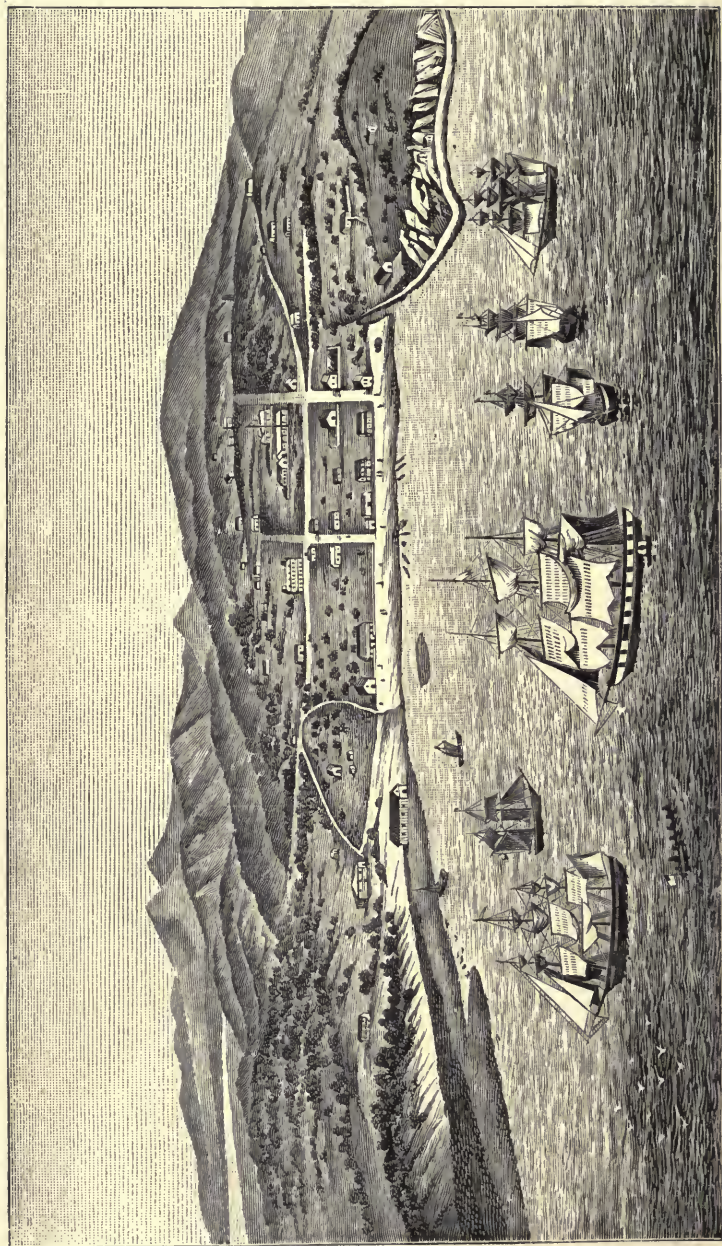
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SAN FRANCISCO IN 1846-47.

Designed and published by the Author and authenticated by General Vallejo, George Hyde and Col. J. D. Stevenson.

THE EARLY DAYS
AND
MEN OF CALIFORNIA.

BY
W. F. SWASEY

1891

PACIFIC PRESS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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DEDICATION.



ESIROUS OF GIVING EXPRESSION TO
FEELINGS OF WARMEST PERSONAL REGARD,
COMBINED WITH SENTIMENTS OF MOST
PROFOUND RESPECT AND ESTEEM, THIS
HUMBLE VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DED-
ICATED TO THE HON. CAIUS T. RYLAND, OF
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, BY

THE AUTHOR.



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INTRODUCTION.

IN projecting this book, it was the intention and design of the author to make it exclusively biographical, avoiding special mention of historical events, except where it was absolutely necessary, in vindication of the personal character of those of whom he writes; but so many errors, perversions, distortions, and also malicious and malignant aspersions of private character, have crept into the writings of one of the numerous reputed and so-called historians, especially regarding the events occurring during the time of California's most eventful history, *i. e.*, the raising of the Bear Flag and subsequent conquest, that it becomes a necessity, as well as a duty, to include a brief epitome of the history of that period.

Having been contemporary with the times and events of which he writes, and an humble participator in its history, the author claims statistical and narrative accuracy. But when he realizes that such history, coming within the purview of his own preterition, has been perverted and garbled, and private character gratuitously and cruelly maligned, is to be transmitted to posterity, and accepted by reputable journals as truthful, he feels inclined to be incredulous as to all history, and to doubt whether such a man as Julius Cæsar ever lived, and, if he did, whether he was an angel or a devil.

It should be borne in mind by the reader that the immigrants, previous to the discovery of gold, were composed of a class of men who were in the full vigor of early manhood, imbued with a spirit of adventure in its highest sense, and backed by intelligence and supreme self-reliance. Many of their names are so interwoven and identified with the settlement and development of California that they are already familiar to those conversant with its early history. The author does not claim that they were entirely free from the ordinary frailties of humanity, but their

frailties, however, were harmful only to themselves individually, and never resulted in injury to the public. As a class, they were a chivalrous, brave, generous, and unselfish set of men, and their many good qualities should dim and obliterate recollection of attributes of an opposite character. They found California an uncultivated, almost unpopulated, paradise, blooming in silence and solitude, amid primeval and magnificent luxuriance, like a young maiden waiting for her bridegroom. They sought her, they wooed her, and they won her, and placed her, the brightest jewel now gleaming in the coronet that circles the brow of Columbia. Those of them who still survive, as they now view her populous cities, towns, and villages, her hills and valleys teeming with all the products nature is capable of producing, may well feel a glow of pride while contemplating such glorious results, to achieve which they devoted the vigor of their earlier manhood. They have witnessed an unparalleled and almost magical transformation. Upon the then uncultivated and scarcely habited valleys, plains, and mountains, time in its inevitable flight has destroyed almost every trace or landmark. The hand of man, the mighty stride of progress, have obliterated almost every feature of her landscapes and changed the character of her denizens. Where solitude then reigned in almost unbroken silence, now appear the populous cities and prosperous towns and villages, containing the splendid warehouses of the merchant and the stately mansions of the rich, embellished with all the luxury and art that wealth can purchase, adorned with culture and refinement, teeming with the hum and noise of all the varied occupations of a busy, prosperous, and happy people, surrounded by a manufacturing, mining, and rural population, and winning competence and affluence from a soil unsurpassed in all this world, in its lavish reward to the hand of industry.

Many of them have been prominent in social and official life, under both national and State governments. All of them have been, at times, men of wealth and business prominence; some still remain so. Some have tasted the bitter dregs of poverty, and are now struggling in their old age for their daily necessities. None of them have ever been a burden upon charity, and not one has ever been accused of crime.

W. F. SWASEY.



CAPT. W. F. SWASEY.

Autobiography of the Author.

I INTRODUCE these historical and biographical sketches with the story of my own life, mainly for the purpose of showing that the experiences through which I have passed enable me to speak from personal knowledge of the events and the men herein referred to. I venture, at the same time, to express the hope that these experiences may be proved of sufficient interest in themselves not only to justify their publication, but at the same time to relieve me from any charge of egotism in relating them here. They are but a type of the adventures and eventful lives of hundreds of pioneers who "blazed the way" for American civilization across the continent and laid its foundations upon the shores of the Pacific.

Doubtless the story of my own life, as one of this advance guard, possesses far less interest than that of many others who made up the rank and file of that brave and generous body of men. Most of them have, however, long ago "passed over the divide," leaving nothing of their romantic lives but a fading memory among the few contemporaries who survive them. If, therefore, I present this narrative to the public at the present time, it is not only for the first reason that I have given, but also that this "fading memory" of the

lives and adventures of these earlier pioneers into the then comparatively unknown farthestmost West, may not pass into oblivion without the story of at least one of their comrades being recorded, as a common type of many, and as a humble tribute to the memory of them all.

I was born in Bath, in the State of Maine. My education was acquired in the day and night public schools of that city, supplemented by an academical course of study. Restless and adventurous in my nature, my family and social surroundings in New England were too prosaic to keep me long among them, and at a *very* early age, in spite of parental remonstrances and a mildly-exercised parental authority, I started out into the world to seek my fortune in the newer communities of the West. My beloved and venerated mother, in addition to her blessing, furnished me with a modest sum of money, and so equipped I journeyed westward, and, *via* Buffalo and Cleveland, I reached Cincinnati, at which point I had determined to commence my career. Young and inexperienced, a stranger in a strange land, I realized at an early moment the magnitude and difficulty of the task that I had undertaken. That realization grew more intense as the days and weeks rolled by and my small supply of money dwindled rapidly away, while being without anything to do that would enable me to meet my prospective daily necessities, letting alone laying the foundation of hoped-for fortune.

I had, however, fallen in with a gentleman of large means and of extensive business operations, who was from my native State, and had been an old and intimate

friend of my father, and this, too, at the opportune moment when I was reduced to something less than my last dollar. He had seemed to take quite a fancy or liking for me, and my anxious looks at once invoked his interest, and he inquired, with a sympathy akin to paternal solicitude, into the condition of my affairs. I frankly informed him of my situation. He at once insisted upon relieving me from any present embarrassment, and offered me employment with himself.

His business called him East, and he gave me specific instructions how to attend to it during his absence. He also placed \$1,500 to my credit in a Cincinnati bank, and told me to go up to the canal and speculate in any produce coming to the city by that route, and that he had no fear but my Yankee shrewdness would bring me out all right. I took his advice, and the first attempt I made came very near proving disastrous. I bought a large quantity of smoked meats, bacon, hams, sides, and shoulders; they turned out to be guiltless of sufficient smoke and salt to convert them into well-cured meats. I had failed to call in the service of the inspector of meats. I had taken the lot on trust, as it were, and soon found that unless I could avert the disaster, the whole lot would soon spoil on my hands and be marketable only with the soap boiler. If, however, my youth and inexperience had thus early plunged me into what threatened to be a serious difficulty, my ingenuity was whetted keenly into sharp action by the necessities of the case, and I soon found a way of extricating myself from the trouble. I hired a smoke-house, had the meats suspended, and proceeded to have them well smoked. In this condition,

while the smoking process was going on, just as they hung, I succeeded in finding a purchaser, who took the whole lot off my hands at a handsome advance, leaving my first venture a satisfactory commercial success.

I regret to add that my purchaser was less fortunate in the transaction, since smoke did not stay the ravages of time, and the meats found their destiny in the soap boiler at last. As my purchaser was an experienced dealer, and declared himself an expert, and said he would depend upon his own judgment rather than pay an inspector, my conscience did not prick me in the least because I had thus got the best end of the bargain.

I continued my operations, but thereafter with more care and caution. I was very lucky and successful in everything I touched, and I found myself, at the end of nine weeks, when my benefactor returned, not only able to repay him what he had furnished me, with interest, but with something more than two thousand dollars of profits to my credit, which I offered to my good friend, but he would not even take a share of it, but insisted upon my keeping it all. Since that time I have been able, at times, to count my wealth with six figures, but I have never felt so rich as I did then.

At this time I became acquainted with Richard Ames, son of the Revolutionary patriot, Fisher Ames, who was then one of the most extensive operators in all kinds of produce and furs in the West. This acquaintance thus early entered into, tended largely in shaping my future career. The fur trade was Ames' favorite business, but it was rapidly drifting farther

west and centering in St. Louis. From engaging in various transactions with Mr. Ames, I soon became associated with him in business. We soon found it necessary to remove to St. Louis, and there we established ourselves in the fur trade, shipping our furs and peltries *via* the Alleghany Mountains to the house of A. H. Center & Son, then the most extensive fur dealers in the United States.

Success crowned our efforts from the beginning; our business increased steadily, and an uninterrupted career of prosperity seemed opening before me. My duties in the firm led me into the wild districts of Southern Missouri, whose forests and swamps were swarming with wild animals of almost every description. Most all kinds of furs were plentiful and cheap, but of inferior quality to those further North; still we found them very profitable, and the bulk of our collections was procured there. Southern Missouri at that time was the wildest, most lawless country I have ever seen. It was sparsely settled, by a rough, ignorant people, who lived mostly by hunting, raising here and there only a few hogs and a little corn, and they were the law unto themselves; deadly feuds were common occurrences; a man would be killed, and the party committing the deed would move a few miles into an adjoining county, and nothing would be done about the matter.

The extensive swamps were alive with wild game, the most venomous snakes, and fever and ague. The primitive habits of most of the inhabitants bordered closely upon savagery. Although at a comparatively short distance from civilized life, yet I saw many peo-

ple dwelling in those swamps whose whole lives had been passed there, who were as utterly ignorant of the ways and habits of civilization as if separated by thousands of miles, or living in darkest Africa. I saw many instances of families who knew nothing about tea or coffee, or how to prepare them; they made a tea or beverage of sassafras, which grew wild and in abundance. The only kind of spirituous liquor they had was what they called undistilled whisky, made from corn. It had a milky sort of appearance, and was very innocent looking, but, like many other things in this world, its looks were very deceiving; its subtle power was marvelous and devilish.

From the tame and peaceful life of a New England boy, this was rather a startling transition; life was full of excitement and adventure, sufficiently spiced with danger to make it interesting, and keep one's faculties on the alert, and I soon became accustomed to it, although I had one or two close calls. I was bitten by a Lake Moccasin snake, and badly cut with a bowie-knife, and shot in the leg in *melees* that I had no interest in. But during that life I learned the lesson of self-reliance, that has stood me in dire need many times since.

I will not tire my readers by relating, in detail, the experiences through which I passed while engaged in this occupation, but as illustrative of the wild and uninhabited condition of that section of Missouri at that period, I may mention one incident that impressed itself so deeply upon my memory, and tried my courage and endurance so severely, that it may interest the general reader if I relate it here. Returning to St.

Louis, upon one occasion, with a wagon well loaded with furs and peltries, we came to a serious obstruction in the shape of fallen timber barring our progress; the timber, for a width of a hundred yards or more, and extending an unknown distance, had been upturned and leveled to the ground by a tempest; the trees lay in one direction, like a straight swath cut through a grain field. In some portions of the West these tornado tracks are termed "windrows." In Missouri, cause and effect had been blended in the common designation of "hurricane." With the greatest difficulty we finally succeeded in passing over it, but with the loss of one of our horses by a broken leg, so we could go no farther but camped, and I dispatched my companion, on the back of the remaining horse, to the nearest house, some twenty miles, for assistance, and prepared to make myself as comfortable as possible during the night. I gathered a quantity of pine knots, built a fire and cooked supper.

As nightfall began to gather, and darkness added to the gloom of the forest, the howling of a wolf broke the otherwise pervading silence, directly followed by others. Realizing that it was the running season for the wolves, a feeling of anxiety took possession of me, as I realized the danger of my situation. Louder and louder came the ominous howls, until the woods seemed to be alive with them. I piled on the pine knots in the hope that the light of the fire would stay their approach. The light of my fire was reflected back to me from hundreds of gleaming eyes on every side of me, accompanied by fiendish snarling, and the sound of gnashing teeth. I could not move in any direction

to procure more fuel, and my stock was rapidly becoming exhausted. Knowing that I should soon be in utter darkness, and at the mercy of these ruthless beasts, and that but one resource was left me, I proceeded at once to avail myself of it, while yet the light of the fire kept the howling pack at bay. Young and active as I was, I sprang quickly to a tree near my fire, and, with the nimbleness of a squirrel, reached a perch of safety.

As the fire died out, the ferocious wolves dashed upon the camp and wagon; the furs and peltries were soon gnawed and scattered in every direction. The poor horse, whose leg was broken, and which we had mercifully killed, had already furnished the *piece de resistance* of these hungry denizens of the forest. The howling beasts, when all else was exhausted, held high carnival at the foot of the tree upon which I was perched, until daylight dawned, in the vain hope of making me a sort of dessert to their repast. With the dawn they slunk away into the forest, and as the sun rose, tired, cramped, and half frozen, I descended to the ground and viewed the proceedings of the prolonged night session of these ravenous beasts.

The furs and peltries were gnawed into shreds, scattered around, and ruined. The skeleton of the horse, picked clean, and fairly polished, gleamed white and ghost-like in the morning sunlight. It was indeed a wreck of all animal matter except myself in that vicinity, nothing remaining but the wagon and my solitary self. About noon my companion returned with help and fresh horses, and, richer only in experience, I returned to St. Louis without further mishap.

The events of my life which immediately followed might well be passed over here were it not necessary to relate a part in order to show the cause which eventually led me into the wilderness of the yet farther West, and made me an humble actor in the events which followed.

My partner professed to have learned of a large collection of furs and peltries which had been gathered at a point on the Current River, in Southern Missouri, and which he wished to go and buy. The purchase would require a large amount of money, and all our available cash resources were gathered together and placed in his hands. So equipped he started, as I supposed, on his mission. A week later I heard of his having been seen in Peoria, Illinois, and a few days after I learned, to my utter astonishment and dismay, that he had really absconded, leaving me in poverty and distress, and breaking up and destroying our business. I started at once on his track, following every clue I could obtain, but I never saw him afterwards. I heard that he had fled into Canada, where possibly he may be living still. In my journeyings I had reached Boston.

The excitement and worriment attendant upon this misfortune seriously affected my health, and, by the advice of a physician, I again started for the West in the hope of regaining it. "No pent-up" St. Louis confined my journey this time. My experience there was not calculated to make me infatuated with that place. I went there, however, as a starting-point of my journey towards the sunset regions. While there, in the early fall of 1843, I fell in with a party of Rocky Mountain

trappers, from Fort Laramie, now in Wyoming. They consented to my going to Fort Laramie with them. I procured letters from Mr. Tharpee, the head of the American Fur Company, to Colonel Hamilton, then in charge of the company's affairs at Laramie.

We reached the fort in due time, without any untoward event. We killed many buffalo on our way up the Platte River. The exercise and invigorating atmosphere had a wonderful effect upon me, and when I reached Laramie I felt like a new man. My experiences thus far in life had been those of a much older and more matured manhood. I had already regained my natural buoyancy of spirits, and, in a great measure, my health, and I felt equal to almost any undertaking promising adventure. My disposition just at that time was too reckless to consider well the difficulties and dangers to be encountered in any mode of life that might open before me.

At that time Fort Laramie was the rendezvous and base of supplies for the trappers, for hundreds of miles around. The trappers, sometimes alone, sometimes with Indian wives, would take their traps and a couple of ponies and go into the mountain fastnesses to trap for beaver, to be gone from four to six months, returning in the spring with their packs of furs. Acting upon the advice of Colonel Hamilton, I concluded to join a French Canadian trapper called Chaumie, upon one of these trips, in the winter of 1843-44. We started with a good outfit, with three ponies, an ample supply of jerked buffalo meat, coffee, and ammunition, and the necessary traps. We penetrated into the mountains, and it was some three weeks before Chau-

mie set his traps. We moved from stream to stream, and were very successful, and Chaumie had cached several packs of beaver. I will here observe that I had no more idea of where we were than a sailor in mid-ocean, without sextant, chart, or compass, but Chaumie seemed to know all about it, and I was content. It was a lonely life, but not by any means void of excitement and adventure, and the robust health I was then enjoying kept my spirits in an exhilarant condition that rendered me oblivious to recollections of life in the populous world.

When we had been out some three months I noticed one day that Chaumie appeared anxious and worried. He concealed his traps with more than ordinary care, and would not let me make any fire up in the ravine where we had camped; I asked him what was the matter. Chaumie spoke broken English; he shook his head and laconically said, "Indians, I no like him." He was watchful and uneasy all night, and I slept but very little myself. The next morning just after day-break he took his rifle and went down to the stream to look at his traps; he had been gone about a half-hour when I heard the report of his rifle. I crawled to a clump of bushes at the crest of the ravine, and, looking down, I saw Chaumie surrounded by Indians. I hurried back to camp, cut off a few links of jerked buffalo meat from the tree where we hung it, and, with my rifle and buffalo robe, I struck into the mountain, with not the remotest idea which way I was traveling. Concealing myself in the bushes, I slept soundly that night until daylight. Making a hasty meal of jerked buffalo meat, I started; I struck over a spur of the

mountain and down into a valley below; I had hardly reached the valley when my ears were saluted with Indian yells, seemingly on every side of me. I was soon surrounded and found myself a prisoner of the same Indians who had Chaumie.

At that time the Sioux and Cheyennes were friendly to the whites, but the Arapahoes were hostile, and I knew it was that tribe who had captured us, and I knew that they were cruel and pitiless, and we could expect no mercy at their hands. They took my rifle away from me, and would not allow me to communicate with Chaumie, although on our march he several times called out to me to keep up a good heart. We started on a long and weary march far into a mountainous country, that I have always understood to be the Black Hills; after several days we reached their village, composed of some seventy-five lodges. The Indians all turned out, and had a very excited time on our arrival.

I was placed in a lodge with some young bucks of about my own age. The next day they commenced holding powwows to decide what they would do with Chaumie and myself. I was allowed to wander around, but the young bucks always kept close by me. Chaumie and myself were kept apart, but we several times came within speaking distance, when he would call out to me, "Boy, keep up brave heart; don't be afraid; you all right; they keep you, they make you Indian," intimating at the same time that he was doomed to a different fate.

After a few days I was led, by two old squaws and the young bucks, into the center of the village. Here

I found that a small-sized tree had been set firmly in the ground, to which poor Chaumie was fastened. Brush was piled around him and preparations for burning him at the stake were completed. They did not set fire to the brush then but kept him there all through the afternoon, taunting and worrying him in every way they could, without committing, as yet, any bodily injury. Chaumie retorted in a ceaseless flow of curses and epithets, calling them squaws and cowards, in broken English, French, and some few words of their own language, at the same time mixing in words intended for me. He told me not to be afraid, that no harm would come to me if I appeared to be contented, and adopted their ways and habits; that I would get away from them some day, and to tell his friends at Laramie what had become of him, and that he had died as a brave man should die.

At night they set fire to the brush and then commenced a wild saturnalia of savage deviltry and cruelty, such as no man has ever witnessed without the remembrance of it haunting him to his dying day, and such as fills me with horror as I write down the story of the horrible scene. As the flames arose and encircled the body of poor Chaumie, not a cry of agony escaped him, but he redoubled his defying words, telling them that their men were squaws and that there was not a brave among them. It was the squaws and young bucks who did all the torturing. They thrust burning brands into his burning flesh, made him a target for their arrows, and danced around him, in demoniac glee at the agonies he was evidently suffering. If I tried to turn my head away from the sickening scene; if I

shut my eyes, I was forced to open them again, by their threatening gestures. And so, with the blare of the fire lighting up the hideous scene, the defiant words of poor Chaumie growing fainter and fainter, the exulting yells of the copper-colored devils, and yet more fiend-like screechings of the female hags, more raving than the ravenous wolves which had surrounded me the year before in the forests of Missouri, I was heart-sick, desperate, and heedless of what might happen to me as I heard the last moan from the lips of my poor half-breed friend, and saw the flames shrivel up his tortured body and limbs into a crisp and roasted mass, that fell into ashes and cinders with the burning *debris* of the brush and wood that had been gathered together at once for this execution and funeral pyre.

I was taken back from the scene of horror to the lodge, and there, throughout the long and seemingly never-ending night, I suffered such wakeful torture as almost made me envy the lot of poor Chaumie, with whom all was, at last, rest and peace.

Youth, elastic and buoyant with health as I was then, does not readily yield to despair, even under situations as trying as that in which I found myself placed. I had but one course to pursue, and that was to make the best of my surroundings; to appear seemingly cheerful and contented; to ingratiate myself into the confidence of my captors; to be, almost in reality, an Indian among Indians, a savage among savages, for as long a time as might be necessary to effect my escape, at some time, from them.

Altogether I was treated kindly. I joined in the sports of the young bucks, leaping, foot-racing, prac-

ticing at a mark with bows and arrows, etc. There were no guns among them. I would go hunting with them, but I was not a success with bow and arrows. Finally they let me have my rifle and ammunition. I was a good shot. I was very lucky in finding deer and other game, and always succeeded in bringing something to the village on my return from my hunts. This at once raised me very high in their estimation and respect, which was shown by the higher consideration with which they afterwards treated me. Among the Indians of those days, the one who could procure the most game was looked upon as of importance and considered a great brave, and I excelled them all in that respect.

At first I found, on returning to camp, that several of the Indians would be straying into camp immediately afterwards, showing that they had been watching me. This espionage continued for some time, but my manner was so apparently unconscious and contented that it gradually dispelled their suspicions. As soon as I was convinced that I had won their confidence, and was no longer watched, I commenced carrying out the plan that I had formed in my mind for obtaining my freedom.

I would start out pretty early in the morning and stay all day, and frequently after nightfall, especially on moonlight nights. But I would always bring some meat into camp. If I killed more game than I could carry, I would hang it up in a tree, and the next day the young bucks would go out with me and fetch it in. After a while I commenced taking all the dried meat I could conceal about my person, and caching it as far

on the route I intended to pursue as I could accomplish in one day. I had marked the route as far as I could. I had fixed upon a distant peak of a mountain as the boundary line of my captivity, with an undefinable feeling that freedom lay beyond. Many of the bucks were away from the village on a buffalo hunt, somewhere on the plains.

I shall never forget the night preceding my final departure. I suffered more agony mentally than I ever had before. I lay all night restless and sleepless, my mind full of gloomy forebodings, and as I realized the dreadful consequences of failure, the vision of poor Chaumie's fate would flash over my memory in all its hideousness, and great agonizing beads of perspiration would start from every pore of my body.

I had lost the reckoning of days, but it was a bright morning in August when I commenced my fateful journey. As my eyes rested for the last time upon the sleeping village, strange to say, a feeling akin to sadness came over me. It had been my only home for about eight months. They had never been cruel to me. And in the last few weeks they had been as kind as their stoical nature would permit, especially the young of my own age, of both sexes. I had fallen into many of their ways, and learned many words of their language, and my life among them had not been altogether joyless, and, notwithstanding the memory of poor Chaumie's cruel fate, I should have been loth to have joined any party in an attack upon them. My feeling towards them had become free from bitterness.

I felt safe in calculating upon twenty-four hours before I should be followed. As I proceeded, I gathered

the food I had cached on the route. When I came to any streams, I would travel up and down in them, and cross and recross them many times, in the hope of bewildering the Indians in following me. It was a bright moonlight night, and I kept on as long as I could do so intelligently, and then I crawled into the brush and slept soundly. I arose at daylight the next morning and turned my eyes to the still distant peak. The four following days were simply a repetition.

About noon on the fifth day I at last reached the summit of the mountain. I had met with plenty of game, but did not dare to fire off my rifle or make a fire, for fear of attracting Indians, and my food was almost exhausted. When I had descended the mountain about three hours, I caught a view of the prairies stretching away off in the distance, and I could see a line of timber, indicating a stream, which afterwards proved to be a fork of the Platte River. At nightfall, weary and tired, but with feelings somewhat elate, I crawled into the brush in a ravine and slept soundly until daybreak. Water was plenty, but I ate my last dried meat that morning, and recommenced my weary tramp towards the still distant plains. Along in the afternoon I became very hungry, but still did not dare to fire off my gun, and I again lay down to sleep, with hunger added to my weariness.

The next morning, somewhat refreshed by my sleep, I arose, and, after partaking of a copious breakfast—of water—from a stream near by, I resumed my journey. In the afternoon my hunger became unpleasantly intense, but I still refrained from shooting at any of the game that I saw. That night my sleep was

restless and troubled with dreams of all the nice viands I had ever partaken of. In the afternoon of the next day I reached the foot-hills bordering the plains. My hunger had then become so intense that I determined, at all hazards, to appease it in some way. I still felt the danger of discharging my gun; besides, the game had become very scarce. Late in the afternoon I came across a rattlesnake, basking in the sun. I killed it, cut its head off, sought a deep ravine, gathered some dry leaves and brush, made a fire with powder, and roasted it in the coals. The skin came off beautifully, leaving the meat white as snow, and as sweet food, I thought at the time, as any I had ever eaten. I repeated this operation two or three times afterwards.

That night, greatly refreshed by my delectable supper, I slept well. I camped close to the plains. The next morning, as I turned my gaze to the prairies, I saw they were literally swarming with buffalo, and about the middle of the forenoon I saw a great commotion among them near the river and directly discovered a puff of smoke and heard the faint report of a gun, soon after followed by others, and I knew that they must be white hunters, as the Indians had no guns to hunt with in those days. I hastened eagerly and rapidly towards them. As I neared them, the firing became more frequent, and I was fully convinced that they were a party of white hunters making buffalo meat. As I approached nearer, I was at once recognized by old Joe Walker, the then renowned trapper and Rocky Mountain guide, whom I knew at Laramie. As he rode up to me, he exclaimed, "Great God! boy, where did you come from?"

I was soon surrounded by the whole party on horse-back. The dead buffaloes they had killed lay scattered all around the plain. Sol. Sublette, another old friend, was one of the party. They all greeted me most kindly and welcomed me as one who had long been given up at Laramie as dead. They took me to their camp on the river, which was almost surrounded by buffalo meat drying in the sun, and with which, and the adjunct of splendid coffee and real bread made of flour, the first I had tasted for long months, I almost surfeited myself.

That night, sitting around the camp fire, I told them my experience with the Arapahoes; I related in detail the sad fate of poor Chaumie. They eagerly listened, in emotional silence, to my recital. When I had finished, old Joe Walker exclaimed, "Boys, we must take some of that Rapaho har" in revenge of Chaumie.

I was in bounding health and overflowing with animal spirits, and the happy ending of this somewhat dramatic episode of my life left me as free as the air, with not a disturbing thought of either the past or future.

Of course I remained with the hunters until we returned to Fort Laramie, sometime in September, 1844.

I was a free lance once more, free to drift back again to civilization, or to plunge still farther into the magnetic Western wilds, as fancy or circumstances might dictate. I had no thought then of returning to Eastern civilization. To remain where I was had neither pleasure nor profit in prospective. My inclinations still pointed to the "fresh fields and pastures new" of the

yet remote West, ere I should halt in my wanderings in that direction. I had no definite or fixed plan or purpose in my mind, but, with an insouciant feeling, trusted to providence to shape future events.

Early in October, 1844, a party of six or seven persons arrived at Fort Laramie, on their way from California to the Eastern States. Among them was a gentleman named Farwell. He was originally from my native State, Maine. His eyes were seriously affected and he was on his way to the States for the purpose of obtaining medical treatment. He had acquired a large land grant in California.

Mr. Farwell entertained me for hours with his glowing description of California, until my imagination pictured it to me as a veritable Atlantis, and I became imbued with an intense desire and determination to come hither. He also gave me a warm letter of introduction to W. D. M. Howard.

In the following spring, 1845, I had fully determined to come to California as soon as I could persuade a sufficient number to join me to make the party self-protective. The emigration, at that time, was wholly toward Oregon. California was a remote, foreign, and practically unknown country, that had as yet attracted but few American settlers, and possessed, as far as then known, but few inducements for emigration.

As the emigration to Oregon began to arrive at Laramie, I commenced my interviewing. The first day I found among them an old friend from St. Louis, Dr. W. B. Gildea, a dentist. He quickly consented to join me. In the following week we succeeded in inducing ten others to go with us, making a party of

twelve, consisting of J. R. Snyder, Wm. Blackburn, George McDougal, Dr. W. B. Gildea, Hiram Rhensaw, Francis Hoen, John Lewis, Harry Speel, W. L. Todd, William Scott, a man named Smith, and myself. Of that party I have been for several years the sole survivor.

Early in June, with pack animals, we left Fort Laramie for Fort Hall *via* Fort Bridger. Fort Hall, now in Idaho, was then the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Fur Company. Some one hundred and fifty miles east of Fort Hall I discovered a Durham bull, wandering alone on the banks of a stream along which we were traveling, that had evidently been foot-sore and abandoned by some Oregon emigrant that had passed there. I found him well and in fine condition, and drove him in among our few loose animals, and from there to Fort Hall, as a legitimate prize, where he became a prime factor in assisting us on our journey to California, as well as a source of what promised to result in a serious difficulty.

At Fort Hall I found a generous welcome from Captain Grant, then in charge there, to whom I had brought a warm letter of introduction from Colonel Hamilton, of Fort Laramie. When I informed him that we were going to California, he strenuously objected, saying that I was too young, and our party too small, to undertake it, and too little was known of the country intervening and the character of the different tribes of Indians that we would encounter. He urged his objections with almost paternal kindness, but I did not waver in my determination to proceed, and he finally gave up the contest.

The trail up to within a few miles east of Fort Hall was on the direct route to California as well as to Oregon. So our party went and camped near where it turned off to Oregon in hopes of inducing more of the emigrants bound there to join us, but did not succeed in gaining a single recruit.

My treasure-trove, the Durham bull, now became a source of anxiety and importance. Our stock of provisions consisted of a meager supply of jerked meat and coffee. To make up any deficiency, I had bargained with Captain Grant for eight hundred pounds of flour in exchange for the bull. We thought this, with game we hoped to kill *en route*, would be sufficient for our necessities. George McDougal came from the fort one day with the news that a man named Stewart, who originally owned the bull, was at the fort, and that he demanded its possession. He urged me to get on my horse and go to the fort at once, which I did, fully realizing the fact that no bull no flour, and no flour no California.

On my arrival at the fort I found that Captain Grant had refused to give up the bull without my consent. I asked him to let me have the use of his corral, exclusively, until the matter was settled, which he did. I then told Stewart that I had found the bull one hundred and fifty miles away; that I had cared for and driven him in; that I was informed by reliable authority that when he abandoned the bull he said, "I hope to God that the wolves will eat him up." This he did not deny, and I told him I considered the bull my legitimate property by the laws of the plains. I also told him that I had sold the bull to Captain Grant for

eight hundred pounds of flour; but with Captain Grant's consent, I would let him, Stewart, have the animal for six hundred pounds of flour, and that if he did not assent to my proposition I would leave the matter to the arbitration of mountain men then at the fort. To all of which Stewart dissented, and intimated that he would take the bull at all hazards.

During this parleying I stood at the entrance of the corral with my rifle on my arm ready for use. In the meantime the rest of my party had come up and quietly ranged themselves by my side. Stewart also had several friends with him, all well armed. And when I informed Stewart that I should certainly resist, with my life, anyone attempting to enter the corral, the prospect of a lively physical discussion became quite ominous.

Fortunately, about that time Peg-leg Smith, the noted mountaineer, with others of his companions, appeared on the scene, and Peg-leg, quietly but firmly, said to Stewart, "Look a here, stranger, we'll look into this thing and see who's right, and if the boy is, we don't intend to see him wronged." Captain Grant was also present and said: "Boys, there is a law of the plains that applies to this case. You investigate it, take the testimony, and do what is right, and your decision shall be maintained at all hazards." I produced my witnesses and proved my case as heretofore stated. Stewart only attempted to prove that he had intended to send back for the bull. It was clear, however, that he had never thought of doing so until he learned that the animal was at Fort Hall.

The hunters, after hearing both sides, decided that

the law of the plains was that anyone finding an abandoned animal and driving him one hundred miles or more to a place of safety, had acquired title to the same, and that the bull belonged to me, and at the same time intimated, in plain but forcible terms, that they were prepared to enforce their decision, adding their advice to Stewart and his party to resume their journey to Oregon, which advice they very promptly followed. Captain Grant at once turned over the flour to me in exchange for the bull.

A day or two after, our final preparations being complete, we struck camp and made our start for California. We passed over a mountainous country and in a few days reached "Thousand Spring Valley." At this point we were joined by John Greenwood, son of John Greenwood the then noted Rocky Mountain hunter and guide. His mother was a Crow Indian, but his manner, color, and language scarcely indicated a trace of his Indian blood, and he would have been taken for a white man almost anywhere. He told us that he had been over the route to California, and we gladly accepted him as guide.

Our journey was void of special incident until we had made a few days' march down Marys River, now called the Humboldt. Up to this time we had met many Indians, who were always very friendly. They would come into our camp and trade with us for their buckskins. One afternoon an Indian, with his boy, came into camp and traded off his skins to us, and then left and went ahead of us and camped on the banks of the river. The next morning Greenwood started in advance, as was his custom, to select our

camping-ground for the following night. When we had traveled a mile or more, we found the poor Indian lying on the ground, mortally wounded, and the boy crying by his side.

It was a most wanton and dastardly murder. We took a blanket and tenderly carried him under the shade of some willows. Doctor Gildea dressed his wound, but pronounced it fatal. We directed his boy to seek his people as soon as possible. And then, leaving food and water within his reach, we sadly resumed our march, with every heart among us filled with indignation.

When we came to camp that afternoon, we found Greenwood there. We immediately disarmed him, and then held a sort of council of war upon his case. The only excuse that he had to offer was that he had recognized the Indian as one who had stolen some animals from him when he passed over the route before. Some of our number were seriously in favor of meting out to him the same cruel fate he had inflicted upon the poor, inoffensive Indian. But we finally came to a more merciful conclusion. We gave him a little meat, his gun and ammunition, and drove him from our camp that very night, and warned him that if he dared to show his face to us again it would be at his life's peril. We all felt that we would much rather take our chances of finding the trail than travel in company with such a vile murderer.

After that we had unceasing trouble with the Indians until we left that river. We had to stand guard constantly over both ourselves and animals. We were obliged to camp out in the plain away from the river.

On coming to camp and driving our animals to the stream for water, they would be frequently shot with arrows by Indians concealed in the thick willows that lined its banks. And it was a sad necessity that we were obliged to kill several of them in self-defense. The whole trouble was in keeping with all my experience and knowledge among the Indians. The white man is almost always the first transgressor.

We finally reached the sink of the river and came to the desert that lies between it and the Truckee River. In crossing the desert both ourselves and animals suffered greatly for want of water. Two of our animals gave out and perished on the way.

We traveled on the Truckee, which we named Rocky River, for it was the most rocky stream that I ever saw, and we had to cross it innumerable times. But it was afterwards called "Truckee," after the name of an Indian, and has borne that name since.

We followed that stream to the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. We had no trail to follow, but shaped our course by the conformation of the mountains. We met with no game of any kind except one grizzly bear, which we wounded, but it got away from us. We were fourteen days in crossing the Seirra Nevada, the last two days subsisting almost wholly upon pine nuts, acorns, and coffee. We drank our last coffee on the fourteenth day, when we reached Johnson's Ranch, on Bear River, which was the outmost habitation on the border of habited California.

Besides Johnson, a man named McFaddan and his family, and Thomas Fallon were residing there. As we approached the ranch, Fallon was engaged in mak-

ing a *fausta* (California saddle-tree). Upon seeing us, he raised his hands and exclaimed, "Great God! where did you drop from?" They received us with the greatest kindness and hospitality, and gave us a repast of boiled beef, potatoes, and real bread made of flour, which I thought the most bountiful and luxurious banquet that I had ever sat down to.

Two days after, on the 23rd of September, 1845, we reached Sutter's Fort, which I have always since called the date of our arrival in California.

We were received by Captain Sutter, with his characteristic kindness and hospitality. Our immediate wants were supplied bounteously and without charge.

I remained at the fort in the capacity of assistant clerk. Also Dr. Gildea, who took charge of the pharmacy and became the physician of the fort, in the employ of Captain Sutter. Snyder, Blackburn, McDougal and others left on a hunting expedition for elk in the San Joaquin Valley, but as their after lives are related in detail in their several biographies contained in this volume, I will refrain from alluding to them farther here.

Dr. Gildea died at the fort early in January, 1846. About the same time I left the fort in company with Captain W. A. Leidesdorff, American vice-consul at Yerba Buena (San Francisco), and Captain Wm. Hinckley, Mexican captain of the port of Yerba Buena.

In November, a Mexican commission, composed of General Jose Castro, Mexican Military Commander of the Territory; Don Andreas Castillero, a member of the Mexican Congress; Don Victor Prudon, and

Mr. Jacob P. Lees, arrived at the fort to treat with Captain Sutter for the cession and relinquishment of the fort.

In December following, Captain Fremont, with a portion of his party, belonging to the Topographical Corps of Engineers of the U. S. Army, arrived at the fort.

On my arrival at Yerba Buena, I became the guest of Captain Leidesdorff, by whom I was treated most kindly. While there, Captain Fremont arrived, accompanied by three or four of his men, on his way to Monterey, to obtain permission from General Castro to take his whole party to Monterey for the purpose of obtaining supplies and clothing for his men.

While in Yerba Buena, I presented my letter of introduction to W. D. M. Howard, given to me by Mr. Farwell, at Fort Laramie, in 1844. I cannot speak in too warm terms of gratitude of the brotherly, almost fatherly, kindness by which I was received by him. He wrote to Mr. T. O. Larkin, U. S. Consul at Monterey, and obtained for me the situation of the U. S. Consular Secretary.

Early in March, 1846, I started for Monterey. On arriving at San Jose, the news reached there of Fremont being encamped on the Gavilan Peak, on the east side of the Salinas Valley, and surrounded by a force of Mexicans under General Castro. Captain C. M. Weber immediately called together the Americans residing at San Jose, for the purpose of taking some action. It was concluded to send a courier north to arouse the American settlers, and a messenger to Fremont. John Daubiness was selected to go north and I was selected to take the message to Fremont.

At that time Captain Weber kept a public house (or *fonda*) in San Jose. In the bar-room a crowd of Californians were playing monte. Their horses were hitched outside. Daubiness surreptitiously took two and I another. He started north and I south on our missions. On my way south, after passing through a gap in the hills about fourteen miles below San Jose, I overtook a band of Indians driving a lot of horses they had stolen, towards the Tulare Valley. I hesitated some time, not knowing how I was to get by them. Finally I struck the spurs into my horse, and, with an American yell, dashed through them, they scattering on every side, panic-stricken. I never turned my head, but kept right on, and was not followed.

When nearing Gilroy's ranch my horse could scarcely go out of a walk. I espied a twinkling light off to my left. I went to it and found it was Julius Martin's house. I roused him up and told him of my mission. He awoke his wife; she got up and prepared us a royal breakfast. Julius got up some fresh horses and we saddled up, for he determined to go with me, and we started just at daybreak for Fremont's camp. When reaching the foot-hills north of San Juan Mission, where General Castro was encamped with his force, we discovered on the hill-sides many of his vedettes, who also saw us, and I told Julius that we had better ride right into Castro's camp if we didn't want to be taken as spies. He agreed with me, and we turned our horses towards the mission.

As we entered the causeway that led to it, we were surrounded by Castro's soldiers and led to his presence.

Castro questioned me quite sharply through Julius, who acted as interpreter. I exhibited my letters to Larking, showing that I was on my way to Monterey to take employment with him as Consular Secretary, and that Martin was simply showing me the right way. The general finally wound up his questioning by turning directly to me and asking, in Spanish, "Where is Fremont?" I pretended not to understand him, and asked Julius what he said. Julius interpreted the question, and I replied that I did not know, but believed he, Fremont, was somewhere on his way to Oregon.

Castro then told Martin that he need not accompany me any farther; that he was going into Monterey with some of his staff in a few hours, and that I could accompany them. I modestly replied that my horse was slow; that I was not a good rider, and I would not be able to keep up with them. He intimated that he would look out for that. Martin had told me that Gomez had been secretly supplying Fremont with beef, and I still had hope that I might give Castro the slip and reach Fremont's camp yet.

Castro, with members of his staff, left the mission about 9 A. M. and started off on a gallop, and I could not have kept up with them had I desired to. I lingered along until nearing Gomez' house, when I slipped into the thick willows that lined a little stream, and obtained a position where I could see the veranda of the house, without being seen myself. Castro and his staff were then sitting on the veranda drinking wine and smoking cigarettes, while Gomez was fawningly doing the honors of host. After a little time they mounted and dashed away towards Monterey. As

soon as I felt sure that the coast was clear, I approached the house. Gomez was sitting on the veranda, and I, with some difficulty, made him understand that I wanted to go to Fremont, when he, with a knowing look, motioned me to follow him to the rear of the house. And there he called to a vaquero, to whom he spoke in Spanish, and directed me to follow him. The vaquero led me around the base of a hill, and, pointing to a trail leading up the mountain, then left me.

I rode up the trail, which was not very difficult, and finally reached Fremont's camp. The breast-works of logs were still standing, the camp-fires were smouldering, and *debris* of the camp was scattered around on the ground, but Fremont was not there. He had probably left some hours before. Sadly disappointed, I retraced my way to the house, and took the trail to Monterey, where I arrived about 6 o'clock in the afternoon of the eleventh day of March, 1846:

To those of my readers who have followed my humble career thus far, I will say that the subsequent events of my life will be told with all the possible brevity consistent with an intelligent and truthful recital of them.

I immediately entered the employment of Thomas O. Larkin, as his Consular Secretary, which position I held all through the exciting period of the raising of the flag, and until September, during which time I was an inmate of Mr. Larkin's family, and I deem it proper to record here my grateful appreciation of the unvarying kindness with which I was treated by them. Mr. Larkin was a high-minded, honorable man in every

sense. He gave me his unlimited confidence in all matters pertaining to consular affairs, and in his delicate relations with the United States Government. He was possessed of a very comprehensive mind, and the very highest common sense. His services to his government, at that critical period of California affairs, were of incalculable value. He would embody his views in rough notes, and hand them to me, from which I would compose and write his dispatches and communications to the Department of State in Washington, which can be found to-day in the archives of that department, and also in Mr. Larkin's consular books, now in possession of Mr. Bancroft, in my handwriting. Mrs. Larkin was a most amiable and charitable lady, and almost motherly in her gentle goodness to me. She is long since deceased. Their children, then in childhood, I have kept no trace of, except Caroline, now Mrs. Sampson Tams, a most estimable lady, now living in San Francisco, esteemed and beloved by all who have the happiness of knowing her.

When the flag was raised at Monterey, on the 7th of July, 1846, an incident occurred that may prove interesting if I relate it here. The French Consul, Gasquet, opened an annoying correspondence with Commodore Sloat, annoying at least to Commodore Stockton, who chafed and fretted because Commodore Sloat tolerated what Stockton termed the insolence of the French Consul.

One morning Commodores Sloat and Stockton were pacing in front of Mr. Larkin's consulate, when a messenger brought a letter from the French Consul to Sloat. Stockton at once, with much temper, remon-

strated with Sloat against his receiving and tolerating such an impudent correspondence, to which Sloat responded by saying, "Tut, tut, tut, Commodore, you will be in command to-morrow morning and then you can treat the matter as you see fit," at which Stockton immediately called to Lieutenant Zeilin, who was lieutenant of marine on the frigate *Congress*, and said: "Zeilin, when you see my flag to-morrow morning take the place of Commodore Sloat's as in command of the squadron, you will, without further orders, proceed, with a file of marines, to the house of the French Consul, place him in arrest, and confine him to his house," adding, "Let him bring on his 'Johny Crapeaus.' I'll let Mr. 'Gasgut' know that I am viceroy just now." Accordingly, the following morning, when Stockton assumed command, Lieutenant Zeilin literally obeyed the order, and put the French in arrest.

I left Mr. Larkin's employ in September and proceeded to Yerba Buena, San Francisco, where, in October, I joined Fremont's battalion as Assistant Commissary. But inasmuch as my connection with that command is fully related in the historical portion of this book, I will refrain from dwelling upon the subject here.

At the termination of the campaign I was appointed by Fremont (then Governor) Marshall of the Territory, on the 9th of March, 1847, and was directed to seize the brig *Primavera*, then lying at San Pedro, for the purpose of transporting some of his discharged men to San Francisco, at the same time exacting a most serious pledge from me that I would bring the

vessel back and deliver her up to her owners, which pledge I faithfully fulfilled; but not without considerable trouble.

When I had embarked some thirty-eight or forty men, under Lieutenant William Baldrige, I engaged a man by the name of Stenner to act as master, who said he had been coasting up and down the coast for many years and knew all about the business. He procured a mate and crew for me. We set sail from San Pedro on the afternoon of the 12th of March. The next morning about 10 o'clock we had made a pretty good offing from the coast, when the captain ordered the men to about ship and take a tack in shore. I asked him why it was not better to take a long tack off shore and make a high west longitude. "Oh, no!" said he; "I must not get out sight of the coast, for I always know where I am when I can see the Coast Range of mountains, and that is the way I've always done it, and I never missed yet." I then found out that he knew absolutely nothing about navigation, and did not have a single nautical instrument. The mate didn't know as much as the captain, for he knew nothing about the Coast Range; but I learned that the cook had a sextant, and so I interviewed him at once. He told me he could take a meridian observation and work up a day's work, so I made the mate change places with him, the mate going to the galley and the cook to the cabin. But I thought it was best that the captain should not lose sight of his landmarks, all the same. The vessel was built of teak and was light as a cork, but she leaked very badly, and we had to put into Santa Barbara and Monterey. When we put into Monterey,

the line-of-battle ship *Columbus*, Commodore Biddle, several men-of-war and merchantmen were lying there. As we entered the harbor, I told Captain Stenner to hoist the American flag, when he told me there was not a flag of any kind on the vessel. I then told him to hoist something. He went to the cabin, got a white shirt, tied the two arms to the halyards, and ran it up. As soon as we dropped anchor, we were surrounded by boats, but they all had to lay off until the commodore's boat should board us first. Directly a lieutenant from the commodore boarded us, with directions to bring the person in charge of the brig to him. So I put Fremont's commission into my pocket, and accompanied the lieutenant. The commodore commenced questioning me in a very overbearing and imperious manner, that was not a bit pleasant. He said, "What vessel is that?" I told him, and showed him my commission. He then asked, "What flag is that, sir, that you are flying?" I told him that, wishing to assure the vessels lying in the harbor of our pacific intentions, we had hoisted a white flag. He stamped his foot in an angry and haughty manner, and said, "No levity, sir; no levity, sir, in my presence." His treatment was altogether so rude that it aroused all the spirit within me, and I said to him, "Commodore Biddle, I know I am but a youngster and I am in your power, but you have no right to treat me so, and I will not bear it in silence." And I know my manner was quite defiant in saying it. He replied, in somewhat milder tones, "There, that will do, sir; you can go," which permission I was not slow in following.

On leaving the cabin the officer of the deck sent

me to my vessel. The next day, while on shore, Mr. Larkin informed me that he had a bottomry bond on the vessel for \$1,800. I told him under what authority I held the vessel, and that I had sacredly promised Fremont to return her safely to her owners, but that if I could be honorably relieved from that promise I should be very glad. I said, at the same time, that there was but one man in the Territory who could release me from it, and that was General S. W. Kearney, who had relieved Fremont and who was then in Mr. Larkin's office. We at once sought the general's presence. I explained the situation to the general, showed my commission to him, and said if he decided that my commission was of no force, and not of sufficient authority for me to retain possession of the vessel, that I should submit to his decision. He immediately replied with some asperity that he would have nothing to do with the matter, and would make no decision, or even give an opinion as to the force or legality of my commission. I at once left and went aboard the brig, and that afternoon sailed for San Francisco, where we arrived in due time. Mr. Larkin at once dispatched a courier to San Francisco with his papers to Mr. Leide dorff with instructions to collect the bottomry bond there. We had hardly cast anchor in the bay before we were boarded by E. W. Pell, town constable, with attachment papers. I declined to recognize them. The next day the papers were served on me in town. I went before Alcade Edwin Bryant to make answer. L. W. Hastings, a lawyer, appeared for Mr. Larkin.

I had in my pocket the *Californian*, a newspaper

published in Monterey, in which was published a proclamation, by General Kearney, declaring Walter Colton's Alcalde's Court in that place *the* Court of Admiralty for the Territory. I asked the Alcade if this was an admiralty case, and he replied that it most certainly was, upon which I demurred to his jurisdiction and pulled my newspaper upon him. He at once decided that, under said proclamation, *he* had no jurisdiction, but that the case could only be tried before Walter Colton, in Monterey.

The result of the whole affair was that I was enabled to fulfill my promise to Fremont and return the vessel to her owners in San Pedro, which in due course of time I did, after which I returned to San Francisco.

In October, 1847, I was elected Secretary of the Ayuntamiento, or town council.

On the ninth day of June, 1848, in connection with C. C. Southward, we landed the first stock of goods ever landed at Napa City, and built the first building, and established the first store at that point.

In the following July I took the first extensive stock of goods taken to Sutter's Mill, where gold was first discovered.

In September I took to San Francisco the first large amount of gold from the mines, eighty-two pounds avoirdupois, which was two-thirds of the result of the sale of a little over three thousand dollars' worth of goods.

In December, in connection with R. A. Parker and J. C. Leighton, I established an importing wholesale house under the firm name of Leighton, Swasey & Co., and carried on a very extensive and successful mer-

cantile business. At the same time I retained my interest in the store at Napa City.

Early in 1849 I was a member of the San Francisco District Legislature.

I was present at the first Constitutional Convention at Monterey, in September, 1849, and could have been its secretary, but, feeling incompetent to discharge its duties, I used my influence in favor of J. Ross Brown, who was accorded that position.

Upon the formation of the State government I was one of the first notaries appointed, and held the position, with varying success, up to the year 1861, and until the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion.

I entered the military service of the United States in August, 1861, as Regimental Quartermaster of the Second California Infantry. On November 26, 1862, I was promoted by President Lincoln to the position of Captain and Assistant Quartermaster United States Volunteers. I served in the latter capacity until March, 1866, when, at my own application, I was honorably mustered out of the service.

During my term of service I was in command of two of the most important quartermaster's depots in the Department of the Pacific, Benicia and Wilmington, and disbursed millions for the government, and can with modest pride refer to my record.

While in the army, my property in San Francisco and elsewhere appreciated very materially in value, and, on leaving the service, I found myself a comparatively wealthy man. But my ingenuity in devising unfortuitous schemes and speculations in stocks and otherwise amounted almost to genius, and proved am-

ply sufficient to dissipate my worldly possessions in a very few years, since which time I have been constantly rallying upon my own reserves, and sitting in committee of the whole, so to speak, on ways and means, always reporting slow progress and asking further time.

I have always been of a hopeful, buoyant disposition, and ardent temperament. It has always been my habit to look upon the bright side of things; to consider the present, only, as mine; to be unenvious of others, and be happy and contented with my lot. I might be more so, to be sure, if the lot was a hundred-vara lot. I have never permitted myself the luxury of enjoying the same misery twice, once in anticipation and once in reality, for frequently the anticipated reality never occurs. This disposition, however, has never caused me to relax in any effort to provide against anticipated evil, but, after having done everything in my power to avert it, and braced myself to meet it with fortitude, instead of moping around with rueful countenance and lugubrious mien, casting shadows, and making everyone about me miserable, I try to banish the matter utterly from my mind, and say to myself, in the expressive language of modern slang, "Let it rip." If anyone possesses a better code to live, or die by, I wou'd like to learn it.

The events and incidents of early California history herein written are, to the many who have attempted their recital, cold and unsympathetic; to myself they are still reminiscent and sympathetic.

IN CALIFORNIA.

HISTORICAL.

CHAPTER I.

THE author arrived at Sutter's Fort, from the Rocky Mountains, on the twenty-third day of September, 1845, accompanied by eleven others, among whom were Jacob R. Snyder, Judge William Blackburn, and George McDougal, noted pioneers. We were in almost a destitute condition, our only possessions consisting of our rifles, a small amount of ammunition, and the buckskin suits we stood in. We had consumed our last morsel of food that morning. We were received by Captain Sutter with the utmost hospitality and kindness; our wants were freely supplied without stint or pay. After resting a few days, Snyder, Blackburn, McDougal, and others of the party, made arrangements for an elk-hunting expedition on the San Joaquin, Captain Sutter furnishing their outfit, for which he was to receive a percentage of the result of their hunt. They were very successful, and made several packs of elk hides and tallow, but they were attacked by the Indians about where the town of Greysonville is now located, and, after fighting two or



THE TOWNSEND-MURPHY IMMIGRANTS.—1844.

First Wagon Train crossing the Sierra Nevada. Donner Lake in the back ground. Taken from the splendid painting by

Andrew P. Hill, Artist of San Jose, Cal.

three days, were obliged to abandon everything and leave for the lower country.

The author, then in his teens, remained at Sutter's Fort in the capacity of assistant book-keeper until early in January, 1846. At that time Mr. John Bidwell, the book-keeper, was ill at Yerba Buena (San Francisco). Mr. Samuel J. Hensley was in charge of Sutter's Hock Farm, on the American River, and Mr. Pierson B. Redding was trapping beaver at the mouths of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers.

Sutter's Fort at that time was at once the ark of refuge, safety, and supply to the early Anglo-American immigrants; it was the nucleus about which centered many of the remarkable characters who were destined to become the founders of the State of California. It would require volumes to recite the numerous acts of kindness and hospitality so generously and eagerly extended by Captain Sutter to the poor, wearied, half-famished, and ill-clad immigrants. Food, clothing, and shelter were freely given without limit. Relief was dispatched to the almost impenetrable fastnesses of the mountains, bearing succor, comfort, and joy to the helpless and despairing hearts of the snow-imprisoned travelers.

In 1845 the local Mexican authorities of the Territory were devising means for compelling the retirement of the American settlers from the country. To accomplish that object, a commission composed of General Jose Castro, Mexican Military Commandant of the Territory, Don Andreas Castillero, a member of the Mexican Congress, Don Victor Prudon, and Mr. Jacob P. Leese, arrived at the fort in November

After lying in wait a few days without any serious demonstration on the part of General Castro, he struck camp, on March 11 crossed the mountains into Tulare Valley, and took up his line of march for Oregon.

About the middle of April, 1846, Lieutenant A. H. Gillespie, of the United States Marine Corps, arrived at Monterey, as bearer of dispatches from James Buchanan, Secretary of State, to Thomas O. Larkin, United States Consul and Confidential Agent. With the dispatches he brought a confidential letter from Mr. Buchanan. The author at that time was Consular Secretary, and occupied the most intimate, confidential relations with Mr. Larkin. The morning after Lieutenant Gillespie arrived, Mr. Larkin called the author into his private office, and said: "William, I am going to read a private letter or paper to you, from Mr. Buchanan; and I want you to pledge your sacred word of honor not to divulge its contents, but to retain them in your memory." Of course I cannot give its exact phraseology, but its purport is impressed clearly and unmistakably upon my memory, and was as follows: That war with Mexico was imminent, and among the immediate probabilities; that Fremont was to remain in California, and in the event of any movement on the part of the American settlers tending to frustrate or forestall the designs of others (I believe meaning the English), inimical to the interests of the United States, Fremont was at liberty to co-operate with them *in his private capacity*, and that Mr. Larkin should destroy that letter as soon as read. The author is firmly impressed that Mr. Larkin did at once obey the injunction of Mr. Buchanan, and destroyed the letter; and

also that neither Lieutenant Gillespie or Captain Fremont ever saw it or knew its exact phraseology. But in obedience to its expressed desire, Mr. Larkin at once dispatched Lieutenant Gillespie, in company with Samuel Neal, to overtake Fremont, which they did at Rogue River, Oregon, and Captain Fremont immediately returned to California, in accordance with the instructions of Mr. Larkin, based upon the contents of that very letter. The author was told by General Fremont, on his last visit to California, that the foregoing statement was fully and completely borne out in Mr. Larkin's communications to him, by Gillespie.

Mr. Bancroft, in his Vol. 5 of "California History," denies that any such letter was ever written or received, and bases such denial upon the fact that no such document could be found among Mr. Larkin's papers, or of record in his consular books. It is quite obvious to the most obtuse mind why such a paper should not be found, or record appear among the archives of Mr. Larkin's consulate, and yet the author can attest, on oath, the truthfulness of his foregoing statements. Mr. Bancroft seems to have been governed entirely by what he found among said archives, and what he failed to find there, although matters of notorious unpublished history, susceptible of abundant authentication by contemporary living witnesses, he denies, and coolly substitutes his own opinions and surmises in lieu thereof. Mr. Bancroft is aware that a considerable portion of the very record books of Mr. Larkin, upon which he relies so much, is in the handwriting of the author, who can affirm that numerous events of historical interest occurred during those times that

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never found a place in said books and archives, and had no business there.

On June 14, 1846, a party of men numbering about thirty-four, composed of settlers from the Sacramento and Napa Valleys, marched into and took possession of the town of Sonoma, and in a day or two after raised the famous Bear Flag, which action was followed by a proclamation issued by William B. Ide, the chosen leader, setting forth the causes and objects of their action.

There was not a man belonging to the Bear Flag party, every one of whom was personally known to the author, whose subsequent career has not been entirely honorable, and yet they are referred to, in the afore-said volume of "Bancroft's History," as composed of "reckless, daring, and unprincipled men, with nothing to lose;" "political adventurers and vagabonds," "mere filibusters who were entitled to none of the sympathy or honor which the world accords to revolutionists." In fact, the said volume is reeking with just such extravagant, outrageous, and unjust aspersions, and rarely alludes to a pioneer without a sneer or a slur. It goes beyond decent criticism, and, in persistent defamation, is simply devilish, especially in view of the fact that the most of them are moldering in their graves. But the fact remains that the image originating with them, and painted on their banner, is worn to-day by the most populous organization in the State as the honored badge of their society. In presence of such charges the Native Sons of the Golden West exhibit a rash temerity in daring to perpetuate an honorable memory of the Bear Flag party by adopting the imagery of the bear.

The proclamations by Castro, threatening to compel their retirement from the country, were undoubtedly the moving cause of the revolt; they were actuated by a determination to anticipate and forestall any action on the part of Castro to carry out, by force, the intentions set forth in his proclamations; the idea that they, or any member of them, were incited with anticipations of future political benefits, the author, knowing them as he did, pronounces simply preposterous and ridiculous. Notwithstanding the fact that Bancroft positively denies that Castro ever issued such proclamation, the author just as positively asserts that he has seen and read said proclamations. The fact has already been abundantly established by the sworn testimony of such men as Major P. B. Reading, S. J. Hensley, Dr. Robert Semple, and others; but inasmuch as the question has recently been mooted and the fact continued to be disputed, the author deems it proper to append the following affidavits in vindication of the motives of the Bear Flag party.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, }
COUNTY OF SANTA CLARA. } ss.

John M. Murphy, Moses Schallenberger and W. F. Swasey being by me duly sworn each severally deposes and says: That he is a resident and freeholder in the State of California; that he has resided in said State since 1844 and 1845 respectively; that in the winter of 1846, General Jose Castro, Military Commandant of California, issued and published a *bando* (proclamation) ordering the American settlers in the northern part of California to leave the Territory forthwith; that said Moses Schallenberger and said Swasey,

affiants hereto, saw and read said *bando* posted up in a public house kept by Don Jose Abrigo, in the town of Monterey, in the spring of 1846; that said affiant Murphy deposes that the fact of such proclamation being issued was a notorious and accepted fact among the people of San Jose, which has never been disputed until very recent years.

JOHN M. MURPHY,
M. SCHALLENBERGER,
W. F. SWASEY.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this twenty-fourth day of January, 1891.

J. H. RUSSEL,
Notary Public.

In the volume referred to Mr. Bancroft indulges in a redundancy of denial and denunciation. He denounces the whole Mexican War as rooted in crime and cupidity. One of his critics pertinently says that "he forgets the American and remembers only the cosmopolite and the historian." If the critic had used the term "Mexican" instead of "cosmopolite," it would have been more in harmony with the whole tenor of his book.

CHAPTER III.

IN the meantime affairs had been progressing rapidly in Monterey. The American colony was on the *qui vive*, watching every movement; rumors were rife of the intention of the leading Californians to throw off the yoke of the Mexican Government, and seek protection under the flag of some strong foreign power; the dominant sentiment among the Californians was strongly in favor of the English Government. In the latter part of March or early in April, 1846, a *junta*, composed of the leading Californians and citizens of alien birth, met at the house of Mr. Larkin. Among those attending that meeting the author recalls the names of General M. G. Vallejo, Don Pablo de la Guerra, General Jose Castro, Don Jose Abrigo, W. E. P. Hartnell, an Englishman, and David Spence, a Scotchman. The meeting took place in a room adjoining one occupied by the author, who, being anxious to know what was going on, listened attentively to their proceedings, from which he gathered distinctly that the main subject of their discussion was the suggestion, or the proposition, of throwing off the trammels of the Mexican Government, and seeking protection of some foreign flag. Several speeches were made, mostly in favor of England; but the meeting finally wound up with a speech made by General Vallejo, the purport of which was that when the time arrived when it should become necessary for the well-being

of the Californians to change their allegiance from their mother country, he would be most earnestly and emphatically in favor of appealing to the United States, or, as he frequently termed it in his speech, "La Grand Republica del Norte," upon which the meeting broke up or adjourned without taking definite action.

Mr. Bancroft denies that any such meeting was ever held or that such speeches were ever made, and pronounces the meeting a myth, and General Vallejo's speech the creation of his own imagination.

The author is in receipt of a letter from General Vallejo in which he denounces Mr. Bancroft's language and assertions in most vigorous and justly indignant terms, and alludes to the author as the only survivor of those present, as above stated.

In the afternoon of July 2, 1846, Commodore Sloat, on board the frigate *Savannah*, entered the Bay of Monterey; the sloops-of-war *Levant* and *Cyane* had been lying at anchor there some days. The arrival of Commodore Sloat created a sensation among the Americans, he being flag officer of the Pacific squadron. Vague and mysterious whisperings of trouble in Mexico had already been circulating, and it was hoped that he was in possession of such knowledge as would justify him in taking decided action, especially in view of the fact that the anti-American feeling among the prominent Californians, and the French, including their consul, was acrimonious and bitter. The expected arrival of a large English man-of-war also rendered the situation for the Americans one of intense anxiety. Mr. Larkin had a long interview with

the commodore on board the ship the next day. The author accompanied Mr. Larkin on board, but was not present at the interview. Mr. Larkin, however, informed the author that the same rumors that had already so mysteriously reached Monterey were circulating in Mazatlan when the commodore left there, and although the commodore placed great credence in said rumors, being without authentic or official knowledge, he was placed in an unpleasant dilemma. Constant interviews took place between Mr. Larkin and the commodore, both on the ship and on shore, frequently participated in by Captains Mervine and Page, of the *Cyane* and *Levant*, and it soon became noised about that the principal subject of their meetings was the taking possession of Monterey, and also that Captains Mervine and Page were emphatically in favor of immediate action; that Mr. Larkin was rather non-committal, and that the commodore was full of irresolution, doubt, and timidity. This state of uncertainty continued several days, and the commodore was openly denounced by the Americans as an old fogey.

This element of incertitude in the commodore's character greatly increased the anxiety of the Americans, they fearing that should the English man-of-war arrive before any decided action by the commodore, and interpose any protest or objection, the commodore would lack the necessary stamina to meet the occasion. It is a fact that the French Consul, Gasquet, did interpose a protest and opened an annoying correspondence, which the commodore meekly tolerated, very much to the disgust and anger of Commodore Stockton, who placed Gasquet, said Consul, in arrest

the very day he assumed command, for what he termed his insolent and unwarranted interference. The author regards this as the most critical period in the turning-point of California's history. Had Sir George Seymour arrived before our flag was raised, and entered a protest similar to that of the French consul, backed, as it would have been, by the *Collingwood*, a line-of-battle ship equal in force to that of our whole squadron then present, he ventures the assertion that our flag would not have been raised by Commodore Sloat; and it is upon record that the first thing the English admiral said to Commodore Sloat in receiving him, was, "Sloat, if your flag was not flying on shore, I should have hoisted mine there," from which the reader may readily infer the very grave, and, perhaps, vital consequences to the destiny of California which now seems to have depended upon the accidental arrival of the *Collingwood*.

On the evening of the 5th Mr. Larkin informed the author that Commodore Sloat, at the persistent intercession of the two captains, principally Mervine, and also the news that Fremont had openly espoused the cause of the Bear Flag party in the North, had determined to raise the Stars and Stripes within the next forty-eight hours, but that the matter must be kept quiet in the meantime.

On the afternoon of the 6th the author accompanied Mr. Larkin on board the *Savannah*, where they found everything in the bustle of preparation.

The morning of Tuesday, July 7, 1846, dawned most auspiciously; the sky was without a cloud, and the bay without a ripple; the sun shone serenely, and

all nature seemed to have donned her loveliest garb to welcome in an event that would be fraught with consequences of scarcely less importance than any that have occurred in the history of our country during the present century.

About seven o'clock A. M. Captain Mervine came on shore to make a peremptory demand for the surrender of the town. By nine most of the inhabitants of the village had gathered near the custom-house, watching the boats assembling about the ships, loaded with men and arms. When the order was given, and as they advanced to the shore, preserving perfect alignment, it was a magnificent sight, that no American present will ever forget. On landing the marines immediately surrounded the custom-house and flag staff. Lieutenant Edward Higgins and midshipman W. P. Toler were the two officers selected to hoist the flag, but somebody had recently taken away the hal-yards and whitewashed the flag staff. Lieutenant Higgins, who wore a beautiful blue broadcloth uniform, enthusiastically sprang up the staff to fix new ones, and when he descended his uniform had almost completely changed its hue.

As the glorious flag gracefully rose and the gentle breeze revealed its lustrous stars and luminous stripes, amid the booming of cannon and strains of martial music, the author turned to look into the faces of his American friends and found their eyes were as dim as his own.

CHAPTER IV.

DISPATCHES were sent at once to Captain J. B. Montgomery, at San Francisco, who raised the flag at that point on the 9th following. Dispatches were also sent to Fremont. The United States frigate *Congress*, Commodore R. F. Stockton, arrived at Monterey July 14, and was followed on the 16th by the British line-of-battle ship *Collingwood*, Admiral Sir George Seymour.

On Sunday, July 19, Fremont rode into Monterey with his command of about one hundred and eighty men; they created a decided sensation; they were composed mostly of mountaineers and frontiersmen, including such noted names as Kit Carson, Alex. Godey, Jo. Walker and Archambeau; they were all clad in buckskins and moccasins, and presented altogether the appearance of as sun-burned, hardy, and determined-looking a band of men as was ever seen.

The young officers of the *Collingwood*, among whom were many representatives of British aristocracy, expressed the liveliest curiosity and desire to visit them at their camp. Accordingly, the author, who personally knew the most of Fremont's men, at their request, accompanied them to the camp. We were received with hearty, characteristic, mountaineer courtesy. The young officers, expressing a wish to witness their noted skill with the rifle, it was hinted to them that if they would furnish a money target their

wishes would be gratified. They readily assented to the suggestion, and quickly produced their Mexican silver dollars, of which they seemed to have a liberal supply. A dollar was placed against a tree at a distance of one hundred and sixty yards, and the person who hit it was to have it, the shooting to be off-hand, that is, without a rest. The most noted rifle shots probably in the world at that time did the shooting, and scarcely a shot was fired that did not bring down its dollar. The almost invariable accuracy soon became monotonous and tended greatly to dispel the interest manifested at first by the young officers. They said they did not begrudge the cost of witnessing the remarkable marksmanship of the famed mountaineers of the Rocky Mountains.

With Captain Fremont's men was Dr. Robert Semple, subsequently the president of the first constitutional convention. Dr. Semple was a more than ordinarily intelligent man, well read in history, and of varied accomplishments; in stature he was six feet eight inches, and very slim. Blackburn used to say that he had to wear his spurs in the calves of his legs to enable him to hit his horse's belly. He was full of geniality and wit; he was dressed at that time in buckskins, including moccasins, with a coonskin cap. The buckskins had not been properly handled, and, having been recently wet, had shrunk considerably, so that his pantaloons reached about half way between his knees and ankles. He had arrested the further subsidence of his pants by a buckskin string tied around his moccasins. The shrinkage had not been confined altogether to his pants; the body and

sleeves had been equally afflicted, and his arms were about as much exposed as his legs. He reminded one of a boy who had suddenly outgrown his clothes. Among the young officers mentioned was a son of Sir Robert Peel, then the Premier of England. The author brought him and Semple together and left them for a while sitting on a log. When returning from the camp, young Peel said to the author that Semple was the most remarkable man he had ever met. "Why," said he, "he knows more about the history of my father and England than I do myself."

On Monday, July 25, Fremont, with his command of about one hundred and seventy men, sailed on the *Cyane* for San Diego to conquer the South. On the 29th following Commodore Stockton relieved Commodore Sloat of the command of the Pacific squadron, and Commodore Sloat left on the *Levant* for home. About the 1st of August Stockton sailed in the *Congress* for San Pedro, which point he reached about the 6th, and raised the flag. He marched with his forces for Los Angeles, and was joined just outside that place by Fremont, and with their combined forces they entered that town on the 13th of August, and raised the Stars and Stripes. They remained there until about the 1st of September, when Stockton left for San Pedro, to sail for the North, and Fremont, by land, in the same direction. Before leaving, Stockton made Gillespie commandant of the south and left him in command at Los Angeles, with about sixty men.

These movements had apparently completed the conquest of the Territory, but the Californians soon

became restive and discontented with the new order of things, and as soon as Stockton and Fremont were well out of reach, they commenced conspiring, and were soon able to muster forces far in excess of any at the command of Gillespie, whom they surrounded in Los Angeles and compelled his capitulation, about the last of September. The terms permitted him to march to San Pedro with their arms and with their colors and drums, as though it was a victory instead of a defeat. A few days after their arrival at San Pedro, Captain Mervine arrived at that point on the frigate *Savannah*. His force of marines, combined with Gillespie's force, amounting to about four hundred men, commenced their march about the 1st of October, for the purpose of retaking Los Angeles. Their march was harassed upon all sides by numerous bands of well-mounted Californians under command of General Flores, and, being without cavalry or horses, Captain Mervine deemed it wise to withdraw to his ship.

Upon hearing the news of these disasters in the North, Commodore Stockton immediately commenced organizing forces for a new campaign in the South, after completing which he sailed in the *Congress* about the middle of October for San Pedro, and from there to San Diego. In the meantime Fremont commenced recruiting his battalion, and embarked on board the merchant-ship *Sterling*, with about two hundred and fifty men, about the 23rd, bound for the South. The author joined the battalion at this time, and served through the campaign as assistant commissary.

Just below Monterey we spoke the ship *Vandalia*

and learned of the defeat of Captain Mervine at San Pedro, as above related, and also that it would be impossible for us to obtain horses in the lower country, in consequence of which we put back into Monterey. Before entering that port, we sent some officers in a boat to Santa Cruz with instructions to go to Sacramento and meet the incoming immigrants and recruit from them all the men they could, and rejoin Fremont at Monterey with all the horses they could obtain, Fremont having decided to march to Los Angeles by land.

We landed at Monterey on the 28th, and Fremont here received his commission of lieutenant-colonel of mounted rifles. While lying at Monterey awaiting recruits and horses from the North, the time was passed in disciplining the men and inducting them with the duties of a soldier's life.

On the 15th of November Mr. Larkin was taken prisoner by the Californians at Gomez Rancho. On the 16th the recruits from the North arrived at that point.

CHAPTER V.

ON the 15th of November the recruits from the North had arrived in the vicinity of Gomez Rancho. They were composed of men enlisted from the recently-arrived immigrants for the different companies then lying in Monterey with Fremont, and were in charge of Captains Burroughs, Thompson, and other officers; also eleven Walla Walla Indians under command of Tom Hill, a Delaware Indian chief belonging to Fremont's original party. The author had joined them the day before to take charge of the commissary and quartermaster's stores, of which they had a considerable quantity. They also had a band of over one thousand horses.

We had camped up in the hills near the Gomez Rancho. About 10 A. M. on the 16th quite a large body of Californians were reported as being in our front in the Salinas Valley. Captain Burroughs, the senior in rank, immediately called a council of the officers, some of whom were in favor of engaging the Californians at once; others, including the author, were opposed, for the reason that the Californians greatly outnumbered us, were better mounted, and were better horsemen, and were armed with *escopetas*, lances, and reatas, while we had only rifles; that we had the stores and horses for the battalion in Monterey, upon which depended the campaign South, and if we should meet with a reverse, it would seriously retard future

operations. Burroughs himself, feeling the responsibility that must attach to him in case of defeat, was disinclined to enter the engagement. The men were raw and undisciplined, but at the same time brave and wild for a fight, and they taunted the officer's opposing it with cowardice, when Captain Burroughs finally said to them, "If you *will* fight, by —, I will take you to the thickest of it." Captain Burroughs himself, although a brave man, had no military experience. He ordered the command to look to their rifles, to mount and advance. We left a guard of about fifteen men with our horses and stores. As we rode towards the plain with about fifty-three men, the eleven Walla Walla Indians, with Tom Hill and two white men, Joe Foster and a man named Hayes, had detached themselves and gone into a grove of timber off to our right. As we came in sight of the enemy, they were sitting still upon their horses, and as we advanced they gave us a volley with their *escopetas* at long range, their bullets going high above our heads. When within about seventy-five yards of them, we were ordered to halt and fire, and immediately after to charge, which we did with an American yell. The Californians gave way, but soon finding that we were doing them no injury with our empty rifles, they turned upon us with their *escopetas* and lances, and we were obliged, in turn, to retreat. When we fired and charged, Captain B. K. Thomson, with his sixteen men, had had the presence of mind to reserve their fire and dismount his men, and as we retreated in their rear, they gave the advancing Californians a volley that effectually checked their charge and turned them to the right-about.

In our retreat Captain Burroughs was killed; he was riding Fremont's gray horse, "Sacramento." The leader of the Californians himself rode up to Burroughs, who was leaning to the left with his right hand apparently reaching for his pistol in the holster on the right; the Californian rode so close that the muzzle of his *escopeta* pressed against his body; the ball entered the right side at the waist, and ranged up through and towards his left breast, cutting and staining with blood the corner of every letter contained in a package he was carrying for the men in Monterey. As he fell, he exclaimed: "Boys, I'm killed. Take care of yourselves." He wore a pair of silver spurs, and in falling the shank of one of them broke. A young man named Ames was lanced from his horse at the same time. He was lying badly wounded on the ground a little to the right, and a man named Cooper called my attention to him, and said, "Let us try and save him." We rode up to him, and I told Cooper not to dismount, but he did, and as we were trying to lift Ames onto my horse, he suddenly exclaimed: "Boys, look out! They are coming." I immediately perceived that the Californians were trying to cut us off, and, knowing that to tarry a moment longer would only result in the sacrifice of three lives instead of one, already wounded apparently to death, I at once struck spurs to my horse. Cooper put his foot in the stirrup to mount his horse, when his saddle turned, and, before he could mount, the poor fellow had a half dozen lances in his body. The next morning they were found lying together, literally covered with wounds—one life spent in devotion to duty to his country, the

other in a brave and chivalrous attempt to save the life of a comrade.

The Californians numbered about one hundred and fifty; they had detached about thirty men to attack the Walla Wallas in the timber; the Walla Wallas were in their war dress and paint, which in itself was sufficient to strike terror to foes unused to such apparel; but when they jumped from behind the trees and scalped the one or two that they shot down, accompanied by their unearthly war-whoop, the Californians became utterly demoralized, and suddenly turned and never stopped running while in sight, not even to join their countrymen. The author asked a prisoner taken at San Luis Obispo, who was one of them, why they ran so that day, and he answered that when they saw red devils coming out of the woods with fire and brimstone coming out of their mouths, and chopping men's heads off and skinning them, they thought it was a good time to leave that locality, and get as far away as possible, and they did not stop until they reached San Luis Obispo.

In the fight in the timber Joe Foster was killed and Hayes badly wounded in the groin.

When our main body had retreated to the rear of Thompson's little squad, we dismounted, reloaded our rifles, and stood behind our horses to receive the enemy, and then the fight resumed a somewhat more regular and military aspect.

The Californians were commanded by Don Manuel Castro, who is living now, 1890, in San Francisco, known intimately by the author, both before the war and since. He is about six feet and two or three inches,

and at that time was as fine a specimen of physical manhood as I ever saw. He was a splendid horseman, and as brave a man as ever sat in a saddle. If his men had possessed one-half of his dash and courage, our little band would have been annihilated in that day's fight. He succeeded two or three times in bringing his men to a charge; they would dash up in splendid style, firing their *escopetas* as they came, their shots all going high above us, and when within some thirty or forty yards, and receiving a volley from us, they would waver, falter, and finally turn and flee, in spite of the heroic efforts of their commander to rally them and continue their charge with their lances, which, if they had done, they could have ridden right over us, as we could only have resisted them with our clubbed rifles. This was before the advent of revolvers in California. Captain Burroughs had two single-barreled holster pistols, and the author had two, which were the only pistols in the entire command.

The result of the fight upon our side was four men killed and some half dozen badly wounded with lances. We never could ascertain the loss of the enemy, but have good reason to believe it was much greater than ours. When one of their men was wounded, a man would dash up on each side of him, take him up and whisk him away in less time than it takes to tell it. We, however, remained masters of the field. One thing of no little importance was clearly demonstrated, and that was that our men did not lack pluck and bravery, which is so characteristic of our countrymen everywhere.

The fight took place about half past three, P. M., and lasted not quite an hour.

The author has dwelt upon this matter at much greater length than he at first intended, but as it was the only regular or serious action that could be dignified by the term "battle" that occurred in the northern part of California, and as he has seen no other full account, he trusts his description of the battle of the Salinas, since called "Natividad," may not prove uninteresting to the reader.

CHAPTER VI.

ON the morning of November 17, Fremont, with his whole company, left Monterey and reached the battle-field about 4 P. M., and the next day marched to the Mission of San Juan, where we were joined by all the new recruits, swelling the number of the battalion to four hundred and twenty-three, rank and file. We lay encamped at San Juan until about the 1st of December, when we took up our line of march for the South.

The author will minimize his account of the campaign, dwelling only upon its salient features.

The battalion was organized into nine companies, including seven companies of mounted riflemen, one company of artillery, and one company of native Indians, also a sort of auxiliary force composed of eleven Walla Walla Indians, under the immediate command of Tom Hill, the Delaware. Altogether they presented a rather motley group. Officers and men alike were clad in buckskin suits, including moccasins, with slouched hats made of felt or the skin of some animal, and armed with rifles and hunters' knives, with here and there a single-barreled pistol, and, although they did not present a very martial appearance, yet there was a something in their bronzed, hardy, and determined-looking faces and deportment that rendered them uninviting for a like number of the enemy to tackle.

Our commissariat consisted almost entirely of beef,

which at times had to be driven long distances, rendering it lean and not very nourishing. Our route was through a rough, mountainous country, and in one of the most inclement winters the writer has ever experienced in California, to which we were almost wholly exposed, being provided with very few and poor tents. It rained almost continuously at times in the mountains, accompanied by snow and hail. If such constant hardship, incessant exposure, and sometimes absolute hunger, although devoid of fighting, are the elements constituting a campaign in a military sense, surely Fremont's battalion are entitled to that designation.

About the 12th an Indian was taken prisoner. A letter was found on his person, the contents of which the writer never learned, but it was sufficient to convict him as a spy, as he was convicted by a board of officers and shot the next day.

On the night of the 15th we surrounded and took possession of the Mission of San Luis Obispo. It was a most tempestuous night and of inky darkness; the rain descended in cataracts; the wind blew a gale; and the streams had become swollen torrents. The battalion was divided into three divisions; the center, commanded by Fremont, was to approach the mission upon the direct road; the right was to debouch to the right and approach the mission from the west; the third division, commanded by Captain Sears, was to debouch to the left and approach the mission from the east. Orders were given not to fire a gun until the place was surrounded, and then to shoot down anyone who refused to halt and surrender when commanded to do so. When the order was given to ad-

vance, the writer was riding with the staff just behind Fremont; it was almost pitchy dark, and only the forms could be dimly seen. In about ten minutes, from the voices about him, the writer felt he had unaccountably strayed away from the staff, and asked those near him who they were, and was told that he was with Captain Sears' column, so he rode forward and joined that officer.

After floundering through two or three narrow but unfordable streams, we found ourselves in an almost level plain, when someone discovered that there was a long, low wall just to our right ahead of us. Captain Sears immediately ordered a halt to examine saddle girths and rifles, and then ordered a charge, which was gallantly done, and in about half a minute after, the whole command, mostly dismounted, was inside a large-sized sheep corral. The stones composing the wall of the corral slanted on the outside, but the wall was perpendicular on the inside, and, consequently, we found it rather more difficult of exit than entrance. By pulling down a space in the wall, the writer and a companion managed to get out in a few minutes and, discerning twinkling lights to our right, we rode to them, and found it was the mission, which was in full possession of our people. Lights were flashing about, and Colonel Fremont was sitting on his horse giving orders when the writer approached and reported the gallant action of Captain Sears in capturing the sheep corral, and that it would probably be some time before that officer would be able to report in person to his command. The Colonel smilingly ordered the writer to direct Captain Sears to remain in possession of his capture, and hold all prisoners (sheep) that might have fallen into his hands.

Among the prisoners taken that night was Don Jose de Jesus Pico, called "Totoi." He was tried by court-martial the next morning for breaking his parole, having been previously taken prisoner, liberated on parole, and not exchanged. He was found guilty, and condemned to be shot the next day.

It should be borne in mind by the reader that our men had undergone great hardships, deprivation, and exposure, caused in a great measure, as they thought, by just such action as Pico had been found guilty of, and they were very much exasperated, and expressed a determination that his life should pay the forfeit. It will be remembered that but a few days before we had shot a poor Indian for an offense, under the code of war, certainly not as grave as the present, and they argued that Pico, being a leader, rendered his crime far more serious, and that it would be very unjust to discriminate in his favor.

The next morning a dramatic scene occurred that surely will never fade from the memory of the writer. The whole battalion had been ordered to parade on the plaza, at 10 A. M., to witness the execution, which was to take place at 10:30. The prisoner was in a room in the mission. Fremont, with two or three officers, was present awaiting the coming of the prisoner's family to take their last look on the living form of a beloved husband and father. The prisoner, with bowed head, sat in a chair; Fremont, with folded arms and stern, unrelenting countenance, stood near, while the officers, in grave silence, were grouped about him, when the wife, accompanied by eight or nine children, entered the room. They were clad in the

deepest mourning. The wife was a most stately and beautiful woman, and the children were lovely. Not one word was uttered, but they fell upon their knees, and, with streaming eyes, stretched forth their little hands in mute appeal for mercy. The deepest silence reigned.

Among the officers present was Captain Richard Owens, that stern warrior, whose heart had never failed in presence of living foe, but whose eyes, as those of his brother officers, were now dim. Suddenly, he gave utterance to the one word, "Colonel." It broke the spell. Fremont's face instantly relaxed its determined expression, and he exclaimed, "Yes, Dick, we had rather meet a thousand of them in the field to-morrow than take this one life." And, turning to the prisoner, he said, "You are pardoned; you are free." The prisoner immediately fell on his knees at Fremont's feet, and pressed the hem of his garment to his lips, exclaiming in Spanish: "My life was forfeit. You have given it back, and henceforth it shall be devoted to you." And after events proved the sincerity of his words.

That act alone should protect the name of Fremont from the vile scoffings of any carping writer that ever existed.

CHAPTER VII.

IMMEDIATELY after the episode related in the last chapter, the battalion took up its line of march south.

December 24 we commenced the ascent of the Santa Ynez Mountain, and, after the most toilsome and difficult march we had yet encountered, we reached its summit about midnight and encamped in a most furious storm. The distance was about four miles. On Christmas morning, ever memorable to all of us, we commenced the descent of the mountain. If its ascent had been difficult, its descent was simply horrible, and almost beyond description. The storm had increased in its fury; it blew a perfect gale; the rain, sleet, and snow beat right in our faces; the elements seemed to have gathered all their angry forces to bar our progress. The mountain-side was exceedingly precipitous; the trail was very narrow, and worn down five or six feet through a soft sandstone to a bottom of soapy clay, which, upon striking, one would shoot down as if he were on ice, and land upon a sort of shelving, perhaps amidst ten or fifteen animals lying together, and perhaps as many following. Murky night overtook us before we had made much progress, and such a night! Of course no one was mounted. When the writer would come to a point that looked suspicious, he would turn back and start two or three loose animals ahead as pilots; when they would reach a certain spot, they would disappear like a flesh, and he would have to turn back and seek another route.

The writer managed to reach camp at the foot of the mountain about 3 A. M. on the 26th, where he found Fremont encamped with most of the battalion, standing in the rain, ankle-deep in mire and mud, around huge fires, without tents, and with nothing to eat. Isaac, Fremont's colored man, had managed to save a couple of strings of dried Chile peppers, and, finding a camp kettle, he boiled the peppers in plain water and gave us a tin cup full; it was almost like drinking liquid fire, but it proved a most invigorating and cheering beverage just at that time. All of our cannon and many of the men remained on the mountain. The next day we found about one hundred and eighty animals dead and dying where they had been dashed over the precipices. Everything was so saturated with water that it was almost impossible to make or keep a fire burning. We had absolutely nothing to eat; we found our baggage-train scattered for ten or fifteen miles up and down the beach.

As soon as it was light enough, we started men to hunt up cattle, and soon had a band of them in camp sufficient to appease the ravenous hunger of our men.

After getting our cannon, and collecting our train and scattered animals, we resumed our march and quietly entered Santa Barbara without resistance, on the afternoon of the 27th, and raised the United States flag.

We remained at Santa Barbara until the 3rd of January, 1847, when we again continued our march.

We reached the Mission of San Buenaventura on the afternoon of the 5th. Shortly after quite a large body of Californians appeared just beyond the mission.

We immediately marched out to meet them. They kept out of rifle range, but we gave them a couple of shots from our two field-pieces, when they quickly disappeared.

Early on the 9th a messenger from Commodore Stockton reached us *via* Santa Barbara, by whom we learned that the Commodore, with General Kearney, was marching upon Los Angeles from San Diego.

We reached the Mission of San Fernando about noon on the 11th, where we learned that Commodore Stockton and General Kearney had marched into and taken possession of Los Angeles the day before.

On the 12th two California officers rode into our camp with a flag of truce. They belonged to a force commanded by Don Andreas Pico, that had been defeated by Stockton and Kearney below Los Angeles. They came to us for the purpose of treating for peace.

On the 13th their commissioners met ours on the Cahuenga plain, and concluded a treaty by which they agreed to capitulate the next day, and surrender such public arms as they possessed.

On the 14th the stipulations of the treaty were complied with.

Among the public arms surrendered was a brass-mounted howitzer, captured from General Kearney at the battle of San Pasqual by Don Andreas Pico. The surrender of this howitzer to Fremont has been considered by many the initial cause of the dislike Kearney subsequently evinced towards Fremont.

On the same day we marched into Los Angeles. The conquest was now complete, and the intention of the author in giving a truthful and brief sketch of the somewhat famous Fremont battalion is fulfilled.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN "Bancroft's History" frequent allusions are made to secret negotiations being carried on by Mr. Larkin for the peaceful cession of California to the United States, and that the movement of the Bear Flag party and Fremont's action rendered such negotiations abortive and of no effect. The fact is, there is not the slightest foundation for any such suggestion or supposition. Before hostilities commenced there was no nationality looked upon with more dislike and suspicion by the Californians in and about Monterey than the Americans. From the confidential relations existing between Mr. Larkin and the author, it was morally impossible that such negotiations could have been carried on without the latter's knowledge. Before the commencement of hostilities, the writer, by direction of Mr. Larkin, wrote brief biographical sketches of the prominent citizens of California, giving Mr. Larkin's opinion of how they would view a change of flags,—whether they would favor the United States, England, or France. One copy of these sketches was sent to Mr. Buchanan, Secretary of State; one copy was given to Commodore Stockton, and one copy was recorded in Mr. Larkin's consular books. These sketches were written from Mr. Larkin's own volition, without direction, knowledge, or suggestion of anyone else, and he was so anxious that they should be kept secret that he directed that the record of them should be sealed up and not be

opened until after his death. They did not contain a scintilla of evidence indicating a suggestion of secret negotiations.

In giving the foregoing brief epitome of the events occurring during the times of the conquest, the writer claims to have written history; he has not guessed at it, neither has he substituted impudent and egotistical opinion and surmise in lieu thereof. His chief motive has been to correct distorted and willful perversion of facts, and the refutation of gratuitous and mendacious slanders of a noble class of men, the most of whom have long slumbered in the silent valley, and all of whom the writer knew and loved, and to withhold or restrain his pen longer in their defense would be craven and cowardly.

Horace has said: "He who attacks an absent friend, or who does not defend him when defamed by another, that man is a dark character; do you, Romans, beware of him." "The man who yields even a silent assent when his friend is calumniated, must be regarded unworthy of confidence or esteem."

Introduction to Biography.

IN giving the following biographies of those pioneers whose advent in California antedates the discovery of gold, and who were among the real founders of California, it is proper to convey some idea of the state of society, and the manners, customs, and habits of the people of those early times.

As before remarked in this volume, these pioneers were in the full vigor of early manhood, with robust health and great buoyancy of spirits, a large majority being unmarried and without families. They were not lured hither by the glitter of gold; it was a spirit of adventure, pure and simple, that brought them here; it was a desire to go where youth and health, unaided by wealth, could cope with life and fortune, untrammled by the slow plodding of the older-settled and overpopulated communities.

Of society, so far as ladies are a constituent or necessary element, there was comparatively none; to be sure, there were a few, very few, American ladies in Yerba Buena, but they could be almost enumerated upon the fingers of one hand. This dearth of society compelled them to seek other sources of diversion and recreation for their leisure hours and as an outlet for their exuberant spirits. They would improvise all sorts of amusement, some of them unique and ridiculous, and bet on anything. For instance, they would

blindfold a man and turn him around three times, and then bet an ounce that he could not find a certain post that stood in the center of the plaza (that was used for posting notices on) in fifteen minutes. Behind an adobe building on the northeast corner of Clay and Kearny Streets there was a slimy pool of water, full of all kinds of nastiness, created by making the adobes for the building. One day they blindfolded Sam Brannan; after turning him around three times, Sam hesitated a moment or two, and then struck a bee line for that pool, and in less than a quarter of a minute he was in it up to his neck.

On another occasion (it was a holiday) they procured a large crockery hogshead, took it up the hill to the corner of Clay and Dupont Streets, drove it full of nails, and then tied fire-crackers to all the nails, fixing them so that by starting one of the crackers at the head inside it would set off the whole; they then drew lots to decide who should go into the hogshead and touch off that cracker. George McDougal, a most inveterate practical joker, fixed it so that E. P. Jones drew the long straw. Jones crawled into the hogshead, and he had no sooner touched off that cracker than George gave the hogshead a kick and down the hill it went with Jones inside. Jones' yells, mingled with the bursting of the crackers, rendered the scene extremely ludicrous. The hogshead brought up against the aforesaid adobe building; Jones was moaning and groaning when we pulled him out, but further than singed hair and whiskers and slight pricking of the nails, he was unhurt.

It will thus be seen that some of the jokes were

slightly rough, but everybody took them in good part. At night their inclinations naturally turned to cards as the readiest means of dispelling *ennui*. In this respect they were not different from people all over the civilized world in the present day who are similarly situated. But the writer here asserts most emphatically that there was not a solitary individual among the Anglo-American settlers of those times upon whom the term gambler, in its professional sense, can be truthfully applied, and the terms gambler and drunkard, so prolifically used and recklessly applied to those early pioneers in Bancroft's so-called history, the writer unhesitatingly pronounces foul, mendacious, and malicious slanders. As an example of these unjust and malevolent aspersions, I quote from said history:—

“He was an intelligent, shrewd fellow, honest and straightforward in his dealings, always jovial and popular, whether drunk or sober.” And again, “In those days, though a gambler and associate of . . . and other like characters, he was regarded as a man of good abilities and character.”

Two more slanderous lies could hardly be conveyed in the same space, for the one was not a drunkard and the other knew nothing about cards, being a rare exception, for he was one among the very few who never did play cards, or bet upon them in any shape.

What right had this author to assail the reputations of these dead and living men, and fix a stigma to their names? Surely self-assumed authorship bestows no such malignant license. Perhaps he thought by attacking personal character he might divert the attention

of his readers from the glaring defects of his history, but that of course would be impossible, for said defects are a little too glaring to be so easily concealed. A large proportion of his victims have passed away, but the most of them left descendants, who are, without exception, honorable and reputable people, highly respected by the communities among whom they dwell, and the writer feels it a sacred and solemn duty to put his testimony on record that their progenitors were neither drunkards nor gamblers.

They found the natives of the country living in almost Arcadian simplicity, with tastes and desires in keeping with their humble and uneventful lives. They were ignorant of, and utterly free from, the ambitions of the populous world. Theft or other crime was very, very rare. The duties of their civil officers were almost wholly confined to the legalizing of transactions in property. Luxuries were almost unknown. Their food was of the simplest, consisting principally of *frijoles* (beans), *tortillas* (a sort of pancake), beef and chickens garnished and seasoned liberally with *chilli colorado* (red peppers). Their amusements and recreations were horse-racing, picnics, fandangos, chicken fighting, monte, and bull and bear baiting; the bull was always at hand; to procure the bear two or three vaqueros would go out into the low hills almost anywhere, and get one in a few hours. They would lasso the bear, then wind him all around like a ball with reatas, and roll him onto a dry hide, hitch reatas to the hide, and drag him to the village, sometimes ten to twenty miles.

There was but very little money in the country.

Business was almost wholly conducted on the principle of barter and trade, hides and tallow being about the only circulating medium. A dry hide passed everywhere for \$1.50, and an aroba (twenty-five pounds) of tallow for \$3.00. When a ranchero would want any supplies from the town, he would hitch two or three or more dry hides to his reata, get on his horse, and drag them to the village, go to the store, obtain what sugar and coffee, etc., he required, and receive the balance in silver to play monte with, and for the time being he was the happiest and best-natured man on earth.

A large proportion of the male population lived out-of-doors, and on horseback. When traveling about the country and becoming hungry, they were at liberty to kill a young beef anywhere, the owner never objecting if they would but hang the hide on a tree out of reach of the coyotes.

Their harmless pride and vanity were displayed in their costumes and the trappings of their horses; their silver-mounted saddles, silver bridles, and spurs, silver and gold buttons and clasps on their jackets and *calsoneros* (pantaloon), their broad-brimmed *sombreros*, (hats), with gold or silver bands, and their richly embroidered *botas* (leggings), rendered their appearance unique and picturesque in the highest degree.

The games principally indulged in by the Americans were the old-fashioned poker and seven-up. At private houses the game of twenty-one was most in vogue. The first time the writer ever sat down at a table to play cards in California was at the house of Mr. Larkin, at Monterey, at whose request he sat down

to help make up a game of twenty-one. Everyone bet, but on the last-named game the betting was generally limited to about \$2.00. The advent of faro did not take place until 1849. The writer can recall but about half a dozen men in Yerba Buena in those early days who did not indulge in cards, and betting, but that did not constitute them gamblers in an offensive sense any more than one could be constituted a grocer by buying a bill of groceries.

Many of the most prominent characters treated of in this book are dead, and consequently the writer could not call upon them, if he had so desired, for from five hundred to ten thousand dollars to extol virtues they never possessed, or cruelly parade personal frailties if they refused to subscribe. Such considerations have not accelerated his pen one jot or tittle, or lent a glow to his diction. He has endeavored to be impartial to both the dead and living, and believes he has not said one word that strict justice and truth do not warrant and amply justify.

The book, such as it is, is the result of his individual experience and unaided labor. There is nothing in it that he would recall or apologize for, and, making no pretension to classical diction, he trusts to the generosity of his readers to overlook any defects of that nature.

GENERAL JOHN C. FREMONT.

GENERAL JOHN C. FREMONT was not alone a conspicuous and important figure in the events that led up to the acquisition of California; in the geographical explorations made in the interest of Western expansion prior to that event, in the exciting political upheaval which preceded the Civil War, as well as in the thrilling record of that memorable period, his name and fame stand out in imperishable characters upon many of the most important pages of American history.

To read his character aright, to appreciate the full measure of honor and respect which the pioneers owe to his memory, it is necessary to record—in outline at least—the story of his life, and the part which he played in the stirring and stormy events that transpired during his early and mature manhood. It is equally necessary, in considering his remarkable character, to divest our minds of prejudice; to remember that “to err is human;” to consider, as we look back on our own errors, that we all alike console ourselves with the thought that the work which we have accomplished, and the good that we have done in life, more than cancel the evils which our errors have wrought. If, holding this thought uppermost in our minds, we do full measure of justice to the memory of Fremont, we shall find that, weighed against his great deeds and his virtues, the errors of his life “kick the beam” and pass into oblivion; that, as against the heroic achievements of his life, they are light as the thistle-

down that floats across our vision on every breath of summer, and is lost in the immensity of space beyond.

John C. Fremont was born in Savannah, Georgia, on the 21st of January, 1813. His father was a French gentleman who had settled in Norfolk, Virginia. His mother, Anne Beverley Whiting, was a native of Virginia. Both parents were of good family and of unsullied reputation.

His earlier life presents no features of sufficiently striking interest to render it necessary to refer to them in detail here. It is sufficient to say that he entered into manhood equipped with an excellent education, and a development of character that gave promise of an active and useful life. Through the influence of Mr. Poinsett, one of the distinguished Americans of that day, young Fremont entered upon a career of public service as teacher on board the United States sloop-of-war, *Natchez*, of which Admiral Farragut was then one of the lieutenants.

After a cruise to the South American coast, he returned to Charleston, South Carolina. Congress having created the post of "Professor of Mathematics in the Navy," young Fremont, after an examination with others, received, but subsequently declined, the appointment, preferring to go under Captain W. G. Williams, of the United States Topographical Corps, as one of the assistant engineers on surveys to be made for a projected railway from Charleston to Cincinnati. Subsequently Captain Williams was ordered to make a reconnoissance of the territory occupied by the Cherokees prior to their removal, upon which duty Fremont again accompanied him as an assistant.

"Here," to use his own language, he "found the path he was destined to walk." Here he realized that if his own inclinations were gratified, the prime of his life "was to be among Indians and in waste places." "The work was laid out, and it began here with remarkable continuity of purpose."

The Cherokee survey having been completed, through the influence of his "unforgetful friend," Mr. Poinsett, then, in 1838, Secretary of War, Fremont was appointed Second Lieutenant in the United States Topographical Corps, and ordered to Washington. Mr. Nicollet, a distinguished French savant, had at this time just returned from a "geographical exploration of the sources of the Mississippi, the position of which he first established. The region between the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, now occupied by the great and populous States of Iowa, Minnesota, and the more recent Dakotas, was then a comparatively unexplored wilderness. Mr. Nicollet was invited by Mr. Poinsett to make an examination of this region and to "embody the whole of his labors in a map and general report for public use." Fremont was ordered to accompany him.

The expedition left St. Louis in the spring of 1839, returning, after an extended survey, in the autumn, leaving again in April, 1839, to complete the work in the nine western divisions of the territory which had been assigned them. The survey was completed during this season, and for the first time the agricultural capacities and resources of "the great Northwest" were made known to the world. Its settlement and development were events that followed in rapid suc-

cession. Fremont had been Mr. Nicollet's chief executive officer on this extended survey, and had more than met every requirement that involved intelligence, courage, physical endurance, and prudence in dealing with the Indians with whom they were brought in contact.

The winter of 1839 was spent in Washington, in plotting and mapping the extended region which had been covered by these surveys. Here Fremont was brought into that acquaintance and relationship with Senator Benton which subsequently shaped his remarkable public and domestic career.

Mr. Benton had been so impressed with the results of the Nicollet survey that his mind was inspired by visions of opening up the still greater Northwest, in the yet farther and unexplored region beyond. Fremont was ambitious to be the path-finder into this remote wilderness, and the explorer of its mysteries. To use his own words, after his first interview with Mr. Benton: "The interview left in me a profound impression, and raised excited interest. The ideas suggested remained fixtures in my mind. The thought of penetrating into the recesses of that wilderness region filled me with enthusiasm. I saw visions. Formerly I had been entirely devoted to my intended profession of engineering. The lives of the great engineers had been my treasured examplars. But strict engineering had lost its inspiration in the charm of the new field into which I had entered during the last few years.

"In this interview with Mr. Benton my mind had been quick to see a larger field and differing and

greater results. It would be travel over a part of the world which still remained the new—the opening up of unknown lands; the making unknown countries known, and the study without books—the learning at first hand from nature itself; the drinking first at her unknown springs—became a source of never-ending delight to me. I felt that it was an unmeasurable pleasure to expect that it might happen to me to be among the very few to whom the chance had fallen to work with nature where in all her features there was still aboriginal freshness.” “This interview with Mr. Benton was pregnant with results, and decisive of my life.”

These words, and this important event in the life of Fremont, should not be forgotten by Californians, especially by California pioneers. Read under the light of events which subsequently led up to the acquisition of the territory of California, to its admission as a State into the Union, and the part that both Benton and Fremont played in these great historical facts, the conclusion must be reached by every unprejudiced mind that without Benton and without Fremont it is quite possible, if indeed it be not probable, that California would never have become part and parcel of our national domain. We shall see how well this statement is justified here, as this outline sketch of the life of Fremont proceeds.

In July, 1840, Fremont was again sent West to complete a survey of the lower part of the Des Moines River, which was to be embraced in the report of Mr. Nicollet. The work was faithfully performed, and he returned to Washington to complete the map work then drawing toward completion.

Apart from his professional career, his domestic life now began by his marriage with Miss Jessie Benton, on the 19th of October, 1841. Of this event and the glow of romance with which the story is surrounded, it is unnecessary to speak in detail here. It is sufficient to say that it was a union of two remarkable persons, both of whom, aside from the conspicuous and honored lives which they have led, have presented to the world, through their long matrimonial career, a picture of tender devotion to each other that commands the respect and admiration of mankind. It is in manly and noble testimony of this that, after nearly fifty years of married life, Fremont, in his own autobiography, thus pays her this tribute:—

“Her qualities were all womanly, and education had curiously preserved the down of a modesty which was innate. There had been no experience in life to brush away the bloom. She had inherited from her father his grasp of mind, comprehending with a tenacious memory, but with it a quickness of perception and instant realization of subjects and scenes in their completed extent which did not belong to his; and with these warm sympathies—a generous pity for human suffering, and a tenderness and sensibility that made feeling take the place of mind, so compelled was every impulse to pass through these before it could reach the surface to find expression. There was a rare union to feel the injury of events, and submission to them with silence and discretion, and, withal, a sweet and happy and forbearing temper, which has remained proof against the wearing of time.”

Mr. Benton's plans for a new expedition to the

farther West were now culminating. He had at first intended that Mr. Nicollet should again be at the head of this new exploration. Steadily failing health, however, now put this out of the question, and Fremont was selected for the position.

The expedition was intended to be "auxiliary and in aid to the emigration to the lower Columbia." It was especially intended to fix the location of the South Pass in the Rocky Mountains, at the head of the Platte River, which was the extent and limit of its work so far as was then promulgated. With the far-seeing eye of true statesmanship, however, Benton foresaw its bearing on the holding of territory on the Pacific, and the acquisition of a yet more extensive coast line in that far-off region than that which we then possessed.

Fremont set out from St. Louis on his first exploring expedition as commander, in May, 1842. On his journey up the Missouri by steamboat he met for the first time the afterward-renowned Kit Carson, and engaged him to accompany the expedition as guide. On the 15th of August the extreme northwestern point in the journey was reached, and the work which had been laid out in Washington was accomplished. The location of the South Pass had been accurately defined, and more, the highest point in the Rocky Mountains, Fremont's Peak, was ascended and the flag planted upon its summit. "We looked down," says Fremont, "upon the snow a thousand feet below, and, standing where never human foot had stood before, felt the exultation of first explorers."

On the return march the upper waters of the Platte

were navigated, through dangers that have only been surpassed in ancient or modern travel by Stanley in his descent of the Congo. Fort Laramie was reached on the last day of August, St. Louis on the 17th, and Washington on the 29th of October.

Fremont's report of the results of this expedition was printed, by order of the Senate. "All the objects of the expedition have been accomplished," said Senator Linn, "in a way to be beneficial to science and instructive to the general reader, as well as useful to the government." It was the first act done with the apparent support of the government in aid of the Oregon emigration. It had a more far-reaching purpose, however. "Connected with this emigration, and auxiliary to it," said Senator Benton at a later period, "was the first expedition of Lieutenant Fremont to the Rocky Mountains, undertaken and completed in the summer of 1842—upon its outside view the conception of the government, but, in fact, conceived without its knowledge and executed upon solicited order of which the design was unknown."

The diplomatic discussion between the United States and England upon the Oregon boundary question was now pending. The "conventional division line" proposed by England meant the north bank of the Columbia for a boundary, with equal rights of navigation to its mouth. So little was then known of the real character of the country in dispute that a new expedition was planned, with Fremont again at its head. The London *Athenæum*, commenting upon this, in March, 1844, said:—

"It is said that Lieutenant Fremont has been ap-

pointed to the survey of the Oregon territory. We are heartily glad of it. He will be sure to do his work well, and if our topographical engineers labor in the same style and spirit, we may reckon on obtaining, through their joint efforts, an accurate knowledge of that country, so that we may be able to calculate, on safe grounds, the exact amount of blood and treasure which may be prudently expended in the conquest of it."

It was intended that the new expedition should take up the work at the South Pass, where the first had completed its labors, and to comprise an examination "of the broad region south of the Columbia River, lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean." "In this way the two expeditions would give a connected survey of the interior and western half of the continent."

The expedition left St. Louis in May, 1843. Six of the men who had accompanied Fremont on his first expedition joined him here. Maxwell and Carson became attached to the party later. At St. Louis Fremont had applied for and obtained from General Kearney, commanding the arsenal there, a howitzer to use upon the expedition. Ludicrous as it may seem, an official order was forwarded to him from Colonel Abert, commanding the corps of United States engineers, ordering him to return to Washington and explain why he had taken a howitzer with him on a purely scientific expedition. Before the order reached St. Louis, however, Fremont was far away on his journey. Mrs. Fremont bravely and wisely retained it in her possession until her husband was far beyond the reach

of recall. It was a flimsy pretext concocted by someone in authority to break up the expedition, which, for the honor of the country, happily failed. "I never knew where the order originated," says Fremont. Senator Benton wrote to Washington asking an explanation of the matter, but none could be obtained. "I mention it," says Fremont again in his memoirs, "to show the compliance of the administration with the English situation in Oregon."

It is unnecessary to follow the details of this important exploration here. It did not take long, however, to develop the fact that wider results had been looked for by its projectors than an inquiry to shed light upon the Oregon question. "To make the exploration as useful as possible," says Fremont, "I determined, in conformity to my general instructions, to vary the route to the Rocky Mountains from that followed in 1842. The route then was up the valley of the Great Platte River, to the South Pass, in north latitude 42°; the route now determined on was up the valley of the Kansas River and to the head of the Arkansas, and to some pass in the mountains, if any could be found, at the source of that river."

"By making two deviations from the former route the problem of a new road to Oregon and California in a climate more genial might be solved.' This was the first mention that had so far been made of California in connection with these expeditions. Events were rapidly shaping themselves for the war with Mexico, however, and the acquisition of California was looked forward to by Benton and other public men as one of the new results that would grow out of it.

On the 13th of August the expedition had reached the highest point of altitude in the South Pass and began its descent with the waters which were now flowing toward the Pacific. On the 9th of September it had reached the great Salt Lake, where important and dangerous explorations were made. On the 19th they were at Fort Hall. On the 4th of November The Dalles, of the Columbia, were reached, and on the 8th Fremont was at Fort Vancouver.

Returning to The Dalles, Fremont started, on the 25th of November, on the return trip homeward through a country at that time literally a fabled land, about which little was known. The route of the expedition contemplated "a great circuit of the South and Southeast and the exploration of the great basin between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas."

There is no chapter in the history of travel and exploration more thrilling than that which relates the story of this winter journey of Fremont and his party through an unknown and desolate region. The difficulties that had to be surmounted, the suffering which was endured, were almost beyond belief. The maps which professed to give some clue to the geographical character of the country to be passed through were as absurdly misleading as were those of the old navigators, which made of California an island. The fabled Buenaventura River, which was then supposed to run from the Rocky Mountains to San Francisco Bay, was laid down on many maps as a conspicuous and important stream that would necessarily be met with. From this stream "the next point was intended to be that section of the Rocky Mountains which includes the

head of the Arkansas River and of the opposite waters of the California Gulf, and thence down the Arkansas to Bent's Fort and home." It was through a region "absolutely new to geographical, botanical, and geological science." It was a serious enterprise to undertake at the commencement of winter, and, as results proved, was hazardous and full of hardship and perils that nearly proved fatal to the daring explorer and his brave companions.

The close of January found the expedition at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevadas, near what is now Carson Valley. Men and animals were worn out with the cold and hardships which had been encountered. Provisions had run very low; dogs and horses were killed for sustenance, and starvation literally stared the party in the face. On the 3rd of February Fremont turned to the westward and began the ascent of the Sierra Nevadas in midwinter in the hope of reaching white settlements in California and obtaining food and rest for his worn-out party. From the 3d to the 16th of February the party struggled through deep snows, along the steep declivities of icy cañons, frequently cutting their footing step by step as they advanced, suffering with cold, the snow blinding them as it was blown in their faces by the wintry blast, and rendering every vestige of possible trail invisible. "We had to-night," says Fremont, in his journal of February 14, "an extraordinary dinner of pea soup, mule, and dog." And yet, on the 16th, they had only reached the summit, and had "encamped on the head-waters of a little creek where, at last, the waters found their way to the Pacific." On the 19th the people were

occupied in bringing up the luggage, and on the 20th all the animals that were left, and all the *material* of the expedition, were encamped on the summit, one thousand miles by the traveled road from The Dalles, of the Columbia.

If the ascent had been perilous and full of hardships, the descent toward the valley of the Sacramento was nearly as difficult. Some of the men became discouraged and wandered away from camp. "The times were severe," says Fremont modestly, in his journal of February 24, "when stout men lost their minds from extremity of suffering, when horses died, and when mules and horses ready to die of starvation were killed for food. Yet there was no murmuring or hesitation." At length, on the 6th of March, they reached the hospitable gate of Sutter's Fort, and their sufferings and privations were at an end. Out of sixty-seven horses and mules with which they had started to cross the Sierras only thirty-three reached the valley of the Sacramento.

On the 24th of March, after having refitted the expedition and given his men and animals a much-needed rest, Fremont started on his return trip. The route taken was southward through the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys to Walker's Pass, thence north-east across a then unknown region, through what is now the southern point of Nevada, into Utah, and to Salt Lake, where they arrived in May. The expedition left Salt Lake on the 27th of May, and on the last day of July encamped again at the "little town of Kansas," to use Fremont's words, now the populous and thriving Kansas City.

St. Louis was reached in August. The expedition, which was to have been absent eight months, had been gone fourteen. No tidings of Fremont's movements had in the meantime been received, and he himself was first to bring to St. Louis, in person, the story of his remarkable wanderings. The completed report of the work of the expedition was handed in on the 1st of March, 1845, and ten thousand copies were at once ordered printed by Congress. For the first time something authentic and reliable was officially made known to the world about California. Other Americans had, prior to this, made the journey across the plains and settled in its borders, but information concerning its soil, climate, and capacities had not been given in reliable form until Fremont's report appeared. It was enthusiastic and glowing in its terms, and brought California to the front as the much-talked-of promised land of the future, which must sooner or later be joined to the territory of the United States in perpetuity of ownership and dominion.

He who will follow the thread of public events which transpired within the next year cannot fail, if he read aright and without prejudice, to award to Fremont the credit of having in this expedition—considered in connection with the complications which were arising between the United States and Mexico upon the subject of the annexation of Texas—laid the foundation for the subsequent acquisition of California. Beyond question, his report stimulated the government to act with firmness and decision in dealing with Mexico, looking especially to the acquisition of the bay and harbor of San Francisco, as well as of

California, as a sufficient compensation for all the blood and treasure that a war with that republic might cost, independent of the annexation of Texas, now sure to follow.

Mr. Webster sent for Fremont to dine with him and to "talk about California." Subsequently, on the 11th of March, he wrote to his son in reference to the improbability of England going to war with us to prevent the annexation of Texas. "But," he said, "she will now take care that Mexico shall not cede California or any part thereof to us. You know my opinion to have been, and now is, that the port of San Francisco would be twenty times as valuable to us as all Texas."

The Oregon controversy between England and the United States was still pending, and Mr. Webster, as well as Mr. Benton, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Buchanan, and other public men of the day, held firmly to the belief that in case of war with Mexico on the Texas question the Mexican Government would certainly favor English protection for California, and an English fleet would certainly take possession of the port of San Francisco. California, indeed, after the promulgation of Fremont's report, stood out as the chief object of acquisition rather than Texas, which had brought about the impending rupture. Mr. Bancroft, the Secretary of the Navy, promptly concentrated the Pacific squadron within easy reach of California, and sent specific instructions, to be strictly followed in case of war.

Fremont, then in Washington, and in constant conference with the government upon this subject,

was made thoroughly familiar with the line of policy intended to be pursued in reference to California. It is proper that this condition of affairs should be kept in mind by those who would do justice to the memory of Fremont, because in it will be found the governing cause which inspired Fremont's action when the crisis was finally at hand and the fate of California was decided by his bold and timely action—action which unreliable historians have shamefully misrepresented, and for which he has too frequently been unjustly condemned instead of being lauded for his sagacity, patriotism, and courage, at a time when their exercise was most needed for the successful consummation of one of the most important events in American history.

For his success in this expedition Fremont was rewarded, on the recommendation of General Scott, with the double brevet of First Lieutenant and Captain, and was soon after placed at the head of a third expedition, the scope of whose explorations extended from the Rocky Mountains to California and Oregon. He was soon upon the frontier again, where his party was quickly organized. It again embraced many of his old companions, including the fearless and efficient Godey, Carson, and Fitzpatrick. Richard Owens with Carson joined the expedition at Ben's Fort. Of Carson, Godey, and Owens, Fremont wrote as follows: "The three, under Napoleon, might have become marshals, chosen as he chose men: Carson, of great courage, quick and complete perception, taking in at a glance the advantages as well as the chance for defeat; Godey, insensible to danger, of perfect coolness, and stubborn resolution; Owens, equal in courage to

the others, and in coolness equal to Godey, had the *coup d'œil* of a chess-player, covering the whole field with a glance that sees the best move."

On the 9th of December one branch of the party, under the immediate command of Fremont, reached Sutter's Fort, the remainder, under the guide of Walker, having passed south from what is now Carson Lake and entered California *via* Walker's Pass. On the 24th of January, 1846, Fremont was at Yerba Buena, from which place he wrote, under that date, to Mrs. Fremont, saying: "So soon as the proper season comes, and my animals are rested, we turn our faces homeward, and be sure that grass will not grow under our feet." Events were now transpiring which interfered with this plan, however. The other section of the expedition not having as yet joined forces with Fremont, the latter proceeded from Yerba Buena to Monterey, "with the object," as he says, "of obtaining leave to bring my party into the settlements, in order to refit and obtain the supplies that had now become necessary." "All the camp equipment, the clothes of the men, and their saddles and horse gear were either used up or badly in want of repair."

It becomes necessary here, in the interest of truth, justice, and right, to proceed with this narrative somewhat in detail, and to furnish such proofs as may be found available, step by step, in support of every statement which may here be made.

The next morning after his arrival at Monterey, Fremont, in company with Mr. Larkin, called upon the commanding general, Don Jose Castro, the prefect, alcalde, and ex-Governor Alvarado. Fremont, accord-

ing to his own statement, "informed the general and the other officers that he was engaged in surveying the nearest route from the United States to the Pacific Ocean;" that the object of the survey was geographical, "made in the interest of science and of commerce, and that the men composing the party were citizens and not soldiers." "The permission asked for was readily granted, and, during the two days I staid, I was treated with every courtesy by the general and other officers." This statement is fully confirmed by the official letters of Thomas O. Larkin, then United States Consul at Monterey, who, under date of March 4, 1846, wrote to the Secretary of State at Washington concerning the arrival of Fremont. Among other things he says: "He is now in this country surveying, and will be again at this consular house during this month." "To this gentleman is due, from the government, unqualified praise for the patience, industry, and indefatigable perseverance in attaining the object he is engaged in."

"The second day of his arrival in Monterey he visited the comandante-general, prefecto, and alcalde, and, by verbal request of the general, informed him officially of his object in visiting California." Again, on the 9th of March, Mr. Larkin wrote the department. In this letter he says: "In the month of February Captain Fremont, *in my company*, visited the general, prefecto, and alcalde of this place, and informed them of his business, and there was no objection made."

So far, then, it appears to be conclusively established that Fremont was acting openly, under full permission of the government authorities, and had given

no cause whatever for opposition to his movements. Mr. Larkin's testimony is conclusive, because no more truthful man ever stood upon the soil of California, and none ever lived and died more respected by all who knew him. Moreover, the author of this work was, immediately after that time, his private secretary, and can and does here personally confirm all that has thus far been stated, as facts with which he was at that time perfectly familiar.

Further than this, it will be observed that not only were Fremont's plans and intentions sanctioned by Governor Castro and the officers around him, but, as Mr. Larkin, in his letter of the 6th of March, says, he was not only then "in that vicinity surveying," but would also "be again at this consular house during this month." He had previously stated in the same letter that the object of Fremont in visiting Monterey had been "for the purpose of getting funds for refitting and clothing his party, which he received as far as could be provided."

Fremont had left Monterey with these supplies; had found the other section of the expedition, and selected a place for camping and refitting on a vacant rancho called the "Laguna," in the San Jose Valley, but a few miles distant from where the Lick Observatory is now located. "Many Californians visited the camp," he says, "and very friendly relations grew up with us." Resuming the work of the expedition, he proceeded across the mountains to Santa Cruz, thence along the shore southwardly back into the Salinas Valley. "Pursuing our course southward," he says, "I encamped, on the afternoon of March 3, at the

Hartnell rancho, which is in a small creek bed well out on the plains," and about twenty-five miles distant from Monterey.

So far there had not been the slightest intimation from any official or other quarter that his presence in the country was in any way offensive or not desired. Yet on the same day that the camp was made Lieutenant Chavez, a cavalry officer, with two men, arrived in camp with a communication from the commanding general ordering him forthwith out of the department, and threatening force in case the order was not complied with. Not only was the official missive peremptory, abrupt, and totally unexpected, but the manner of the officer who brought it was rude and offensive. Fremont peremptorily refused to comply with the order, regarding it as insulting to the government which he represented and to himself. "Like myself," he says, "my men were roused by the offense of the message, and were more than ready to support me in any course I saw fit to adopt."

Early the next morning Fremont moved his camp to the summit of Gavilan Ridge and encamped on a small wooded flat, where wood, water, and grass were abundant. It commanded a view of the surrounding country, and afforded, in case of exigency, an opening for a retreat into the San Joaquin Valley. Here he built a rough but strong fort of solid logs, reared a flag-staff, hoisted the American flag, and awaited results. Here he remained with flag flying for three days, watching the movements, the gathering of Castro's troops near San Juan Mission below. Up to the time of going into camp here, Fremont had been

in entire ignorance of the causes which had brought about the change of attitude on the part of the government authorities toward him. Mr. Larkin here communicated with him by couriers employed for that purpose, and gave him full information of what was going on below. Fremont then learned, for the first time, that within three weeks after granting him permission to recruit his party in California, General Castro had received, by the brig *Hannah*, from the home government at Mexico, positive orders to drive him from the territory.

Fremont wrote to Larkin from his fortified camp, on the 9th of March: "If we are unjustly attacked, we will fight to extremity and refuse quarter, trusting to our country to avenge us." "We have in no wise done wrong to the people or the authorities of the country, and if we are hemmed in and assaulted here, we will die, every man of us, under the flag of our country."

In the meantime Consul Larkin was acting with energy at Monterey, and doing all in his power to relieve Fremont. He wrote him, on the 10th of March, acknowledging the receipt of the letter from which the foregoing extracts are given, closing with these words: "You will, without thought of expense or trouble, call on me or send to me, in every case of need, not only as your Consul but as your friend and countryman."

After waiting three days for Castro to attack him, Fremont broke camp and descended toward the southeast for a few miles, encamping that night about three miles from Castro's camp. They were not molested,

and next day resumed their open march toward the valley of the San Joaquin.

This affair constituted practically the turning-point, which, not long after, influenced the taking possession of the country by the United States. The historians, with Mr. Bancroft at their head, have grossly misrepresented Fremont for the part which he played in the matter. Mr. Bancroft, especially, has, with a display of malignity ill befitting the impartial *compiler* of history, gone out of his way to add both injury and insult to the name of Fremont in this, as well as in most matters in which he played an important part in the early history of California. In his chapter relating to the affairs which have here been related, he accuses Fremont of "breaking his agreement," of "running away," of "blundering," of being "a greater fool than Castro," of having committed "a hasty, foolish, and unjustifiable step" in fortifying himself and raising the flag on Gavilan Peak, and loses no possible opportunity in his endeavor to distort facts and present conclusions that belittle and degrade Fremont, while lauding and supporting the Mexican side of the controversy as earnestly as though "to the manner born."

Mr. Larkin's dispatches to the Secretary of State are sufficient in themselves to impeach the veracity of Mr. Bancroft as a historian, and they will be accredited with the fullest possible faith by every old pioneer who knew him. In two communications, dated March 27 and April 2, 1846, respectively, he pays the highest possible tribute to the courage, discretion, and moderation shown by Fremont throughout the whole affair, and utterly disproves every one of Mr. Bancroft's strained conclusions and characteristic innuendoes.

Castro's army dispersed quite as rapidly as it had been called together. "Instead of the American being driven out of the country," says Mr. Larkin in his letter of March 27, "they traveled less distance for three or four days than the natives did in returning to Monterey, moving from four to six miles per day, in order to recruit." Bancroft says in his chapter heading, "Fremont runs away," and in his text he speaks of it as "a flight," and that he "was obliged to run away." Castro, in his bombastic communication to the Mexican Minister of War, says: "I was prepared to attack him on the night of the 10th, when he, taking advantage of the darkness, abandoned the fortification, doubtless precipitately, as we found there the next day some iron instruments and other things; *and, in trying to find the trail to know what direction they took, it was impossible on account of their complete dispersion.*" And he adds, "This obliged me to stay for some days, until, by some person from the Tulares, I was informed that the adventurers were taking the road by the river to the north"—a statement as ridiculously absurd as are Mr. Bancroft's misrepresentations malignant and unpatriotic.

Fremont traveled by easy stages and did not reach the junction of the Tuolumne and San Joaquin Rivers until the evening of the 14th—a distance of about fifty miles in four days, which certainly does not indicate a precipitate flight, Mr. Bancroft to the contrary, notwithstanding. Nor is it to be supposed that his little army of over sixty men, with a train of pack-animals, could have spirited themselves away so mysteriously as to leave no trail behind for Castro to find.

In fact, the whole matter is settled, to the utter discomfiture of both Bancroft and Castro, the latter of whom wrote to the alcalde of Monterey on the night of the 10th of March that Fremont had crossed a small river and was then about three miles from them, thus substantiating Fremont's own statement, and furnishing a fair criterion by which to measure the fairness and reliability of Mr. Bancroft as an impartial historian.

Fremont proceeded unmolested on his journey toward Oregon. Meanwhile, events of the highest importance were occurring. About the middle of April, 1846, Lieutenant A. H. Gillespie, of the United States Marine Corps, arrived at Monterey as bearer of dispatches from Mr. Buchanan, then Secretary of State, to Mr. Larkin. With these dispatches he brought a confidential letter, or paper, to Mr. Larkin from Mr. Buchanan. The author of this work was then Consular Secretary, and occupied the most intimate confidential relations with Mr. Larkin. The morning after Lieutenant Gillespie's arrival, Mr. Larkin called him into his private office and said: "William, I am going to read a private letter, or paper, to you from Mr. Buchanan, and I want you to pledge your sacred word of honor not to divulge its contents, but to retain them in your memory." Of course he cannot give its exact phraseology, but its purport is impressed clearly and unmistakably upon his memory, and was to this effect: That war with Mexico was imminent and among the immediate probabilities; that Fremont was to remain in California, and, in the event of any movement on the part of American settlers tending to frustrate or

forestall the designs of others—meaning, as he then and still believes, the English—inimical to the United States, Fremont was at liberty to co-operate with them in his private capacity; and that Mr. Larkin should destroy that letter as soon as read. He is firmly impressed that Mr. Larkin did at once obey the injunction of Mr. Buchanan, and destroyed the letter, and also that neither Lieutenant Gillespie nor Captain Fremont ever saw it or knew its exact phraseology, but in obedience to its expressed desire, when Lieutenant Gillespie overtook Fremont near Klamath Lake, he immediately started on his return, in accordance with the request of Mr. Buchanan, as expressed in that very letter.

Mr. Bancroft, in his fifth volume of California history, denies that any such letter was ever written or received, and bases such denial upon the fact that no document could be found among Mr. Larkin's papers, or of record in his consular books. It is quite obvious why such a paper should not be found, since it was destroyed. The writer will attest on oath that the facts are as have been here stated. In some measure he is enabled to offer confirmatory proof by quoting a letter from Lieutenant Gillespie to Mr. Larkin, written April 17, 1846, from on board the *Cyane*, on which he had arrived at Monterey, in which he says:—

“Confidential, inclosed I send you a letter of introduction which I have no doubt you will understand, *and as I have an important dispatch for you, as also other sealed packages*, I will be obliged by your coming on board as soon as possible.” Mr. Bancroft admits the genuineness of this letter. Its authenticity, in fact, has never been doubted.

Every circumstance that subsequently transpired in connection with the matter tends to confirm this statement. The decided course pursued by Fremont after his arrival at Sutter's Fort, and the important and decisive consequences that followed, show in themselves that he must have acted under extraordinary instructions. In the investigation of the California war claims occurring from Fremont's operations later in the year, which took place and was reported upon by the House Committee in August, 1848, the conclusions reached were that Fremont had received some secret instructions that had not been disclosed, through the intermediation of Lieutenant Gillespie, which resulted in his return to California.

Joy, in his "Mexican War," says: "It is impossible to resist the conviction that Fremont was given to understand, *but in a way not to compromit the government*, that the abandonment of the exploration in Oregon for the purpose of exciting and aiding an insurrection in California would not expose him to censure." Edmund Randolph, in his scholarly and masterly oration before the Society of California Pioneers in 1860, in speaking of Fremont's return, after a careful investigation of all the testimony in the matter, says: "There cannot now be a doubt that it was prompted, as it was approved, by the government of the United States, and that Captain Fremont obeyed his orders no less than his own feelings. What Fremont's instructions were is a well-kept cabinet secret, which will probably not be divulged, at least in our own time."

In the Senate of the United States this whole

subject matter was thoroughly investigated when the war claims were pending in 1848, and the conclusions arrived at by the prominent Senators of that day, after hearing all the testimony, were highly important. Senator Clarke, of Rhode Island, said that "Colonel Fremont, in turning back from his scientific investigations to mingle in the revolutionary scenes in California, was influenced by the letter of the President of the United States and the letter of Mr. Buchanan conveyed to Colonel Fremont by Lieutenant Gillespie." "The services which Colonel Fremont performed after the receipt of these letters were strictly legal and authorized by the Executive."

Senator Badger, of North Carolina, said: "We next find him in Oregon, where he is overtaken by a messenger, an officer of the government, who bore him a letter, and there is no use in concealing it; so, although it purported to be a mere letter of instruction, it was, in reality, an official document accrediting the bearer of it to Colonel Fremont with a view to the union of the two in devising some means to counteract the designs of the British emissaries." "So soon as the communication was made to him, Colonel Fremont returned to California, *under the order of his government and by its express authority.*"

But, perhaps, more important than all in this connection, is the following fact: In the volume of "Tut-hill's History of California," now in the library of the Society of California Pioneers, may be found a series of pencil memoranda along the margins of the pages relating to this and the events which followed. These memoranda are running corrections of the text here

and there. At page 166 occurs this passage: "All that he [Gillespie] bore was a letter from the Secretary of State commending the bearer to Fremont's good offices, and some private letters from the captain's distant family." Across the margin against this passage are the words, written in pencil, "*Not so.*"

These words ordinarily might be regarded as insignificant enough; taken in connection with what follows they are pregnant with meaning. At the foot of page 196 there is a note in pencil which reads as follows: "December 6, 1870, the above corrections are made by Archie H. Gillespie, ex-Major United States Service and Cal. Bat. mounted." Here we have the fact, therefore, certified to by Major Gillespie himself as late as 1870, that he was the bearer of further message or information to Fremont than that which the historian names, even if he does not clear away the mystery and tell us precisely what it was. It may fairly be said that this almost conclusively corroborates the statement hereinbefore made.

Fremont himself says, in his narrative, in speaking of the message which Gillespie had brought him: "The information through Gillespie had absolved me from my duty as an explorer, and I was left to my duty as an officer of the American army, *with the further authoritative knowledge that the government intended to take California.* I had been warned by my government of the new danger against which I was bound to defend myself; and it had been made known to me now, on the authority of the Secretary of the Navy, that to obtain possession of California was the chief object of the President."

That night, before the camp fire, when all were asleep except himself, he says: "I sat by the fire in fancied security going over again the home letters. They threw their own light upon the communication from *Mr. Gillespie*, and made the expected signal. In substance their effect was: The time has come; England must not get a foot-hold; we must be first; act discreetly but positively." "Looking back over the contingencies which had been foreseen in the discussions at Washington, I saw that the important one which carried with it the hopes of Senator Benton and the wishes of the government was in the act of occurring, and it was with thorough satisfaction I now found myself required to do what I could to promote the object of the President. Viewed by the light of these deliberations in Washington, *I was prepared to comprehend fitly the communications brought to me by Mr. Gillespie.*"

"Now it was officially made known to me that my country was at war, and it was so made known expressly to guide my conduct. I had learned with certainty from the Secretary of the Navy that the President's plan of war included the taking possession of California, and under his CONFIDENTIAL instructions I had my warrant. Mr. Gillespie was directed to act in concert with me. Great vigilance and activity were expected of us both, for it was desired that possession should be had of California before the presence in her ports of any foreign vessel of war might make it inconvenient."

The bitterest enemies and the most captious critics who have ever sought to belittle Fremont's fame have

never yet openly accused him of untruthfulness. The historian Bancroft, who seems never so happy as when applying some opprobrious epithet to Fremont or other character prominent in the early history of California, has called him "filibuster," "adventurer," and other like names, but has never, so far as our reading extends, accused him of untruthfulness. Until his word is impeached, therefore, these declarations of Fremont in reference to the authority under which he acted in taking the initiative in the conquest of California ought to settle the question forever, and to silence if not to shame his detractors.

This event has been dwelt upon at some length because of its overshadowing importance in connection with the subsequent occurrences, which, through the courage and ability of Fremont, in less than three months thereafter resulted in the taking possession of California by Commodore Sloat. It has been dwelt upon in order also to lay the foundation for a complete and conclusive refutation of the malignant and cruel assertions of the historian Bancroft, which present Fremont as "a filibuster," "an adventurer," an "Opera Bouffe conqueror," "a dishonest man," and as one who "did more than any other to retard the conquest of California." The reader who follows the course of this narrative will learn to estimate at their true value these cruel and wanton assertions.

Before Lieutenant Gillespie reached Fremont's camp on Klamath Lake, two couriers had arrived bringing news of his approach. One of these was Samuel Neal, who had arrived in California with Fremont in 1844. Neal informed Fremont that Gillespie

was endeavoring to overtake him with important letters and dispatches. That they had left him one hundred miles back upon the road, having been sent forward to let Fremont know that he, Gillespie, was in danger of being cut off by the Indians. Neal and his companion, William Siegler, had nearly fallen into the hands of the Indians, but had escaped by the speed and strength of their horses. Neal informed Fremont that, in his opinion, "he could not reach Gillespie in time to save him, as he had only three men with him, and was traveling slow." Fremont immediately selected ten of his oldest companions and best men, including Kit Carson, Godey, Owens, and Basil Lajuenesse, and rode back forty-five miles, where he met Gillespie, and at which point he was encamped on the night when he sat before the camp fire reading his dispatches and letters, as has already been related.

The whole camp having retired to rest and Fremont having, as he says, "thought out the situation," he "was startled by a sudden movement among the animals. Lieutenant Gillespie had told me there were no Indians on his trail, and I knew there were none on mine. This night was one of two when I failed to put men on guard in an Indian country." "The mules knew that Indians were around, but nothing seemed stirring, and, my presence quieting the animals, I returned to the fire and my letters."

Later, having settled his plan of action, he says: "I went to my blankets under a cedar." "I had barely fallen asleep when I was awakened by the sound of Carson's voice calling to Basil to know what was the matter over there. No reply came, and im-

mediately the camp was roused by the cry from Kit and Owens, who were lying together, 'Indians! Basil and the half-breed, Denny, had been killed. It was the sound of the ax being driven into Basil's head that had awakened Carson. The half-breed had been killed with arrows, and his groans had replied to Carson's call and told him what the matter was."

Immediately, of course, the camp was in arms and a bloody fight in progress. The Delaware Crane, of Fremont's party, was also killed. The Klamath chief, who led the attack, fell also, and others were wounded. "All night," says Fremont, "we lay behind our blanket defenses, with our rifles cocked in our hands, expecting momentarily another attack, until the morning light enabled us to see that the Indians had disappeared."

The chief who had been killed was recognized to be the same Indian who had given Lieutenant Gillespie a salmon at the outlet of the lake. Hung to his waist was an English ax. He and his party had come to this point for the express purpose of killing Gillespie and his companions, but the prompt action of Fremont in returning, after Neal's arrival in camp, with an armed force of men, happily arrested this. Had he not acted promptly, had Gillespie been killed and the letters and dispatches which he carried been destroyed or failed to reach Fremont, the whole subsequent history of California—as will appear in the light of events which follow—might have been changed, and its territory possessed under the dominion of the English or some other European flag.

The return march was characterized by a series of Indian fights in which the latter were well and deservedly punished. Mr. Bancroft says: "The whole party started, on the 11th, down the lake, wreaking terrible vengeance on the innocent natives along the route"—another bold and wicked misrepresentation of fact, made apparently for the purpose of misrepresenting and casting odium upon Fremont. The latter says: "It was only a few days back that some of these same Indians had come into our camp, and I divided with them what meat I had, and unpacked a mule to give them tobacco and knives." The process of "wreaking vengeance," even though the whole Klamath nation had been exterminated by Fremont, would have been a just retribution upon a horde who, by the very nature of their blood-thirsty savagery, could not contain one "innocent victim," or one who would not willingly have engaged in those stealthy night butcheries. Fremont, in the midst of the wilderness, ambushed round about by such foes as these, and with all his experiences among savage tribes, was a far better judge of what punishment should be meted out to them than the historian who sits in security at home and criticises his action. Moreover, every circumstance pointed to the correctness of the conclusion which Fremont arrived at, and which a few days later he communicated in a letter to Mr. Benton, that these Indians "were unfriendly to Americans and friendly to the English, by whom they were supplied with arms from a Hudson Bay port on the Umpqua River conveniently near the coast."

Fremont reached Lassen's ranch, in the Upper

Sacramento Valley, on the 24th of May. Lieutenant Gillespie proceeded to the bay, with a requisition from Fremont for ammunition and supplies, which were subsequently forwarded by Captain Montgomery, of the United States sloop-of-war *Portsmouth*, then lying in the harbor. Arrived in the valley of the Sacramento, Fremont found a state of affairs existing that demanded prompt action if he was to act at all. At Monterey, on the 11th of April, a council of war had been held, at which Fremont's movements had been the chief subject of inquiry, and which had been looked upon as preliminary to an invasion to be made by him at the head of a superior force from the North, whither he had gone for recruiting purposes.

A courier met him at Neal's rancho, from Captain Sutter, bringing him a message that two Californians had been sent by General Castro among the Indian tribes to raise them against the settlers, and that it was with this intention that they had taken to the mountains. Other reports confirmed this information. The settlers, learning of his arrival in the valley, appealed to him for protection. "Looking upon these people," says Fremont, "and knowing the hardships and dangers of the long road they had traveled to reach this country, I remembered the barbarities of Indians, some of which I had seen, and towards women so cruel that I could not put them on paper. An Indian let loose is of all animals the most savage. He has an imagination for devilment that seems peculiar to him, and a singular delight in inflicting suffering. I had once come upon a scene where a band of savages had had their own way—no

relief could come, as they thought—the men had been killed and mutilated, the women pinned to the ground by stakes driven through their bodies while yet alive.” “Bearing these in mind, I resolved that there should be no such scenes here—no more men skinned alive—no more women impaled—and I told the men to take their families home and have them rest in quiet; I would take charge of the Indians, and they might surely rely on me not to leave the valley while there was any danger. Thenceforward I kept careful watch over the Indians and their instigators.”

Apart from this movement by the governmental authorities to instigate the Indians to attack the settlers, Fremont learned through Major Hensley that the Californians were determined that “the American residents would have to leave the country or fight for their homes.” Neal, who had been on a visit to the coast settlements, brought back similar reports. General Vallejo had informed Major Hensley that at a convention which had been recently held at Monterey, a proposition to place the country under the protection of the United States had been defeated. Outrages perpetrated upon American citizens at Yerba Buena had gone unpunished and unnoticed by the authorities. Castro had issued a *bando*, or proclamation, notifying all foreigners that they could not hold lands unless naturalized; that whatever purchase they might make would be null and void; and that unless they retired voluntarily from the country, they would be expelled from it whenever the government might find it convenient.”

Fremont was prompt to act. Hensley and Neal

were sent to notify the settlers to meet him at his camp "at the Buttes of Sacramento," where he halted on the 30th of May. Information having been brought to him that a band of horses had been gathered for Castro in Sonoma, he dispatched a party of settlers, under command of Ezekiel Merritt, a man whom he had, as he says, selected as his field lieutenant from among the settlers, to intercept them and bring them in, which was promptly done, and the guard and vaqueros having them in charge dispersed. This done, Merritt and his party were sent to Sonoma to surprise and capture the garrison there and such munitions and stores as might be found.

Keeping in mind his promise to the settlers, Fremont now turned his attention to the Indians. The rancherias along the river were attacked and destroyed. The Indians, "with feathers on their heads and painted black, their war colors," were scattered. This put an end to the feared attack upon the settlers. "The Indians of the valley," says Fremont, "had their fixed places of habitation, where they lived. The tribes on one river were rarely friendly to those of another. They knew that I came from the mountains, so that they would not take refuge there; that if I should drive them into the upper valley, they would encounter hostile tribes, who would destroy them. So, with the return to their villages, the dread of another visitation would keep them on their good behavior. This was a rude but necessary measure to prevent injury to the whites; and it had the desired effect."

Fremont moved down toward Sutter's Fort, where he arrived on the 12th of June. A few days later,

on the 16th, while at the embarcadero, Merritt returned from Sonoma, bringing in as prisoners General M. G. Vallejo, Colonel Prudon, Salvador Vallejo, and Jacob P. Leese, who, by Fremont's order, were taken to Sutter's Fort for safe keeping. Merritt, in addition to the men whom he had taken with him when ordered to proceed to Sonoma and surprise the garrison, had picked up *en route* several other settlers, William B. Ide among them, to add to his party. It was an expedition composed entirely of settlers, but acting under the knowledge that they were to have the support of Fremont whatever might be the outcome. These men, except those who had returned in charge of the prisoners, remained in and occupied Sonoma, became the revolutionists of the moment, and with, perhaps, a few who joined them later, hoisted the "Bear Flag" and constituted the "Bear Flag party." "The garrison had been surprised," under the direction of Fremont to Merritt, and the prisoners taken, on the 14th of June. Ide, who had been elected as commander, on the departure of Merritt with his prisoners, issued his proclamation on the 15th, the flag was hoisted immediately thereafter, and the "revolution" thus prudently inaugurated by Fremont was begun.

So far Fremont had not declared his position, although, through his discreet action, the steps had been taken by the settlers which brought about these results. "Now, however, the time had come," says Fremont, "when it was unsafe to leave events to mature under unfriendly or mistaken direction. I decided it was for me rather to govern events than to be governed

by them." *"I knew the facts of the situation. These I could not make known, but felt warranted in assuming the responsibility and acting on my own knowledge."* "Against the Mexican Government, with which I knew we were contending, the individual action of the settlers could have only a temporary success, to result in inevitable disaster as soon as the government troops were brought to bear upon them."

"But I represented the army and the flag of the United States; and the navy was apparently co-operating with me. This gave to my movements the national character which must of necessity be respected by Mexico, *and by any foreign power to which she might ally herself*, and would also hold offensive operations in check until actual war between the governments should make an open situation. And in order to place it in the power of my government to disavow my action should it become expedient to do so, I drew up my resignation from the army, to be sent, by the first opportunity, to Senator Benton, for transmission to the War Department in the event of such a contingency."

Major Hensley and Pierson B. Reading came into Fremont's camp and informed him that Castro was organizing a force to attack him. At the same time a courier arrived from the garrison at Sonoma asking for assistance against a threatened attack by a large force. Fremont started with his party and reached Sonoma on the 25th of June. Here he learned that two men who had been sent by Ide to the Fitch rancho, on Russian River, to obtain a keg of powder, had been captured by a band of Californians, killed,

and horribly mutilated, having been tied to trees, stoned, and cut to pieces, one of them having his broken jaw dragged out by a riata. A party of fifteen which had subsequently been sent out by Ide under command of Ford, to avenge this deed, had fallen in with a body of cavalry of about seventy in number, under command of Captain De la Torre, fought with, and driven them away toward San Rafael.

Fremont, having learned that De la Torre was being re-inforced by troops crossing from San Pablo under General Castro, pushed forward to San Rafael, where he found no force, but learned that troops were at San Pablo waiting an opportunity to cross. This information had been obtained through intercepted letters found upon the bodies of three Californians, Berryessa and the two De Harro brothers, who had been met with by a party of scouts from Fremont's command and shot. "Both the settlers," says Fremont, "and the men of my command were excited against the Californians by the recent murder of the two Americans, and not by the murder only, but by the brutal circumstances attending it. My scouts, mainly Delawares, influenced by these feelings, made sharp retaliation and killed Berryessa and De Harro, who were bearers of the intercepted letters. Learning that De la Torre had retreated toward Saucelito, Fremont proceeded to that place, only to find that he had escaped across the bay by means of a launch belonging to Captain Richardson.

At Saucelito Fremont found the American ship *Moscow*, Captain Phelps, from whom he procured a boat, and, with twelve men "singled out as the best

shots," and a quantity of rat-tail files obtained from Captain Phelps, "pulled across the strait or avenue of waters which leads in from Golden Gate," and which he then for the first time named "the Golden Gate." "We reached Fort Point," says Fremont, "in the gray dawn of the morning, and scrambled up the steep bank just in time to see several horsemen escaping at full speed toward Yerba Buena. We promptly spiked the guns, fourteen in number, all long brass Spanish pieces. The work of spiking was effectually done by Stepp, who was a gunsmith and knew as well how to make a rifle as to use one."

The territory north of San Francisco to Sutter's Fort was now free from Mexican authority. Fremont returned to Sonoma, where he was met by one common request that he should take entire charge of the revolutionary movement. The settlers having met together, he addressed them, accepting the position. "In doing so," he says, "I dwelt on the responsibility which I had assumed as an officer of the United States Army, trusting to them to do nothing which would discredit themselves or their country." He sent out men to bring in horses and cattle for their support, which were subsequently paid for by order of an act of Congress.

Leaving one company of fifty men in charge at Sonoma, in command of Captain Grigsby, Fremont set out on the return to his encampment on the American River, on the 6th of July, where he arrived on the 9th. So far he had had the co-operation of the leading American settlers, including Reading, Hensley, Bidwell, and others. At his camp he found a letter

from Captain Montgomery, of the United States sloop-of-war *Portsmouth*, under date of June 23, expressing his warmest sympathy for the action so far taken, from which letter the following extract is made:—

“Although aware that the public mind in California was prepared for a change of government, I little expected the movement would take place at this time or in the manner it has. The capture of the horses and the surprise of Sonoma were master strokes, but it should have been followed up by a rush on Santa Clara, where Castro, with the residue of ordnance and munitions of the country, might have been taken by thirty men at any time previous to Saturday evening. Castro must feel sensibly the loss of the two Valjeos and Prudon, as well as that of the arms and munitions taken at Sonoma. I have exchanged communications with the commanders of both sides and others, preserving a strict neutrality, and avowing my purpose of scrupulously adhering to this principle, *while I confess my sympathies are wholly with the gallant little band in arms for mutual defense.*”

And yet it is this “gallant little band” and their action that Mr. Bancroft stigmatizes as “*a criminal revolt of vagabond settlers,*” and the man under whose inspiration they were acting as an unscrupulous “filibuster.”

The movement was now to take on a new phase, however. Fremont's operations in the North had at last nerved Commodore Sloat to action, and on the 6th of July he had hoisted the American flag at Monterey, and taken official possession of California.

Henceforth the government of the United States assumed the responsibility. The hoisting of the flag at Yerba Buena, Sonoma, and at Sutter's Fort soon followed. On the 12th an express from Commodore Sloat reached Fremont, bearing a copy of the proclamation which he had issued and requesting Fremont to proceed with his force to Monterey immediately, which request was promptly complied with. On the 19th Fremont and his party passed and saluted Gavilan Peak, where four months before they had hoisted the flag and awaited attack.

"It was a day of excitement," says Fremont, "when we entered Monterey. Many of my men had never seen the ocean or the English flag. Four of our men of war were lying in the harbor, and also the *Collingwood*, eighty guns, the flag-ship of Admiral Seymour. The men looked upon the *Collingwood* with the feeling of the racer who has just passed the winning-post."

Lieutenant Walpole, of the *Collingwood*, thus described the arrival of Fremont and his men:—

"Here were true trappers, the class that produced the heroes of Fennimore Cooper's best works. The men had passed years in the wilds, living upon their own resources; they were a curious set. A vast cloud of dust appeared first and thence in long file emerged this wildest wild party. Fremont rode ahead, a spare, active-looking man." "He was dressed in blouse and leggings, and wore a felt hat. After him came five Delaware Indians, who were his body guard and have been with him through all his wanderings; they had charge of two baggage horses. The rest, many of

them blacker than the Indians, rode two and two, the rifle held by one hand across the pommel of the saddle. . . . He has one or two with him who enjoy a high reputation on the prairies. Kit Carson is as well known there as the duke is in Europe. The dress of these men was principally a long, loose coat of deer-skin tied with thongs in front, trousers of the same, of their own manufacture. They are allowed no liquor, tea and sugar only; this, no doubt, has much to do with their good conduct, and the discipline, too, is very strict. They were marched up to an open space on the hills near the town under some long firs, and there took up their quarters in masses of six or seven, in the open air. The Indians lay beside their leader. In justice to the Americans, I must say they seemed to treat the natives well, and their authority extended every protection to them."

Fremont's fame as an explorer had already become world-wide, and his recent achievements in California had rendered him an especial object of curiosity to Englishmen and others. His camp soon became the center of public interest at Monterey, and his men were looked upon as heroes.

Immediately on his arrival he went on board the *Savannah* and waited on Commodore Sloat. The interview which followed was an interesting and important one. It developed the fact that Sloat had only hoisted the flag and taken formal possession of the country because he believed that Fremont had been acting under written authority and instructions from the United States Government in the North, and conveyed the clear impression that the commodore

was greatly disturbed, if not filled with regret, for the action which he had taken. His chagrin was so great that the interview ended "abruptly and was without sequence."

"He did not ask me for another interview," says Fremont. "He had expected to find that I had been acting under such *written* authority as would support his action in raising the flag. Disappointed in this expectation, his mind closed against everything short of the written paper. The full information that I might have given should, in my judgment, have been sufficient to satisfy him that the taking possession of California as had been done would exactly meet the wishes of the government. I should have been glad to do so; but for this he made no occasion, and, as a much younger officer, it did not become me to urge upon one of his rank and present command to change his course of action, especially as I felt there was an atmosphere of resistance that I could not penetrate."

"Naturally, I was surprised by the result of the interview. Aware of what would be the general nature of the instructions to our officers on the Pacific Coast, I could not suppose that the officer commanding the squadron was relying upon me to justify his actions. And the situation now had something in it so grand that hesitation was incomprehensible."

"I had returned into the California Valley two months before with my mind full of one purpose. I was so inspired with watchful purpose that the nights were almost as wakeful as the day. I saw the lovely country which had chained my senses with admiration

for its beauty, dangerously near to becoming the appanage of a foreign power. I knew that the men who understood the future of our country, and who at this time ruled its destinies and were the government, regarded the California coast as the boundary fixed by nature to round off our natural domain. From Mexico it was naturally separated, and events were pointing to its sure and near political separation from that power."

"I had left Washington with full knowledge of their wishes, and also their purposes, so far as these could be settled in the existing circumstances; and I was relied upon to do what should be in my power in the event of opportunity to further their designs. And now that the opportunity came, I had entered among the surrounding circumstances with great joy and a resolution to give to my own country the benefit of every chance as these circumstances changed." "Now two months had wrought the change, and my work, too, was done. With the sight of the flag floating over the town when I entered it, all my excitement subsided, and care and responsibility fell from me."

On the 6th of June Commodore Sloat had written to the Secretary of the Navy that, upon mature reflection, he had resolved not to take possession of any part of California or undertake any hostile measures against Mexico until either Mexico or the United States had declared war, and this, too, when he had been informed by Consul Parrot that hostilities had actually commenced and the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma had been fought. In this frame of mind and with this determination he had reached

Monterey on the 2nd of July. He found his countrymen there wild with excitement over the acts of Fremont in the North, and the Mexican authorities gathering forces to meet and overcome him. He knew that the British man-of-war *Collingwood* was not far behind him, but this latter fact would not in itself have furnished his timid soul with nerve to act. Fremont he knew to be an officer of the army in command of a government expedition and presumably acting under official instructions. It was a painful dilemma for a man utterly lacking in decision of character to be placed in. The reports of Fremont's action turned the scale, however, and, urged still further by the officers of the fleet, Commodore Sloat hoisted the flag and took formal possession of California on the 7th of July. On the 9th he wrote to Fremont, informing him what he had done, and urging him to come at once to Monterey and to push on with all possible dispatch. He had previously written to Captain Montgomery, of the United States sloop-of-war *Portsmouth*, at Yerba Buena, ordering him to hoist the flag there, and saying, "I wish very much to see and hear from Captain Fremont, that we may understand each other and co-operate together."

He was literally thunderstruck to learn from Fremont's own lips that he was acting under no written governmental orders in what he had done. Had he dreamed of the indignation which the reception of his letter of June 6, conveying his declared policy of inaction, had caused, and of the contents of the severe official rebuke from Secretary Bancroft for his inaction, which had been forwarded on the 13th of

August, and which was then *en route* to him, his regret would have been that he had not acted sooner, instead of being overwhelmed with the fear—as he evidently was—that he had acted prematurely. The arrival of Commodore Stockton in the *Congress*, on the 15th of July, opened the way to relieve Commodore Sloat's embarrassment. Stockton's orders bore even date with the instructions which Gillespie had brought to Larkin. He knew what the government desires and expectations were, and was prepared to execute them. Sloat soon after announced his intention to retire from the command. On the 23d, as a preliminary step, he made Commodore Stockton commander-in-chief of all the forces and operations on land. On the 29th he transferred his broad pennant to the *Levant* and sailed for home, leaving Stockton in full authority on sea and land, and operations were promptly begun to complete the conquest of California, Stockton and Fremont acting in perfect accord and harmony from that time on until the work was completed.

On the 23d of July Fremont received a commission as major in the United States Army from Commodore Stockton, retaining command of his battalion, to which a force of eighty marines were added. On the 25th of July he embarked in the *Cyane* with his forces for San Diego. Castro with his forces had retreated southward toward Los Angeles upon the hoisting of the flag by Sloat, and the southern part of California was rapidly gathering to arms to resist the invader.

On the 29th of July the *Cyane* reached San Diego, and Fremont and his ~~men~~ disembarked. On the 8th

of August, having obtained a sufficient number of horses, he started on his march northward toward Los Angeles, leaving a garrison to occupy San Diego, under command of Lieutenant Miner. He met with no resistance, and on the 13th joined forces with Commodore Stockton, who had reached San Pedro in the frigate *Congress*, and marched from there. In the afternoon of the same day they occupied Los Angeles without opposition.

On the 24th of August Fremont was made military governor of the Territory by Stockton, and Gillespie commandant of the Southern District, with headquarters at Los Angeles. Stockton re-embarked his men and sailed for San Francisco on the 5th of September. Fremont started on his march northward a few days later, with thirty-five men, leaving Gillespie in command at Los Angeles. Carson had previously to this been sent overland as special bearer of dispatches to Washington, informing the government of the action which had so far been taken.

Fremont encountered no opposition in his march northward. "In the latter part of September," he says, "I reached the Sacramento Valley. The three months which had elapsed since I came down from the Klamath Lake had worked a change. There were no rumors now of burning grain-fields or of driving emigrants beyond the mountains. From north and south they were fast finding their way into the valley, looking about, undisturbed, for farming land, buying cattle, and laying the foundation for homes."

News now almost immediately came announcing that the Californians were again in arms in the south-

ern part of the State, and that Gillespie was besieged in Los Angeles. Fremont proceeded at once to San Francisco and reported to Commodore Stockton, "with one hundred and seventy good men, well armed, and with their horse equipments ready for service." They immediately embarked on the ship *Sterling*, under orders to proceed to Santa Barbara and endeavor to surprise the enemy at that place. The author joined Fremont at this time and served throughout the campaign as assistant commissary.

On the way down the ship *Vandalia* was spoken, and Fremont learned from Mr. Howard the occurrences that had happened below, and that it would be impossible to obtain horses or cattle for transportation at Santa Barbara, as they had all been driven away. Being under discretionary orders from Stockton, he ordered the *Sterling* to make for Monterey, "with the intention to send for all the men who could be raised in the North, and for a band of horses which he had left on the Cosumnes."

In the meantime a disastrous campaign had been going forward in the South. Gillespie had been forced to capitulate and had retired to San Pedro. Captain Mervine arrived there soon after in the *Savannah*, and had met with a disastrous defeat in attempting to force his way to Los Angeles. Stockton arrived at San Pedro soon after, and, after waiting the arrival of Fremont from Santa Barbara, embarked the troops and sailed for San Diego. Two days after their arrival the brig *Malek Adhel* arrived at San Diego from Monterey with dispatches from Fremont informing him of his movements.

Important events transpired here while Stockton was at San Diego, which have so direct a bearing upon Fremont's subsequent career that they must be alluded to. News came of the approach of General Kearney from New Mexico. His disastrous defeat at San Pasqual soon followed. Stockton eventually succeeded in opening communication with him and on the 12th of December Kearney, with what remained of his party, reached San Deigo.

Kearney had come to California under orders in which occurred these words: "Should you conquer the country, you will establish a civil government." He found the country conquered, but did not fail from this time on to induce Stockton to appoint him governor. This Stockton refused to do, and informed him that it was his intention to appoint Fremont governor and Gillespie the secretary. With this began the controversy which subsequently led up to Fremont's trial before a court-martial in Washington and his final justification. It should be mentioned here that while *en route* from New Mexico to California Kearney had fallen in with Kit Carson and his party, then on their way to Washington with dispatches from Stockton and Fremont. Kearney compelled Carson to turn about and act as his guide to California, leaving Fitzpatrick to proceed with the dispatches.

At the close of December Stockton started northward with his forces. At the request of Kearney, he gave him command of the troops, but continued to act as commander-in-chief of all the forces.

While awaiting the arrival of recruits and horses at Monterey, Fremont utilized the time by disciplin-

ing his men and making ready for offensive operations. On the 15th of November Captain Charles Burroughs, with thirty-five men and the band of horses which Fremont had sent for, arrived at San Juan Mission, followed shortly by another party of about the same number, under Captain Thompson, and a body of eleven Walla Walla Indians, under Tom Hill. Castro was moving up from Soledad with his forces and making ready for active hostilities. That night Consul Larkin, then on his way from Monterey to San Francisco, was captured by the enemy while sleeping at the Gomez Rancho.

The author had joined the new recruits the day before, under orders from Fremont, to take charge of the quartermaster and commissary stores, of which they had a considerable quantity. On the 16th of November occurred the battle of Salinas, or, as it has since come to be known, of "Natividad," in which the author was a participant and an eye-witness. It resulted in the killing of Captain Charles Burroughs, Joseph Foster, Ames, and Cooper, and the wounding of several others. The Americans remained masters of the field, however, and the Californians, having suffered still more severely, retreated southward, dispersing in various directions as they advanced. Their main object had been to seize the band of horses, and to harass Fremont by guerilla warfare.

On the morning of the 17th Fremont with his whole force left Monterey and reached the battle-field about 4 P. M. The next day he marched to the Mission of San Juan, where he was joined by all the new recruits, numbering 423, rank and file. Here the inter-

vening time until the 1st of December was occupied in perfecting the military organization. The battalion was organized into nine companies, including seven companies of mounted riflemen, one company of artillery, and one company of native Indians, under the command of Tom Hill, the Delaware.

The march southward commenced on the 1st of December. It lay through a rough, mountainous country. The weather was bad; it rained almost continuously, accompanied by snow and hail. The men were incessantly exposed to cold and hunger, and suffered severe and trying hardships. About the 12th an Indian, acting as a spy, and with a letter on his person testifying to the fact, was taken prisoner and executed. On the night of the 15th San Luis Obispo was surrounded and taken possession of. Among other prisoners taken was Don Jose de Jesus Pico, called "Totoi." He had been among other prominent Californians who had before been liberated on his parol not to take up arms again. He was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot.

The story of the intercession of his family and his pardon and release by Fremont has already been told and need not be repeated here.

• "He fell on his knees," says Fremont, "made on his fingers the sign of the cross, and said: 'I was to die—I had lost the life God gave me—you have given me another life. I devote the new life to you.' And he did it faithfully."

From that time on Don Jose de Jesus Pico remained with, and was devoted to, Fremont until he left California.

On the 24th of December the battalion com-

menced the ascent of the Santa Ynez Mountain. Its summit was reached at midnight, after a toilsome and perilous march, and in the midst of a furious storm. On Christmas they commenced the descent. If the ascent had been difficult, the descent was horrible beyond description. The storm had increased in its fury. It blew a perfect gale; the rain, sleet, and snow beat in the faces of the men. The elements seemed to have combined all their forces to bar their progress. The mountain-side was extremely precipitous; the trail was very narrow, and worn down five or six feet through a soft sandstone to a bottom of soapy clay, upon striking which one would shoot down as if he were upon ice, and land, perhaps, amidst ten or fifteen animals lying together, and perhaps as many following.

Murky night overtook the battalion before much progress had been made; and such a night! When a point was reached that looked suspicious two or three loose animals would be sent ahead as pilots. Frequently they would disappear like a flash down the mountain-side, compelling the men to turn back and seek another route. A portion of the command reached the foot of the mountain and went into camp about three o'clock in the morning. All of the cannon and many of the men were still upon the mountain. The next day one hundred and eighty animals dead and dying were found lying where they had fallen when dashed over the precipice. Everything was so saturated with water that it was almost impossible to make or keep a fire. The baggage train was scattered for ten or fifteen miles up and down the beach,

and there was nothing to eat. Enough cattle were hunted up the next morning to satisfy the hunger of the men, the train was collected together, scattered animals driven in, and damages repaired as far as possible. Santa Barbara was reached on the 27th, and San Buenaventura Mission on the afternoon of October 5.

A corps of the enemy's cavalry had been encountered while *en route*, but had kept far enough away to prevent an actual collision. At The Willows, about twenty miles below Santa Barbara, Fremont received a communication from Commodore Stockton, dated at San Luis Rey, January 3, 1847, informing him of his movements, and that he expected to be in Los Angeles in four or five days. The battles of San Gabriel and the Mesa were gallantly fought and won on the 8th and 9th of January, however, before Los Angeles was reached, the enemy retreating northward toward the advancing force under Fremont. The latter encamped at the mission of San Fernando on the afternoon of the 12th and sent Don Jesus Pico with a message to Don Andreas Pico, who resided there. "The next morning," says Fremont, "I rode over to the camp of the Californians, accompanied only by Don Jesus, and in a conference with Don Andreas the important features of a treaty of capitulation were agreed upon."

"A truce was ordered and commissioners on each side appointed, and the same day a capitulation agreed upon. This was approved by myself as military commandant representing the United States, and Don Andreas Pico, commander-in-chief of the Californians. With this treaty of Cahuenga hostilities ended and

California was left peaceably in our possession, to be finally secured to us by the treaty of Gaudalupe Hidalgo, in 1848." The capitulation was subsequently approved by Commodore Stockton. The conquest of California was thus ended by the man who had struck the first blow a little more than six months before, in the valley of the Sacramento, who had been the master mind in the whole movement, John C. Fremont. From the time that Commodore Stockton assumed command after Fremont had begun the work, there was the most perfect accord and unanimity of action between both these patriotic and brave men. They were the two conquerors, aided by the loyal co-operation of the American pioneers of that period, who risked their lives, their property, and their domestic happiness in the cause, beginning with the men and the event of the raising the Bear Flag, which Mr. Bancroft stigmatizes as the "criminal revolt of vagabond settlers," and ending with those who participated in the closing scene. Yet both Stockton and Fremont Mr. Bancroft denounces as "filibusters" "who did more to retard than to promote the conquest of California." Such is the impartiality of history.

The story of Fremont's life had thus far been one uninterrupted line of successes. In the scientific world his fame became acknowledged. Henceforth it was to be a struggle with a jealous and merciless world, where envy and hatred were to be found more difficult to conquer than had been all the perils and all the savage foes heretofore encountered. To use his own prophetic words:—

"It had happened to me that the obstacles which I

had to encounter were natural ones, and I could calculate unerringly upon the amount of resistance and injury I should have to meet in surmounting them. Their very opposition roused strength to overcome them. The grand mountains stood out firmly in their armor of ice and snow; the sterile face of the desert warned the traveler off, and if he ventured there it was with full knowledge of his danger. No treachery lurked behind the majesty of the mountains or lay hidden in the hot glare of the inhospitable plain, and though sometimes the struggle was hard it was an honest one and simple, and I had my own free will how to combat it. . . . Now, this was to end; I was to begin anew. . . . My path of life led out from among the grand and lovely features of nature, and its pure and wholesome air, into the poisoned atmosphere and jarring circumstances of conflict among men made subtle and malignant by clashing interests."

The articles of capitulation were signed at Cahuenga rancho on the 13th of January, 1847. Commodore Stockton wrote to the Secretary of the Navy on the 16th, informing him that the territory was again tranquil and the civil government formed by him was again in operation in the places where it was interrupted by the insurgents. Again on the 22nd he wrote: "The civil government of this territory is in successful operation; Colonel Fremont is acting as governor and Colonel Russell as secretary." The war with Californians was ended; the war of jealousy and political intrigue was about to begin.

It is not necessary to follow the story of the conflict which ensued betweed General Kearney and Fre-

mont in detail. It grew, in the first instance, out of the conflict of authority between Commodore Stockton and General Kearney. Fremont, who had thus far acted under the orders of Stockton and received his appointment from him as governor, refused to recognize any other authority as commander-in-chief than Stockton, in the absence of any explicit orders from the government appointing General Kearney to the position. While yet at Los Angeles exercising the functions of governor, Kearney at San Francisco assumed the title and office of governor, and eventually came to be recognized as such by the government.

Fremont, refusing to give way without instructions from Stockton, from whom he had derived his authority, and not having obeyed an order issued to him by Kearney, was by the latter finally ordered to Washington to be tried by court-martial. Kearney accompanied him on the journey across the continent, and subjected him to a series of indignities which were as unnecessary as they were unjust. Fremont was tried upon charges of "mutiny," "disobedience of the lawful commands of his superior officer," and "misconduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline." Technically he was found guilty by the court and sentenced to be dismissed from the service. President Polk refused to recognize that Fremont had been guilty of mutiny, but acquiesced in the judgment that he was guilty of the other charges. In view of his great services, however, and the recommendation to clemency which seven out of the fourteen members of the court had made, he remitted the penalty and ordered Fremont to be released from arrest, to resume his sword, and report for duty.

The whole country applauded the act of the President, and Fremont became a yet more popular hero than before. He immediately resigned his position in the army, and refused to accept the President's clemency. As he was not conscious of having done anything to merit the finding of the court, he was unwilling, by accepting the President's clemency, to admit the justice of the decision against him. Without discussing the merits of the controversy with Kearney, it is but simple justice to say that Fremont would have shown a want of manhood not to have resented Kearney's efforts to rob him of the honors which he had fairly earned in California, however wrong he may have been in a military sense, and under the inflexible rules of military discipline. Naturally enough, after all he had accomplished in the work of the conquest, he smarted and chafed under the irritating, envious, and selfish efforts of Kearney to supersede him. He would have been less than human if he had not done so. And no man lives or ever has lived who, under like conditions and circumstances, would have shown a lesser degree of resentment at the jealous efforts that were at that time being made on all sides to rob him of the fame he had so fairly earned, than Fremont displayed throughout this controversy.

Viewed solely from the standpoint of worldly welfare and material prosperity, regardless of all sentiment of pride or self-respect, whether he acted wisely in the course which he pursued in declining the proffered clemency of the President and resigning from the army, may be open to question. But as a manly and defiant assertion of his own individuality, to which

he had brought a well-earned and world-wide fame, it can but command the generous consideration of his countrymen.

This somewhat extended sketch of the conquest of California and the part that Fremont played in it has been given because it was due, not alone to his memory, but also to the truth of history. And the true history of this important event in all its details has yet to be written by some fair-minded historian, who will approach the subject in no carping frame of mind to tell what might have been had a different line of policy been pursued, but what was, and to whom honor is due for the magnificent results that the conquest *as it was accomplished* has brought about.

Nothing daunted by the injustice with which he had been treated, Fremont now fitted out a fourth expedition, at his own expense. With thirty-three men and one hundred and twenty mules, he made his way along the upper waters of the Rio Grande, through the country of hostile Utahs, Apaches, Comanches, and other tribes then at war with the United States. In attempting to cross the Sierras, his guide lost his way. Horrible suffering from cold and hunger ensued. A portion of his party were driven to cannibalism to sustain life. One-third of his men and all of his animals perished, and he was forced to return to Santa Fe.

He started again with thirty men and succeeded in reaching the Sacramento Valley in the spring of 1849. In the same year he received from President Taylor an appointment to run the boundary line between Mexico and the United States. On all sides

this appointment was regarded as a disapproval by President Taylor of the findings of the court-martial in the Kearney affair. Fremont accepted the appointment. At the meeting of the first Legislature of California Fremont was elected United States Senator on the first ballot, and soon after resigned the appointment thus conferred upon him by the President.

His vindication was now complete in the estimation of every fair-minded man throughout the country. Dr. Gwin was elected as his colleague. Fremont drew the short term, and served in the Senate but a few weeks. His term was long enough, however, to enable him to put himself on record on the question of the hour, that of the extension of slavery. For this he concentrated a bitter opposition against himself, when the election of a senator to succeed him came on, in February, 1851. After one hundred and forty-two ballots were taken, Fremont was finally beaten, and John B. Weller, a Southern Democrat, took his place in the Senate.

Fremont now turned his attention to his private affairs. In 1852 he visited Europe on business. He was everywhere received with great distinction. Prior to this, while in the Senate, Baron Von Humboldt sent him, on behalf of the king of Prussia, the great gold medal for progress in the sciences. At the same time the Geographical Society of Berlin elected him an honorary member. Before this the Royal Geographical Society of London had awarded him the "Founder's Medal," for his pre-eminent services in promoting the cause of geographical science. Throughout the scientific world his name was honored and his place firmly secured.

While in Europe he learned that Congress had made an appropriation for a survey of three new routes across the continent. He immediately returned, fitted out his fifth expedition, and started, in September, 1853. He reached California in safety, after enduring great hardships, living fifty days on horse flesh, and forty-eight hours at a time without food.

In 1856 he was invited to attend a meeting in New York of those who opposed President Pierce's Kansas policy. He replied by letter, saying: "I heartily concur in all movements which have for their object to repair the mischiefs arising from violation of good faith in the repeal of the business compromise. I am opposed to slavery in the abstract, and upon principle, sustained and made habitual by long-settled convictions. While I feel inflexible in the belief that it ought not to be interfered with where it exists under the shield of State sovereignty, I am as inflexibly opposed to its extension on this continent beyond its present limits." He was subsequently nominated for the presidency by the new-born Republican party, at the national convention in Philadelphia. He received one hundred and fourteen electoral votes against Mr. Buchanan's one hundred and seventy-four. Of the popular vote he received one million three hundred and forty-one thousand five hundred and fourteen; Mr. Buchanan, one million eight hundred and thirty-eight thousand two hundred and thirty-two; Mr. Fillmore, eight hundred and eighty-four thousand seven hundred and seven.

Fremont remained in private life until the breaking out of the war. At that time he was in France.

He returned, after having made extensive purchases of arms for government use. He was appointed major-general in the army, with headquarters at St. Louis. His personal traits and ideas created great admiration among the people, and aroused bitter enmity among army subordinate officers and politicians. In August, 1861, he became military governor of Missouri. He declared he would emancipate the slaves of all who were in rebellion against the government of the United States. President Lincoln called upon him to withdraw this proclamation, which Fremont declined to do, and Lincoln annulled it. In November Fremont was removed from his command. Popular sympathy was so great, however, that he was placed in command of the mountain district south of the Ohio River, in the spring of 1862, where he fought with bravery. In June, 1862, the army of the Potomac was created, and Fremont's corps incorporated in it. At this time he asked, on personal grounds, to be relieved rather than serve under Pope.

In May, 1864, the more radical Republicans met in convention at Cleveland and nominated Fremont for the presidency, which nomination he subsequently declined.

At the close of the war Fremont again turned his attention to his private affairs. Fortune was not kind to him. One business disaster followed another, until, in 1878, he accepted the appointment of governor of Arizona, remaining in that position until 1881, retiring then permanently to private life. In the spring of 1890, in tardy recognition of his public services, Congress placed him on the retired list, with the rank

and pay of major-general. He did not live to enjoy the ease and comfort which it brought, after long years of pressing need, dying on the 13th of July, 1890.

Like all men of his marked individuality, Fremont made many enemies, and set in motion an army of small-minded critics whose miserable mission it has been to find some loose joint in his armor through which they might attack and belittle his fame. The grand work which he accomplished in the promotion of scientific knowledge, and in the conquest of California, his outspoken devotion to principle—as a man born on Southern soil and nurtured among opposite influences—upon the question of the extension of slavery, made for him a popularity which no attack upon him has ever shaken among the intelligent and patriotic masses of the American people. His name has an imperishable place in history, to which time will add constant luster long after those who have so assiduously assailed it shall have passed away and been forgotten.

WILLIAM DAVIS MERRY HOWARD.

The subject of this sketch was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1819. He received a liberal education and good business training. He arrived in California in January, 1839, as supercargo of a merchant ship belonging to a commercial house in Boston, and was engaged in trading for hides and tallow up and down the coast, which was at that time the almost exclusive traffic and business carried on in California. He continued in this employment until 1847, when he formed a copartnership with Henry Mellus. They

purchased the property of the Hudson Bay Company, situated on the west side of Montgomery Street between Clay and Sacramento Streets, and inaugurated the most extensive business of general merchandise at that time in California.

After the discovery of gold the magnitude of their business increased and kept pace with the times. In 1850 they dissolved partnership, and Mr. Howard retired permanently from commercial pursuits. In addition to his large possessions in San Francisco he had acquired an extensive rancho at San Mateo, which is one of the most valuable and beautiful among the many magnificent suburban estates in the vicinity of San Francisco. The appreciation in the value of his large property soon rendered him one of the most wealthy citizens in the State, and its management demanded his unremitting attention. In the latter part of 1849 he espoused Miss Agnes Poett, who at that time was, without doubt, the most beautiful and accomplished young lady in the territory. Her father, Doctor Poett, was an English physician, well and favorably known in South America and California at that period.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard had issue—two sons. The eldest only, William, still survives, and it is claimed by those who know him best that he has inherited much of his father's enterprise and many of his noble qualities.

San Francisco never possessed a more public-spirited and disinterested citizen than Wm. D. M. Howard. He was ever early and zealously identified with every enterprise and proposition that promised

to be conducive to the progress and welfare of the community. His purse was ever open and unstinted in aid of every measure tending to the advancement of the public interests. Among the many public institutions indebted to his generosity and public spirit for inception, progress, and development, may be mentioned the first orphan asylum, to which he contributed material pecuniary aid, and allowed the free use of buildings and grounds. To the organization of the first public-school system he became a most generous benefactor. He greatly promoted the effectiveness of the fire department, to which he presented a beautiful fire engine, the very first used in San Francisco. He donated the lot for the Howard Street Presbyterian Church. The grading of public streets and improvement of the public thoroughfares were frequently due to his personal effort and individual cost. He took great interest in, and very materially promoted, the first military organization in the State, the old "California Guard," and became one of its first commanders. He was among the original organizers of the Society of California Pioneers, of which he was a life member, and its first president.

In the constant strain upon his energies demanded in the management of his extensive property, his health became impaired, and he sought benefit in travel and change of scene, and passed some two years in visiting the Eastern States and Europe, but in vain; the fell disease would not be retarded. He returned to California, and, after lingering several months, calmly, submissive and reconciled, soothed with the tenderest care, and surrounded by all his loved ones,

he passed away, on January 19, 1856, at the early age of thirty-seven years. Grief at his loss pervaded the entire community and was attested by the highest marks of respect by societies and the public generally.

In dwelling upon the personal traits and characteristics of Mr. Howard, the author modestly hopes he may be pardoned if, for a time in this instance, his pen strays from the cold recital of dry statistics to the more congenial theme of personal reminiscences, and indulges, for a brief space, in a grateful task of personal tribute, which shall possess the merit, at least, of being truthful, even if it verges upon panegyric. In this connection the author cannot forbear reverting to his own advent in California, in 1845, then but a boy in his teens, his only worldly possessions consisting of a buckskin suit, including moccasins, his rifle, and a letter of introduction to Mr. Howard, given to him at Fort Laramie, in 1844, by a gentleman named Farwell, then on his way to the States from California.

He vividly recalls the time when, a friendless boy, in Yerba Buena, he presented that letter to Mr. Howard; how tremblingly he submitted his sole credential to him who was looked up to almost as a prince; how brotherly, almost fatherly, he was received and welcomed; how he was inspirited by kindly words of encouragement, and subsequent acts of hospitality, and was told to depend upon his friendship; how it was through him that he was shortly after appointed Consular Secretary with Mr. T. O. Larkin, U. S. Consul at Monterey; how in years of after intercourse he learned to prove that disinterested friendship, and to love and venerate the noble qualities and character of

his early friend and benefactor; and how eagerly he now avails himself of this opportunity to pay this humble tribute to his memory.

In person Mr. Howard, in his prime, was a splendid model of physical manhood, with a countenance exceedingly benignant, and ever beaming with benevolence and good-nature. In disposition, frank and guileless. In manner, modest and unassuming. His private individual charities were constant, innumerable, and unostentatious. His pure character and noble and generous qualities endeared him to everyone with whom he came in contact, and won to him regard and esteem that quickly ripened into real affection. By his intimates he was simply beloved. There are many still living, even at this distant day, whose eyes will become suffused and dim as these words recall him to their memories.

WILLIAM A. LEIDESDORFF.

William A. Leidesdorff was of Danish extraction and was a native of the island of Jamaica. He was in the business of general merchandising in Yerba Buena, San Francisco, as early as 1839, and continued to be one of the most enterprising and extensive business men of the place up to the time of his death. At the time of the raising of the United States flag, in July, 1846, he was United States Vice-Consul. From 1845 to 1848 he was the principal merchant. He accumulated and left a large estate; the property has since become of immense value, and reaches far into the millions. His estate was claimed by the State on the ground that he died intestate, leaving alien heirs,

though legitimate relatives, and that his property became escheated to the State. Captain J. L. Folsom subsequently visited the island of Jamaica, with the view of purchasing the title of the heirs, several of whom he succeeded in finding and acquiring their title, but it was always thought there were other heirs living, who have never conveyed away their rights as heirs to the estate. Captain Leidesdorff was in the strongest sense a man of public spirit and was prominently identified with every enterprise tending to advance the interests of the community. He was almost a constant member of the different ayuntamientos and town councils during his time.

He procured from the Russian Government at Sitka a little steam-boat not much larger than a good-sized whale-boat, which was the first craft of any kind that was ever propelled on the waters of the Bay of San Francisco by steam.

Personally he was a man of fine appearance and pleasing address, of a swarthy complexion, denoting a tropical descent, of great energy and enterprise, of an impetuous and rather irascible temperament, but not at all implacable. He was in the very prime of life when he died, on May 18, 1848, being but thirty-six years of age, and was buried in the church-yard of the Mission of Dolores. His death was considered a public loss and was most sincerely and generally deplored. All places of business were closed, flags were at half-mast on the buildings and shipping, and minute guns fired during his funeral ceremonies.

JASPER O'FARRELL

Was born in Ireland in 1822. After graduating from college, and receiving his diploma as a civil engineer, he left England on a surveying expedition to the coast of South America, where he arrived in 1841. After remaining at Valparaiso, Chile, for a year, he came to California on a United States coast surveying vessel, where he arrived in October, 1843. In 1844-45 he was employed by the Mexican Government to run the lines of Alta California. He was also employed by the various Mexican ranch owners of Southern California to survey their ranches, his headquarters being Yerba Buena.

In 1846 he moved to Sonoma County, where he settled on his magnificent estate, which he named "Anally," after his old home in Ireland. In 1849 he married the daughter of M. McChristian, who arrived in California in 1845. She was a most estimable and charitable lady, who vied with her husband in extending to their host of friends a most generous and bountiful hospitality. Many a wanderer from home oftentimes found refuge and sympathy in their ever-abundant and pleasant home.

In 1847, under instructions of Alcalde W. A. Bartlett, he extended and completed the survey of San Francisco, including the 100-vara survey, and the survey of the water lots. A limited portion of the 50-vara part of town had formerly been surveyed and platted by Captain J. J. Vioget. The citizens of San Francisco are indebted to him for the magnificent proportions of Market Street. He insisted upon its present width in opposition to many of the population

and property owners of the little town of Yerba Buena at that time. And to him, more than to any other, is due the existence of this splendid avenue, unsurpassed in any city of the world. O'Farrell Street was named in his honor.

Jasper O'Farrell possessed all the advantages of a first-class education, and was a man of fine attainments and rare culture—first in his chosen profession, that of civil engineer. Many of his surveys were made under serious difficulties. He had lost his chain and was obliged to improvise one from a riata made of dry bullock hide; and yet there were but very few errors in them.

Mr. O'Farrell acquired a valuable ranch and other property, and at one time was a wealthy man; but fickle fortune proved inconstant, and at the time of his death he was in moderate circumstances.

In politics he was a conservative Democrat, and represented the counties of Sonoma and Mendocino in the State Senate, at the tenth and eleventh sessions, with credit and honor to himself and constituents. He was also elected by the Legislature in 1870 a member of the State Board of Harbor Commissioners. He was a member of the Society of California Pioneers.

Jasper O'Farrell was a most genial, high-minded, and honorable gentleman, and universally popular. He died suddenly in November, 1875, and was sincerely and deeply regretted by all classes. Eight children survived him. One of his sons, John J. O'Farrell, is the present head of the real-estate firm of O'Farrell & Lang. He stands deservedly high

in the front ranks of the business community. His social qualities render him a most delightful companion and desirable acquaintance, and he is altogether a most worthy descendant of one of California's earliest and honored pioneers.

JOHN SULLIVAN

Arrived in California, overland, in December, 1844, with the Townsend-Murphy party. In 1846 he was connected with William A. Leidesdorff in supplying whalers and other vessels touching at this port, which was a business of considerable importance and quite lucrative. At the same time he was engaged in the business of teaming, of which he had the monopoly, and was also interested in various other laborious and industrial pursuits. He was a man of quiet habits, but of great force of character, and was never idle or unoccupied.

He seemed to possess an almost prophetic intuition of the future importance of San Francisco, and quietly invested all of his earnings, as fast as acquired, in 50 and 100-vara lots, which could be bought at that time at from twenty-five to fifty dollars each, and which resulted in his subsequently becoming a millionaire. He was an upright and honorable man in all of his dealings, pleasant and agreeable to transact business with, public-spirited and enterprising, constantly occupied in improving and repairing his large property. His importance in the community, that his great wealth naturally conferred upon him, never caused him to become arrogant or supercilious, or in the slightest degree changed or altered his invariable

modest and amiable deportment; to the last he was the same quiet, unassuming man that the author knew at the commencement of his career, when he was plodding for his daily necessities.

He was zealous and faithful in the discharge of his duties as a citizen, earnest and sincere in his religious beliefs, but untainted with bigotry, generous to the demands of charity, but unostentatious.

He was an active promoter of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society and its first president, and to the day of his death a director. The first meetings of the bank were held at his office, on the southwest corner of Pacific and Dupont Streets.

The place where the Palace Hotel now stands was formerly owned by Mr. Sullivan. On August 1, 1850, he gave that property as a gift to the Sisters of Charity. His title was held good in the case of *Alemanys vs. Daly*, 36 California Reports, page 92.

The lot where the Roman Catholic Cathedral stands, on the northeast corner of Dupont and California Streets, was given by Mr. Sullivan and his wife. In token of Mrs. Sullivan's gift, her remains now repose under the high altar of this church.

He was a devout member of the Roman Catholic Church, and also a life member of the Society of California Pioneers. He was an affectionate husband and father. Much of his time in later years was devoted to the education and training of his children, of whom eleven survived him—five sons and six daughters. His eldest son, the Hon. Frank J. Sullivan, represented San Francisco in the State Senate in 1882-84, with credit and honor to himself and constituency, and

was subsequently honored by his party with the nomination to Congress.

Mr. Sullivan left a princely estate to his children, who have continued his own enlightened policy in its subsequent management. He died in San Francisco July 29, 1882, deeply mourned by loving kindred, and sincerely deplored by hosts of friends and citizens.

MOSES SCHELLENBERGER.

Moses Schellenberger was born in Ohio in 1826. He was of German descent. His boyhood was uneventful. In the spring of 1844, at the age of eighteen, he left Missouri with a party of emigrants bound for California. The prominent members connected with that party were Doctor John Townsend, brother-in-law of young Schellenberger, and afterwards one of the early alcaldes of San Francisco, and the Murphys, of the noted and honorable family of that name residing in Santa Clara County. They constituted the *first wagon* train of emigrants that ever crossed the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

They safely and successfully encountered and overcame all the dangers and difficulties of their journey until they reached Donner Lake, late in November, when they were overtaken by the snows, and where young Schellenberger was left alone by his party; but I will let Mr. Schellenberger relate, in his own modest phrase, the story of his lone and dismal life amid those gloomy mountains during that long and cheerless winter:—

“Dr. Townsend and myself had brought with us an invoice of costly goods, such as broadcloth, silks, sat-

ins, etc., which we intended to sell to the natives, knowing how eager they were for such things, and how few they were able to get.

"The goods were valuable, and I volunteered to stay and take care of them until the remainder of our party should reach California and return for me.

"There seemed little danger to me in undertaking this. Game was abundant (deer and bear), so that I had no fears of starvation. The Indians in that vicinity were poorly clad, and I supposed, therefore, that they would stay farther south as long as the cold weather lasted. Knowing, except in a general way, nothing of the climate of California, none of us thought that the snow would at any time be more than two feet deep, neither did we think it would lie on the ground continually.

"After I had decided to stay, Joseph Foster and Allen Montgomery said they would keep me company, and so it was settled, and the others of the party started across the mountains.

"They left us two cows, so poor they could go no farther, but we did not care to have them left for food, as there seemed to be plenty of game, and we were all good hunters. Bread we had not tasted for many weeks; we did not crave it; all we had been living on was fresh beef and bacon.

"The morning after the separation Foster, Montgomery, and I set about making a cabin; we determined to be as comfortable as possible. We cut some saplings, which we formed into a rude house and covered it with rawhides and pine brush. Our house was about twelve by fourteen feet. We made a chim-

ney of logs eight or ten feet high on the outside and used some large stones for the joints and back. (It was in this cabin that some members of the ill-fated Donner party perished, in 1846.)

"On the very evening of the day we finished our little house, it began to snow; that night there was a fall of snow three feet deep. Of course we could not hunt for a while, but we thought the snow would soon melt, and did not worry. We were doomed to disappointment. A week passed; the snow kept falling. At last we were compelled to kill our poor cows to keep them from starving to death, for their means of sustenance (some low willows) were covered with snow. We hung the meat of the cows on the north side of the cabin; it froze and needed no salt.

"The snow fell continually. It was now about the last of November, and we began to fear we should perish. We were not able to go out at all except for wood, which, fortunately, was near by.

"None of us had ever seen snow-shoes, but 'necessity is the mother of invention,' and finally Foster and Montgomery managed to make something they called by that name. This is the way they made them: They took some of our wagon-bows, which were made of hickory, and bent them into an oblong shape, forming a sort of hoop; this they filled with a net-work of raw-hides, making a very good snow-shoe, if they had only fastened it correctly. There was little occasion for walking, for, of course, there was no game. We saw *tracks* of foxes and coyotes, but never a live animal.

"As the days went by, we began to feel very blue; there seemed no possible hope for us. We had already

eaten almost half our meat, and with snow on the ground, getting deeper and deeper each day, there was no chance for any game.

"So, after due consideration, we determined to start for California on foot. Accordingly, we dried some of our beef, and each of us carrying ten pounds of beef, a pair of blankets, a rifle and ammunition, we set out on our perilous journey. Not knowing how to fasten snow-shoes to our feet made walking very fatiguing; we fastened them heel and toe, so we had to lift the whole weight of the shoe at every step, and as the snow would necessarily crumble in on top of it, in a little while each shoe weighed about ten pounds.

"Foster and Montgomery were matured men, and could consequently stand a greater amount of hardship than I, a growing boy, with weak muscles and a huge appetite, both of which were being used in exactly the reverse order designed by nature. Consequently, when we reached the summit of the mountain, about sunset that night, having traveled a distance of about fifteen miles, I was scarcely able to drag one foot after the other. The day had been a hard one for us all, but particularly for me. About the middle of the afternoon I was seized with severe cramps; I fell down with them several times, and my companions had to wait for me, for it was simply impossible for me to move till the paroxysm passed off. After each attack I summoned all the will power I possessed, and endeavored to keep pace with my companions. Towards evening the attacks became more frequent, and I could not walk more than fifty yards without stopping to rest.

"When night came on, we cut down a tree and built

a camp-fire on top of the snow. We then spread some pine brush around it for beds, and, after eating a little of our 'jerkey' and trying vainly to get warm, we lay down upon our pine-brush beds and tried to sleep. We were thoroughly exhausted, but anxiety as to our own fate and that of our friends and relatives kept our brains active most of the night. Every now and then one of us would rise to replenish the fire, which, though far from heating, yet kept us from freezing.

"At last daylight dawned, much to our relief. The fire had melted the snow around it for a space of about fifteen feet in diameter, and as far down as the ground, about the same distance.

"We ate our jerkey and deliberated, over the *smoke* of our fire, what to do next.

"I was so stiff that I could scarcely move, and my companions had grave doubts as to whether I could stand the journey. They could not help me in the least if my strength should give out, and in that case I would necessarily be left alone to die. I felt that I could keep up if it were not for the cramps, but realized that I could not stand another day like the last, and, besides, I did not want to be a burden to my companions. I therefore told them that I would go back to the cabin, and live as long as I could on the quarter of beef that was still there, and when it was all gone, I would start out again for California. They reluctantly consented to my plan, and thought it best for me, and promised *if they ever reached California*, and *it was possible to get back*, they would come to my assistance.

"And so we parted, they to trudge on slowly and painfully through the heavy snow, fighting for life, I to retrace my weary steps to the lonely cabin, fighting against death. A quarter of beef lay between me and death, should I ever reach the cabin, and; though I determined to try again when the beef was gone, I felt intuitively that the journey would never be completed, and the return to the cabin was to me but the prolongation of my life for a little while.

"We did not say much at parting; our hearts were too full for that. There was simply a close, warm clasp of the hand, accompanied by the familiar word 'good-by,' but never before had I felt all the strength of that little word, often so lightly spoken; we all felt it was probably the last we should say to one another. The feeling of loneliness and forsakenness that came over me as the two men turned away I cannot express, though I have never forgotten, and the 'Good-by, Mose,' so sadly and reluctantly spoken, rings in my ears to-day.

"Let me say here that Foster and Montgomery were both brave, warm-hearted men, and it was through no negligence on their part that I was left alone. It would have only made matters worse had one of them stayed, as the beef would last me twice as long alone. While our decision was a sad one, it was the best, in fact, the only one, to arrive at.

"But I ever had the faculty of looking on the bright side, and, though I could see no bright side at present to look at, my companions had not long been out of sight before my spirits began to revive, and, like Micawber, I thought something would 'turn up.'

"So I shouldered my gun, strapped on my blankets and dried beef, and retraced my steps to the log cabin.

"It had frozen during the night; this enabled me to walk on our trail without snow-shoes. The relief afforded was very great, but the exertion and sickness of the preceding day had so weakened me that I think I was never so tired in my life as when, just before dark, I came in sight of the cabin. The door-sill was only about nine inches high, but I could not raise my foot high enough to step over it without using my hands to lift my leg.

"Though I had started out bravely enough in the morning, hoping for the best, the loneliness and danger of my position had forced itself upon me at every step of the backward journey; and these feelings, added to those of the distress and anxiety I had for the other members of the party, particularly my sister and Dr. Townsend, whom I loved almost as parents, so preyed upon my mind that it was with a heavy heart I stretched my tired limbs that night on a bed in the solitary cabin. Worn out and weary as I was, I could not sleep, and when, sometimes, nature, demanding the recreation due her, would for a few moments produce unconsciousness, it was only to torture me with horrible dreams of starvation either of myself or those I loved; or I would fancy them perishing in the snow, with no one to lend a helping hand. Restless, anxious, tortured both in mind and body, the long, silent hours of that never-to-be-forgotten night dragged their weary length. Not for all the gold in the universe would I live it over.

"At last daylight dawned. I felt that I could not,

would not, starve. As soon as I was able to crawl, I put on my snow-shoes, took my rifle, and scoured the country thoroughly for foxes. Just as I expected, just as it had always been, plenty of tracks, but no sign of the animal that made them. Discouraged and sick at heart, I came in from my fruitless search prepared to pass another night of agony. As I put my gun in a corner of the room, my eyes fell upon some steel traps piled there, which Captain Stevans, who was an old trapper, had brought with him and left behind with his wagon. In an instant the thought flashed across my mind, if I cannot shoot a coyote or fox, why not trap one? Happy thought! There was hope in it if nothing else. I had at last found a bright side to look upon; something had 'turned up,' and I began to feel better. Comparatively, I may say that I felt quite jolly, so great is the power of hope. The heads of the cows we had killed I cut to pieces for bait, then I raked the snow from some fallen trees, found some other well-sheltered places, and in them placed the captain's traps.

"That night I went to bed with a lighter heart than I had possessed for a long, long time. Small as the chance of catching anything might be, it was a real chance, and, therefore, though greatly excited at my new idea, being thoroughly exhausted and partly comforted by the mere possibility of catching something, I was able to sleep.

"At daybreak I stole out on a tour of inspection. It was with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure that I ventured out. So anxious was I to look at the traps that I could hardly wait for daylight, and still I dreaded

to look, fearing I should find nothing, and such a disappointment seemed more than I could bear. Good luck, however, was on my side this time, for in one of the traps I found a *coyote*. It was not long before his hide was off and a generous portion of the flesh in a dutch oven rapidly roasting. I ate this meat. If the reader has never eaten it, he cannot even imagine how distasteful it was. Then I tried boiling the animal, but this did not improve the flavor. It was useless to attempt frying, as there was not a drop of grease in his composition. I cooked him in every possible way, and finally came to the conclusion that coyote is decidedly unpalatable; this did not prevent me, however, from religiously eating every bit of the little fellow, and even crying for more. Three days elapsed before I caught anything else. The coyote was all I had to eat in the meantime, but it was enough, such as it was.

"The third night I caught two foxes. I remember how elated I felt the morning I saw those two foxes. The coyote was all gone, and I had begun to fear I should never catch another. I cooked one of the foxes in the same way I had first cooked the coyote, and it was *delicious*. I had no desire for better meat. I was so hungry that I could easily have eaten a fox at two meals; but I made one last me two days. I often took my gun and tried to find something to shoot, always without success.

"One day a crow came flying along and lit upon a tree near my little dwelling; the crow was shot and eaten, for it had now become a *principle* OF LIFE with me to eat everything that could be eaten. It is hard to tell which is best, or, rather, worst, crow or coyote.

"I now gave my whole attention to trapping, having satisfied myself as to the utter uselessness of hunting for game. On an average, one fox was caught in two days, and now and then a coyote. I never became hungry enough to eat another coyote, but I carefully hung them on the north side of my house, under the brush shed, for use in case of emergency. I never really suffered for the want of something to eat, but I did suffer greatly for fear that something would not be forthcoming; for instance, as soon as I had finished one meal, I began to be distressed for fear I could not get another. My only hope was that the supply of foxes should not give out. I had coffee enough to make just one cup, and that I drank on Christmas.

"My life was more miserable than I can describe; the daily struggle for life, and the uncertainty under which I labored, were very wearing. I did not really suffer from either hunger or cold, for I did manage to trap food enough, and I had plenty of feather beds and blankets, but my mind was always troubled. I was always worried and anxious. Fortunately, I had plenty of books, for Dr. Townsend had brought with him quite a library. The reading of these books served to make the time pass less slowly than it otherwise would have done. I used often to read aloud, for I longed for some sound to break the oppressive stillness. For the same reason I talked aloud to myself. At night I built big fires and read by the light of the pine knots as late as possible, in order that I might sleep late next morning, and thus make the days seem shorter. I had two objects in life, one was to kill food, the other was to kill time.

"I thought the snow would never leave the ground, and the few months I had been living there seemed years, when, one evening, a little before sunset, about the last of February, as I was forlornly standing a short distance from my cabin, doing nothing (there was nothing to do), I thought I saw the form of a man coming toward me. At first I imagined it was an Indian, but very soon recognized the familiar, honest face of Dennis Martin. My heart leaped for joy at sight of one of my old companions, and I was still more rejoiced to hear of the safe arrival in California of all our party save those who were now at the headwaters of the Yuba, where they had been in camp all winter. Mr. Martin had a father and sister at that camp. He had come to their assistance, and had kindly promised my sister, Mrs. Townsend, to extend his journey as far as the cabin in order to pilot her young brother Moses out of the wilderness. Mr. Martin was a Canadian, and understood all about snow-shoes. He showed me how to fasten mine at the toe only. In two days from that time we had crossed the mountains, and were in the hills, out of the snow, with the others who had camped at the headwaters of the Yuba, but who had left that place the same day that Mr. Martin set out for me. Some of them had suffered much, living for fourteen days on rawhides only. My cabin was covered with them, but it had never occurred to me that they would sustain life. Doubtless the thought would have come had not coyotes and foxes furnished more nourishing food."

After his arrival in California, he resided for a short

time in San Francisco, and then removed to Monterey.

In 1846 he was in the employ of Thomas O. Larkin, United States Consul, at the same time the author was Consular Secretary.

In 1850 Mr. Schellenberger removed to San Jose, where he has constantly resided since, and where he has a beautiful home and fine estate.

He married Miss Everitt, a most estimable lady. They have had seven children, of whom five survive, three daughters and two sons, to all of whom has been given a most thorough education. His eldest daughter, Miss Maggie, a most accomplished young lady, is a critic teacher in the training department of the State Normal School at San Jose, and a writer upon educational subjects, of acknowledged merit and ability.

Mr. Schellenberger is one of San Jose's most substantial citizens, esteemed and respected by everybody. His well-preserved manhood indicates many years of useful and honorable citizenship.

JACOB R. SNYDER

Was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on the twenty-third day of August, 1812. His father, John Snyder, was, during the War of 1812, a flour merchant, but the British squadron having captured three cargoes of his flour, obliged him to go into bankruptcy. After the close of the war, he commenced the business of brick-making, which he continued successfully until his death.

Experience having taught him that a trade was the best legacy a child could inherit, he brought up each of his sons to some useful branch of mechanical la-

bor, and instilled into their minds a laudable ambition to excel in each particular craft he had selected for them. He apprenticed Jacob at a very early age to a house carpenter, which trade he duly acquired; but, being of an adventurous and ambitious disposition, he conceived in his earliest manhood an intense wish and desire to go West. In obedience to this restless yearning, in 1834, at the age of twenty-two years, he emigrated to the falls of the Ohio River, the present site of New Albany, Indiana, and in a year or two after he removed to St. Louis.

In May, 1845, he left Independence, Missouri, with a party of emigrants bound for Oregon, but on reaching Fort Laramie, he determined to change the point of his destination to California. He accordingly quit the Oregon emigrants, and joined a party of eleven others bound to California. In due time they arrived at Fort Hall without any untoward event occurring.

To properly estimate the hazards and perils of their journey from Fort Hall, it must be borne in mind that California was then a country comparatively unknown. They were in utter ignorance of the character of the country and disposition of the different tribes of Indians they would be obliged to encounter before attaining the fruition of their desires.

They followed the streams to the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada, which trackless and trailless mountains, guided only by instinct and conformation of country, and after suffering many hardships, they succeeded in crossing, arriving at Sutter's Fort on the twenty-third day of September, 1845, hungry, foot-sore

and weary. Two days after reaching this place, and after recruiting from the hardships of their journey, Snyder and some five or six others were fitted out by Captain Sutter to hunt elk upon the San Joaquin River. Their hunt was successful, but they were attacked by Indians, and, after fighting two or three days, they were obliged to abandon the principal results of their expedition, and leave for Yerba Buena, now the city of San Francisco, then a little village of some one hundred and fifty inhabitants.

Shortly after Major Snyder, in company with Wm. Blackburn, George McDougall, and Harry Spiel, repaired to the redwoods, near Santa Cruz, and commenced the business of whip-sawing lumber and making shingles, which they continued until the commencement of hostilities between the Americans and Californians, in 1846, when Major Snyder joined Fremont's battalion as quartermaster. At the conclusion of the war he was appointed, by General Mason, then military governor of the territory, surveyor-general of the middle department of California, which he subsequently resigned to enter into business in Sacramento.

In 1849 he was chosen a delegate to represent the district of Sacramento to the convention called by General Riley for the formation of a constitution. His gifted wisdom of the statesman, his sterling integrity of the patriot, his clear and intelligent suggestions, were of incalculable benefit in the framing of an instrument that to the present day challenges the respect and admiration of all English-speaking people, and of all who understand and appreciate the principles of

free and constitutional government, and won for himself the unqualified approval and respect of citizens of all classes.

In 1851 he was elected to represent the city of San Francisco in the State Senate, which position he filled to the entire satisfaction and approval of his constituents.

He was admirably adapted for a legislator; his equanimity was rarely disturbed by the heat of debate or the acrimony and asperity of political discussion; he was guided by the purest devotion to principle.

As a public speaker he made no pretension to brilliant flights of oratory, although his efforts frequently reached genuine eloquence; he sought not to catch the judgment by dazzling the imagination; his language was plain, terse, and logical, always indicating that it was the honest expression of his sentiments.

To best illustrate these admirable qualities and rare independence of character, we quote from a speech of his own in the State Senate, on the occasion of a debate on a proposed revision of the constitution. He said: "I have nothing to ask of the people, and I am not placed in the category with many others, who are obliged to suck at the public teat, or feed at the public crib.

"I never rely on the generosity of men, for I know them; and as far as a dereliction of duty to the people is concerned, of that I am the best judge. I have never been in the habit of relying on anybody for assistance of any kind. I have thus far in life found a principle within myself which has always sustained me, independent of any other influence. I do not

come from the milk-and-water tribe; I do not require sympathy. I would rather be an object of contempt than an object of pity. I will be the last man to turn my back upon the constitution of the State, and the last one to be swayed by the opinions of clique or party against what I conceive to be my duty and my 'oath of office.'"

Such sturdy independence, self-reliance, and innate dignity stamps the man as a most remarkable character, even among those remarkable men who were the founders and architects of our great and glorious commonwealth.

In 1850 he became a member of the early banking firm of James King of William. In 1853 he was appointed by President Pierce U. S. Assistant Treasurer at San Francisco, which he held during the administrations of both Presidents Pierce and Buchanan, with credit to himself and honor to the government.

In 1862 he retired to his beautiful home, in the peaceful and quiet "Vale of Sonoma," where, beloved and honored by his neighbors, he peacefully and happily passed the remainder of his days. On the twentieth day of April, 1874, he espoused Miss Rachel J. Sears, the estimable and accomplished daughter of Franklin Sears, of Sonoma, a pioneer of 1845.

Thus, after having held these several high and honorable positions in the military and civil service of our national and State governments, we find him emerging from the turmoil, strife, and busy scenes of a political and business life, pure and uncontaminated, retaining to the last, in all his official business and

social relations, the very highest respect, esteem, and admiration of his fellow-citizens throughout the State. He died, after a brief illness, at his beautiful home, in Sonoma, on the twenty-ninth day of April, 1878.

GEORGE McDougall

Arrived in California with Snyder and party, as before noted. He was born in Indiana, but, although the writer was for many years upon terms of brotherly affection with him, he knows nothing of his more youthful and boyish days, and though George was a man of most genial disposition and fascinating manners, and with the writer exceptionally confiding, he was never renascent of his past.

He was of a prominent and noted family. John McDougall, the second governor of California, the late Admiral McDougall, of the U. S. Navy, and the late Dr. Charles P. McDougall, ex-Surgeon General U. S. Army, were his brothers.

He accompanied Fremont's battalion in its last campaign South, but not as a member. He was the sole and only person accompanying that command who was not borne upon its rolls in some capacity. He would never voluntarily take upon himself an obligation to subject the volition of his own will to that of any human being longer than suited his free and independent spirit.

Fremont reposed the utmost confidence in him. Whenever anything was to be done requiring a cool head and undaunted courage, George was always in demand and always ready. When peace was established, he entered into the real-estate business in San

Francisco, in connection with Dr. W. C. Parker, and in a short time acquired quite a fortune, when he severed that connection and made a visit to the Eastern States.

His after career, if fully written, would surpass the wildest romance. His restless and adventurous spirit could not brook the restraints of thickly-settled communities; he was constantly longing for free scope amid the vast solitudes of the primeval forests, plains, and mountains, where he could cope with life and fortune, unconstrained and untrammelled by the conventionalities of society. In obedience to these longings he suddenly disappeared, and when next heard from he was living with the Arapahoe tribe of Indians in the Black Hills country, having adopted their manners and mode of life.

He again appeared in San Francisco in the fall of 1859, dressed in buckskins and moccasins. He stayed but a short time, and then suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, and some years thereafter he was heard from as living with the Patagonian Indians on the Straits of Magellan, in South America.

The personal characteristics and peculiarities of George McDougall were remarkable and unusual, and difficult to truthfully depict. He was a man of fine education and distinguished address. Wayward in many things, his loyalty to friends was chivalric and steadfast. His abiding faith in them knew no limit; their misfortunes and quarrels were his; in their money transactions he kept no reckoning. Fear was unknown in his composition, and, while being the last to invite or provoke difficulty, yet when once in it, he

rather sought than avoided its culmination. Exceedingly gentle and captivating in his manner, yet when justly aroused he was a lion in his wrath. He was lavish to improvidence with money, always prompt and unstinted in relief of want and penury.

From 1845 to 1849 no man was more universally and favorably known in California. He died in Washington, D. C., May 15, 1872. Great honor and respect were paid to his remains, which were conveyed to the place of nativity, in Indiana, accompanied by a large delegation of prominent citizens.

WILLIAM BLACKBURN.

William Blackburn was born in Virginia, in 1814. He, also, came to California in company with the author.

He stopped in Yerba Buena for a short time, and then, with Snyder and McDougall, went to Santa Cruz, and commenced whip-sawing lumber and making shingles.

On the commencement of hostilities, he joined Fremont's battalion, and was made second lieutenant of the artillery company. At the termination of the war he returned to San Francisco, and obtained some town lots. He went to Santa Cruz in 1847, and opened a store, dealing in general merchandise. He was appointed alcalde by Governor Mason, and served from 1847-49.

Numerous unique and ludicrous anecdotes of his decisions and decrees while alcalde are still related, many of which, to the writer's knowledge, are true; one of which, however, will suffice for this sketch.

Shortly after his induction into office, a Californian was arrested for murder. Judge Blackburn empaneled six of his countrymen as a jury to try him, that being the law at that time; they found him guilty, and Judge Blackburn sentenced him to be shot the next day, and the sentence was carried out. General Mason, who was then military governor, had published a decree that no one should suffer capital punishment until the sentence had received his approval. In this instance, after the man was shot and buried, Judge Blackburn requested the writer, who happened to be there at the time, to write to Governor Mason, and give him a relation of the facts of the case, and request his approval of the sentence. I remonstrated with him, telling him it would make him appear ridiculous. He replied in these words: "It don't make a d—d diff of bitterance, that is the law, and I am bound to comply with it." The letter was written, and General Mason used to relate it himself in after years.

Judge Blackburn was almost a giant in stature, being six feet four inches in height, and equally proportioned. But he was exceedingly gentle, and always brimming over with good humor and natural *bonhômie*; a man of very limited education, yet he possessed such a fund of original wit, such a native power of terse expression, full of good common sense and perspicacity, that made him remarkable. Many of his epigrammatic sayings and droll phrases are quoted to the present time. He was liked by everybody who knew him, and genuine grief was manifested by his numerous friends when his body was borne to its last resting-place.

WASHINGTON A. BARTLETT.

Washington A. Bartlett was a lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, and was attached to the U. S. sloop-of-war *Portsmouth*, in 1846, when Captain Montgomery, of that vessel, raised the flag at San Francisco. On or about the 16th of August following Captain Montgomery, as commander of the district, appointed Bartlett alcalde, or chief magistrate, of the district of San Francisco. On the 15th of the following September the first election ever held in California, under American domination, took place in Yerba Buena. It was for municipal officers, and the following is a brief description of said election.

In accordance with a proclamation issued by Captain J. B. Montgomery, commanding the Northern District of Upper California, all the voters of the district assembled at Yerba Buena on the fifteenth day of September, 1846, for the purpose of holding an election of municipal officers. Washington A. Bartlett presided at said election, and Don Francisco de Haro, Wm. H. Davis, and Frank Ward acted as inspectors. The total vote was 96, as follows:—

For First Alcalde.

Washington A. Bartlett.....	66
Robert T. Ridley.....	29
Nathan Spear.....	1

For Second Alcalde.

Don Jose de Jesus Noe.....	63
Don Francisco de Haro.....	24
Scattering.....	9

For Treasurer.

John Rose.....	67
Francisco Hoen.....	20
Scattering.....	3

For Collector.

Pedro Sherrcbeck.....	86
J. Cooper.....	2

Mr. Bartlett was also made collector of the port.

Two events worthy of note occurred during his incumbency of those positions. On the 10th of December he went to the country towards San Jose to procure fresh beef, and was surprised and taken prisoner on the same day by an irregular body of Californians. He returned and resumed his duties on the 20th of January, 1847. George Hyde had performed the functions of alcalde during his enforced absence.

On the 30th of January, 1847, Alcalde Bartlett changed the name of the town of Yerba Buena to that of San Francisco.

He continued in discharge of the duties of alcalde until February 22, 1847, when he was relieved, and ordered to his ship. The writer is without data as to his after career.

Mr. Bartlett was generally respected and liked by the community; his administration gave general satisfaction, and was, comparatively, without friction. He was a fine Spanish scholar, which aided him materially in the discharge of his duties, as his constituency was largely composed of native Californians.

GEORGE HYDE.

PREFACE.—The somewhat elaborated biography of the subject of this sketch is due to the fact that a contemporary so-called historian has published to the world what purports to be historical facts in relation to Judge Hyde, so garbled and distorted with false and gratuitous inferences, so colored by egotistical self-opinions, that it does great and unmerited injustice to a man endeared to the hearts of every early pioneer who knew him. And as the matters treated of are not of a purely personal nature, but are part of the most interesting epoch of California's history, and as the author is a living witness to those events and a part of that history, he feels impelled by every sense of justice, as well as a warm and affectionate regard, to enter his protest against such false statements and record his emphatic testimony to the truth of history.

George Hyde was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on August 22, 1819. His father, George Hyde, was born at the same place. His grandfather, also George Hyde, was born in Scotland. He was of the most honorable ancestry of Scotch and English descent. He was educated at Mount St. Mary's College, near Emmitsburg, Maryland, from which he graduated with credit and honor when he was twenty years of age, and immediately commenced the study of law in Philadelphia, and was admitted to the bar in June, 1842.

In 1842 he espoused Miss Ellen McCoy, and settled down to the practice of his profession in Philadelphia.

In 1844-45 the strained relations between the United States and Mexico, owing to events in Texas, led to the general belief and impression that war between the two countries was imminent, and that the inevitable result of such a war would be the acquisition of Mexican territory. From all sources from which he could gather information, and the tendency of public opinion, he inclined to the firm belief that such acquisition would be from the Mexican possessions on the Pacific Coast, especially Alta California. Being in the bloom of early manhood, and naturally endowed with an adventurous disposition, he determined, should circumstances favor, to seek his future fortunes, and be among the early settlers of the far West, then almost a *terra incognita*. Accordingly, when Commodore R. F. Stockton was appointed to take command of the Pacific station, he applied for and obtained the position of clerk to the commodore.

Commodore Stockton raised his flag on the U. S. frigate *Congress*, Captain Dupont frigate commander, and sailed on October 29, 1845. After a remarkably pleasant passage of nine months, they dropped anchor in the Bay of Monterey on the fourteenth day of July, 1846, just seven days after the United States flag had been raised at that point by Commodore Sloat.

A few days after his arrival Mr. Hyde received an honorable discharge from Commodore Stockton, and left Monterey for Yerba Buena (San Francisco), where he arrived on the 10th of August, 1846, from which time it was his home and permanent residence. The place at that time contained a population of about two hundred.

When he arrived in Yerba Buena, he found that the Mormon colony, under Samuel Brannan, were already established on shore. They had arrived on the ship *Brooklyn*, on July 31 preceding. Considerable excitement existed in the community and among themselves as to the intentions of Mr. Brannan. Controversies of an excitable character in reference to pay and property between individual members of the colony and Mr. Brannan produced considerable irritation, and finally culminated in litigation, which resulted in the disintegration of the company under the leadership of Mr. Brannan, and destroyed all hope of his carrying out the plans he had contemplated in concert with them. Several of the Americans exhibited much animosity against the company. Military rule, of course, prevailed. The Mexican civil officers refused to act. The Mexican alcalde, Jesus Noe, declined to continue on duty, and matters were becoming more unsettled and chaotic every day. Finally Captain J. B. Montgomery, of the U. S. sloop-of-war *Portsmouth*, in command of the district, concluded to appoint officers of civil jurisdiction. Accordingly, on or about the 16th of August, 1846, he appointed Washington A. Bartlett, junior lieutenant of the *Portsmouth*, and Mr. Hyde, alcaldes. Mr. Hyde declined to accept, and Mr. Bartlett was appointed chief magistrate, or alcalde, for the district of San Francisco, and affairs thereafter assumed a somewhat orderly aspect.

Mr. Hyde spent much time in the investigation of the real status of the town and the titles under which property was held. The ex-Mexican officers declined to furnish any information, but after patient and dili-

gent search among documents in the alcalde's office and elsewhere, he ascertained that a pueblo had been established at the Presidio, containing four leagues of land, and permission had been granted to locate the town on the Punta de la Yerba Buena, where the land of the town (pueblo) should be divided into *solares* (50-vara lots). Captain Montgomery concluded to accept this condition of things, and informed the alcalde that he could grant to any citizen a *solare* (50-vara lot). The alcalde, being a good Spanish scholar, soon obtained from the records of the office other valuable documentary information, and commenced making grants.

Shortly after, Commodore Stockton, having succeeded Commodore Sloat in command, issued a proclamation forming a civil government, and ordered an election for judicial officers for the district of San Francisco. The election was held on September 15, 1846, the first election ever held under American domination in California. Mr. Bartlett was elected to succeed himself, and was also made master, or collector, of the port.

In the meantime building and improvements had kept pace with the population, which had increased by the immigrations of 1846-47 to about 800, and the town began to assume quite a flourishing condition.

On the tenth day of December, 1846, Mr. Bartlett left town and went to the country towards San Jose, for the purpose of procuring fresh beef, and was surprised the same day and taken prisoner by an irregular body of Californians, upon which event Captain J. B. Hull, of the navy, then commanding the district,

immediately appointed Mr. Hyde to act as alcalde during Mr. Bartlett's absence. The alcalde's office was located in the old Custom House, fronting the plaza, but a company of U. S. marines being ordered ashore for the defense of the town, they took possession of the Custom House for barracks, and obliged Judge Hyde to utilize his own private room for the alcalde's office. Affairs went along quite smoothly for a time, when an action was brought before him to recover \$3,000 on a breach of contract, and a trial by jury was demanded. A similar action had been previously brought before Alcalde Bartlett, by the same counsel, Messrs. Jones and Picket, and a jury demanded, which Alcalde Bartlett had acceded to, upon the expressed condition that the losing party should pay the costs and jury fees promptly upon rendition of the verdict. The trial took place, but the defeated party utterly refused to comply with said condition, and consequently Judge Hyde refused a jury in the present case, unless they deposited with the court \$100 to secure the payment of the jury fees. The counsel refused to comply, and appealed to the commanding officer, who promptly dismissed the appeal, confirmed Judge Hyde's decision, and added that the unpaid fees in the former case must also be paid. The case was finally tried without a jury, but this proper and approved action of Judge Hyde was the primal cause of the subsequent unfriendly attitude and acts of Messrs. Jones and Picket towards him.

Shortly after this, the *Star*, the Mormon newspaper, made its first appearance, and Jones, in the absence of E. C. Kemble, assumed the editorial chair, and Picket

took the role of journalist, which gave them the opportunity they so much desired of assailing Judge Hyde, and through its columns they published a spiteful squib in which they charged Judge Hyde with denying the right of trial by jury, and of smoking in his court-room, to the disgust of the public. The court-room, as before stated, was Judge Hyde's own private room, but, of course, he never allowed smoking or any other unseemly thing in that room during the sessions of his court.

Mr. Bartlett returned and resumed his official duties on the 20th of January, 1847, and continued their discharge up to the 22nd of February, when Edwin Bryant succeeded him by appointment of General Kearney.

During the most of May, 1847, Judge Hyde was absent in San Jose and elsewhere, and was surprised on his return to learn that Mr. Bryant had resigned, and that he himself had been appointed by General Kearney to succeed him. Judge Hyde was earnestly averse to accepting any official position whatever, but the insistence of the best elements of the community overcame his scruples, and again, for the second time, he entered upon the discharge of the duties of alcalde, on the 1st of June, 1847. During his absence certain parties inimical to him, principally those already referred to, continued their assaults upon his good name by publishing the most preposterous and ridiculous lies, and when called to an account by his friends, they excused their vile attacks upon the ground that it was only politics.

Soon after entering upon his official duties Judge Hyde was approached by certain parties who earnestly

urged him to make a change in the one-hundred-vara lot survey, by moving the lines forty feet further to the south, and thereby enable them to improve certain lots in which they were individually interested, to the neighborhood of First and Harrison Streets, as now designated, changing them from their boggy locality; and also enlarge a block of land in the water lot and beach survey. They also suggested that he change the survey of the beach and water lots into slips of fifty varas wide.

Judge Hyde promptly declined to accede to their wishes, stating that he had no authority to interfere in the premises, for the reason that many of the one-hundred-vara lots were already held by individuals who had acquired vested rights to the property that could not be disturbed except by their unanimous consent.

Judge Hyde's action in these matters, of course, antagonized the unscrupulous parties who sought to benefit by the proposed changes, but time has amply demonstrated the wisdom and justice of his decision.

About the middle of June a complaint was filed in the office by certain other parties, asking for redress in reference to a change in the survey that had been made by Alcalde Bryant, for the benefit of the parties alluded to, wherein he had, by an agreement, and with the unanimous consent of the citizens, undertaken to make the old survey, north of Washington Street, rectangular, everyone agreeing to take his lot wherever it might become located under the changed survey. Judge Hyde declined to entertain the proposition, as such action would be against the town authorities. It was finally submitted to *hombres buenos*

(good men), evidence was taken, and the redress asked for accorded.

Judge Hyde was opposed to the sale of water lots, and sought to influence General Mason to postpone the proposed sale at auction, as advertised by Alcalde Bryant. The general thought otherwise and directed the sale to take place. At the same time the general promised to have the ayuntamiento, or town council, reorganized, and also establish a Court of First Instance, to which the district of San Francisco was entitled.

The increased and constantly-increasing business of his office demanding additional assistance, he obtained the appointment of Dr. T. M. Leavenworth as second alcalde.

Judge Hyde held the office of alcalde until April, 1848. During his incumbency of the office many dissensions and contentions arose between citizens, principally in relation to the acquirement of town lots, in which the several parties would, in turn, seek to influence the alcalde to adopt the views suiting their clashing interests. His firm refusal at all times to lend himself and his office to promote individual interests, frequently to the detriment of the whole community, engendered individual and personal antagonisms that sought retaliation in trivial and ridiculous charges against him, the most serious of which are hereinbefore set forth. At the demand of Judge Hyde at the time, they were fully investigated, both officially and by the citizens, and he was fully and completely exonerated from any act even verging upon impropriety of conduct, official or private, and many of the

individuals from whom the slanders emanated became subsequently his warmest friends.

There are many still living who could and would, if called upon, gladly testify to the facts herein stated, and why, after forty odd years, a so-called historian should seek to resuscitate these long-refuted slanders and try to besmirch a justly-honored name passes ordinary comprehension, and can only be attributed to gratuitous malevolence. But in view of the fact that the said so-called historian has seldom alluded to a pioneer in his so-called history without conveying a slander, his omitting to do so in this instance would have been an exception to his rule.

Judge Hyde's wife is a descendant of a most honorable family. Her father, John McCoy, was a distinguished citizen of Philadelphia in the early years of the century. They have had issue, nine children, six of whom (five girls and one son) survive. Two of his daughters and his son are married. One of his daughters became a nun several years ago. They have all received a most thorough education. In recent years himself and family have traveled extensively through the Eastern States and Europe.

Judge Hyde had been very successful in the practice of law, but in 1852, on account of his former official connections with titles to real estate in San Francisco, and the constant demand for his knowledge upon that subject in the increasing litigation before the courts, he discontinued the practice of that profession, and subsequently his private affairs demanding his undivided attention, he never resumed it.

The judge was raised in the Roman Catholic faith,

to which belief his mind has ever rendered a gentle, unobtrusive devotion, unmarked by the slightest taint of bigotry or intolerance. He was a life member of the Society of California Pioneers. In politics his affiliations were Democratic, but never in a partisan sense, and above all, he was intensely American.

During the War of the Rebellion he was zealously loyal, and a constant and liberal contributor to the sanitary and other patriotic funds. Endowed by nature with an exceedingly sympathetic heart, his hand and purse were ever prompt in the speedy relief of distress. The writer has a personal knowledge of numerous instances wherein he sought out those of his brother pioneers who were overtaken by age and adversity, upon whom he, unsolicited and unstintedly, bestowed his generous bounty.

Although never of a robust physique, his moderate habits and regimen preserved to him a comparatively healthy matured manhood. His manners were refined and courteous; in deportment, modest and unassuming; in conversation, fluent, intelligent, and full of interesting pioneer reminiscences.

It is gratifying to his numerous friends to know that his wealth was sufficient to relieve him, in the later years of his life, not only from the cares and anxieties of active business pursuits, but to make ample provision for his loved ones, and to gratify his own generous impulses.

In his later years he had been afflicted with kidney complaint, which, in despite of the most eminent medical advice and the tenderest nursing, finally culminated, on the sixteenth day of August, 1890, when,

submissive and calmly reconciled to the inevitable, he peacefully and serenely passed to his rest.

EDWIN BRYANT.

Edwin Bryant arrived in California, overland, in August, 1846. He shortly after joined Fremont's battalion, and became first lieutenant of Company H. At the termination of the campaign he returned to San Francisco. On the 22nd of February, 1847, he was appointed first alcalde.

He acquired considerable property in San Francisco, the rapid appreciation of which soon rendered him pecuniarily independent, and he returned to the East. While there he published a book, entitled "What I Saw in California."

In 1849 he again crossed the plains to California, and was for some years a prominent property holder, and took active interest in politics. He finally left and settled in Louisville, Kentucky, where he was injured by a fall, which caused his death, in 1869.

RICHARD MITCHELL SHERMAN.

Richard Mitchell Sherman was born in the town of Portsmouth, Newport County, State of Rhode Island, September 16, 1813.

His father was Asa Sherman, of the same place, and his mother was Elizabeth Mitchell, of Middletown, Newport County, same State. Their issue were ten children, Richard being the fifth, and the eldest son. He is of the good old Puritan stock, being a descendant of Philip Sherman, who emigrated from England in 1636, and was contemporary with the Pilgrim fathers,

who landed from the *Mayflower* in 1620. He, with seventeen other colonists, bought Rhode Island from the Indians. The subject of this sketch received a very good education from the common school and at the Friends' Boarding School, in Providence, Rhode Island. He inherited a roving and adventurous disposition and longing to visit strange lands and see more of the world, and at the age of eighteen adopted the life of a seaman, which he followed for four years. He then entered into business in Providence, which he continued some eight years, but, tiring of this tame and uneventful life, in 1844 closed up his business in Providence and embarked for the Pacific. In 1845 he entered the employ of E. & H. Grimes and Wm. H. Davis, at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. Mr. Davis was engaged in the business of trading up and down the coast of California. They arrived at Monterey on the Brig *Euphemia*, Captain Russom, March, 1846. After the raising of the flag, on the 7th of July, 1846, Mr. Davis established the business of general merchandise in San Francisco, on Montgomery Street, near Clay. Mr. Sherman continued in his employ until sometime in 1848, when he purchased the lot on the northeast corner of Montgomery and Clay Streets, upon which he erected a two-story wooden building, at the time an imposing structure, and entered into the business of the wholesale and retail of general merchandise, with J. S. Ruckle, under the firm name of Sherman & Ruckle. The site is now occupied by the imposing building known as the Sherman Block.

In 1850 he dissolved partnership with Ruckle and closed up his business. In 1851 he went East, leav-

ing his property and interests in the charge of his brother, the late Wm. Sherman. In 1854 he married Miss Sallie S. Mauran, in Providence, Rhode Island. Their issue were six children, of whom five still survive—two boys and three girls. He returned to San Francisco in 1855. He had not entered into any active business in the East. His property in the meantime had so greatly appreciated in value that he was enabled to abstain altogether from active business pursuits and devote his time to the education and training of his children. In 1856 he went East again. His wife deceased in 1865. His eldest son, Harry M., is an accomplished physician; his other son, Richard M., studied for the ministry, at the Brown University. His three daughters are in womanhood. In 1878 he espoused Miss Kate Field, of Baltimore, Maryland, a most estimable and accomplished lady, a devoted wife, and an affectionate mother to his children.

On the death of his brother William, in 1884, he returned to California, with his family, to pass the remainder of his days in the health-giving clime and under the genial skies in which the prime of his manhood had been passed.

In politics Mr. Sherman has been a Whig and a Republican, but never an active partisan. He was ardent and enthusiastic in the cause of the Union in the War of the Rebellion, and prompt and liberal in his contributions to the sanitary fund. He is a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and also a member of the California Society of Pioneers.

In manner he is exceedingly winning and pleasant;

in disposition, kind-hearted and charitable. He is a useful citizen, a devoted husband, and an affectionate father. He is held in universal esteem by his compatriots, the pioneers, who, with the author, wish him long years of ease and happiness.

R. C. KIRBY.

Richard Cornelius Kirby was born in Ruiton, Staffordshire, England, March 10, 1819. He was educated in an English private school, and at the age of fifteen was apprenticed at the currier's trade, which he learned thoroughly, afterwards working as journeyman until 1842, when he went to New York, and shortly after to New London, Connecticut, from which place he went by sea to Victoria. From there he continued on to Oregon City, where he established himself at his trade. He dressed the first leather ever dressed in that place. Early in March, 1846, he left there and came on, overland, to California, arriving at Sutter's Fort in the latter part of that month. In July he came to Yerba Buena (San Francisco), where he built the Pioneer Tannery, in the northern part of the town, between Pacific and Broadway Streets, and although he supplied the town and surrounding country with products of his trade, the demand, being exceedingly limited, was not much of a tax upon his energies or enterprise. In September, 1847, he went to Santa Cruz and established his business in that place.

Upon the discovery of gold, in January, 1848, all legitimate business became, for the time, suspended, and a perfect stampede among all classes took place. Mr. Kirby was not an exception, and in April of that

year left for the mines. During the time he was mining he mined for a while with James Lick, at Mormon Island. He was quite successful, and left the mines in the fall of 1849, coming to San Francisco, where he commenced and continued the business of general trader until 1851, when he went to Santa Cruz and established his tannery business with Edmund Jones and Joseph Boston. The business gradually increased in magnitude until it became the principal establishment of the kind upon the Pacific Coast, being noted for the excellence of the work it turned out, which was not surpassed by any in the Eastern States. Mr. Kirby still continues the business, which has become very extensive, and from which he has derived a comfortable fortune. He may justly claim to be the pioneer in this branch of business on the Pacific Coast.

In 1852 he married Miss Georgiana Bruce, of Bristol, England, a most talented and accomplished lady. She was educated in England, and later at Brook Farm, Massachusetts. Mrs. Kirby was a woman of superior literary attainments, and was a well-known member of the *literati* of California, under the name of Mrs. G. B. Kirby. She wrote with great perspicuity, her diction evincing scholarship and a high degree of culture. She published a book of her life and experience in California, entitled "Years of Experience," an autobiographical narrative, and a smaller work, called "Transmission, or Inherited Tendencies," which was most extensively read and greatly admired. She died in 1886, sincerely mourned by all who knew her.

They had issue, five children, two boys and three girls, of whom three survive, two daughters and one son.

Mr. Kirby belongs to no religious creed; he is utterly free from bigotry. He is liberal in his contributions to all religions, believing them to be general conservators of good morals. He has always been zealous and active in aiding the public-school system, and was one of the first school trustees in Santa Cruz; he is a member of the Odd Fellows' Order, and one of its main supporters, having held every office within its gift. In politics he has always been a steadfast Republican, and has strong influence in his party, though he never sought office at its hands. He was one of the original members of the Society of California Pioneers, of San Francisco.

During the War of the Rebellion he was an uncompromising Union man, always prompt and liberal in his contributions to the sanitary and other patriotic funds. Extremely charitable in disposition, he is prompt and unstinted in the relief of deserving want. In his deportment he is genial and winning, and his society is eagerly sought. He is in possession of a healthy matured manhood, nothing in his appearance indicating his age. Mr. Kirby, like all old pioneers, has had his vicissitudes, but it is gratifying to know that he is able to live in comfort, and to provide liberally for those loved ones knit to him by ties of consanguinity, and extend ready hospitality to his numerous friends in his beautiful home in Santa Cruz. He is a most enterprising and public-spirited citizen, one that Santa Cruz could ill spare, and it is fervently

hoped by all who know him that it may be long years before she is called upon to do so.

EDWARD C. KEMBLE.

Edward C. Kemble was born in Troy, New York, in 1827, of New England Puritan ancestry. His father was a State Senator and editor of the *Troy Budget*.

Mr. Kemble arrived in California on July 31, 1846, on the ship *Brooklyn* (which brought a colony under the leadership of Samuel Brannan), being then but nineteen years of age. They brought with them a printing press and type for the purpose of establishing a paper. Upon the commencement of hostilities between the Americans and Californians, Mr. Kemble became a member of Fremont's battalion, as a sergeant in Company K. He participated in the battle of Salinas, on November 15, 1846. Upon the disbanding of the battalion, in March, 1847, he returned to San Francisco, and, in connection with Samuel Brannan and Dr. E. P. Jones, as co-editors, he engaged in the publication of the *California Star*, the first paper ever issued in San Francisco. Shortly after the discovery of gold, in January, 1848, they were obliged to suspend the publication of the paper, on account of a general stampede of all the male inhabitants to the mines. He, too, becoming imbued with the general excitement, left for the mines, and was among the first who visited the "Mill" at Coloma.

He was associated with Mr. John Bidwell in the discovery and development of gold washings at the famous Bidwell Bar, on Feather River. Upon return-

ing to San Francisco, in October, 1848, he brought the material of the *California Star* and the *Californian* (which had been removed from Monterey to San Francisco), and redeemed his promise made to his patrons on his departure in the spring, by issuing a paper called the *Star and Californian*. In January, 1849, he took Edward Gilbert into business with him, and merged the *Star and Californian* into the *Alta California*, and on the 4th of January, 1849, the birth of that noted and venerable journal took place.

Subsequently, in the fall of 1849, Mr. Gilbert having been elected to Congress, the entire management of the paper devolved upon Mr. Kemble for two or three years. After Mr. Gilbert's death, in a duel with General Denver, in 1852 (see biography of Edward Gilbert), Mr. Kemble became the sole proprietor of the *Alta California*. In 1854 the burden of the purchase of Gilbert's interest, and losses by fire, had so crippled and embarrassed Mr. Kemble that he was obliged to dispose of his interests in that journal, and finally ceased connection with it.

In 1855 he went to New York and organized, and became secretary of, a Committee on Pacific Coast Emigration, composed chiefly of California merchants and shippers resident in New York, which was the pioneer movement for organizing emigration to the far West, afterwards successfully adopted and applied in the settlement of Kansas and other Western Territories. In this connection he printed a paper in New York called *The California*, for the dissemination in the East of intelligence concerning the resources of California; he also lectured upon that subject in St. Louis and other Western and Eastern cities.

In the fall of 1856 he returned to California, and took the editorial chair of the *Chronicle*, the first Republican paper published in San Francisco.

In the spring of 1857 he became connected with the Sacramento *Union*, as associate editor. In connection therewith he made the pioneer visit of press representatives to the now famous silver mines of Nevada, then in the infancy of their development, and wrote the first newspaper report of the mines, which was published in the Sacramento *Union* in 1858.

At the commencement of the Civil War, in 1861, Mr. Kemble went East as war correspondent for the Sacramento *Union*. He was subsequently appointed Paymaster, with the rank of Major, and served in the Northwest and Southwest, Virginia, and on the Pacific Coast. He was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel in the Paymaster's Department, for meritorious services. In 1866 he resigned and returned to his family, in the East.

He was appointed Inspector of Indian Affairs under the administration of President Grant.

For the last few years of his life he was employed as agent and telegraphic correspondent of the San Francisco *Bulletin* and *Call*.

In reviewing the life of Colonel Kemble, which is an essential part of the history of California, one cannot withhold a just meed of admiration. His character, in every aspect, constitutes a source of pride and incentive to his descendants.

He died at Mott Haven, New York, after a brief illness, on February 10, 1886, upon the occasion of which the press throughout the country vied with each other in paying just tributes to his memory.

SAMUEL BRANNAN.

Among that remarkable group of men who constituted the earliest California pioneers, none were more conspicuous and widely known than Samuel Brannan. Take him all in all, he was perhaps the most prominent figure in the early history of San Francisco. Whatever may have been his failings, he deserves lasting remembrance for the important part which he played, and for the good deeds that are written down to his credit in the ledger folio of his life account.

He was born at Saco, Maine, in 1819. At the early age of fourteen he had found his way, in company with his sister, to Lake County, in Ohio, where he became an apprentice to a letter-press printer, with whom he remained for three years, when, with characteristic energy, he bought up his time and started out as a land speculator. A year later he had returned to his trade, and, drifting here and there through various States as a journeyman printer, we find him, in 1842, in the city of New York, engaged in the publication of a weekly journal called the *New York Messenger*. Four years later he appears as the organizer of a company of Mormons—he having at this time become interested in, if not converted to, Mormonism—the destination and future field of colonization of which was to be far-off California.

The ship *Brooklyn* was purchased and fitted out for the long voyage and sailed on the 4th of February, 1846. On the last day of July of the same year she dropped her anchor in the harbor of San Francisco.

This ship's company had sought out this then dis-

tant land to be out of the reach of interference of the Government of the United States. The war with Mexico had not opened when the ship sailed from New York, and the acquisition of California had not yet been publicly thought of. Nearly a month before their arrival, however, the country had been taken possession of by the United States, so that the most striking object which saluted the eyes of these adventurers as they sailed into the harbor was "old glory" floating from the flag-staff on shore. It is related of Brannan that his chagrin and disappointment found vent in the exclamation, "There's that d—d flag again." Whether true or false, it certainly was characteristic of the impulsive nature of the man, and may be regarded, if it were said at all, as a momentary explosion of disappointment at what he saw was inevitable, *viz.*, that he could not hope to be a colonial governor in the new social and political elysium which he had come to find. His loyal devotion to the same flag that he had thus impulsively anathematized, throughout all the years of his subsequent life, preclude the possibility that the hasty expression could have been uttered from any other cause than that which has been named.

From the day that the good ship *Brooklyn* swung to her anchor in the harbor of San Francisco, Brannan became literally "a power in the land." He accepted the situation as he found it. Mormonism no longer interested his thoughts or circumscribed his energies. In January, 1847, he published the first number of the *California Star*. It was the second journal published in the English language that had

appeared in California. The first, called the *Californian*, had been issued by Colton and Semple in 1846, at Monterey. In June, 1847, however, it had become merged into Brannan's *Star*, in San Francisco, which thus became for the time being the leading and only American newspaper in California.

The publication of the *Star* was a successful—because well-conducted—adventure, and it was increasing in its power and influence until May, 1848, when the now confirmed reports of the discovery of gold found the office, one bright May-day, emptied of printers, foreman, devil, and all. The publisher, Brannan, was deserted for the greater attraction of the newly discovered gold fields, and for the moment the *Star* ceased to appear, and its editor was left to his own solitary meditations. Brannan was equal to the occasion. Quietly he fell into the procession, and was soon in the center of the then known gold regions, exploring for himself. One day late in May, 1848, he was found proclaiming in the streets of Yerba Buena, in his well-known enthusiastic way, holding on high in his hand a bottle well filled with glittering gold-dust, "Gold gold, gold! from the American River!" There was no longer any doubt of the genuineness and importance of the discovery. Brannan's indorsement of the "find" was sufficient to convince the most "doubting Thomas" of the whole community, for it had come to be an accepted axiom on all sides that whatever Sam Brannan did, or Sam Brannan said, must be so and need not be called in question. For, apart from his success as a newspaper publisher, he had engaged in many other important business enter-

prises, all of which had been more than ordinarily successful, and had thus established a solid reputation for business sagacity and capacity in rapidly-growing Yerba Buena.

From this period in his life, and for nearly twenty years later, Sam Brannan, as he was familiarly called, was the central and most conspicuous figure in San Francisco, if not in California. Possessed of unbounded energy and great business sagacity, he began that acquisition of wealth which soon made him the richest man in California. He had sold out the *Star* in September, 1848, to E. C. Kemble, who founded the *Alta California* out of the business which Brannan had thus established.

Launching now into commercial life and leaving the printer's trade and the publisher's occupation behind him forever, we find him engaged in the acquisition of real estate in San Francisco and elsewhere, entering into mercantile operations in San Francisco, Sacramento, and elsewhere, reaching out in every direction where a successful business venture presented itself, but never for a moment losing perfect control of himself or of the enterprise which he had in hand, compelling success, in fact, in nearly every operation which he engaged in, for at this time in his career Brannan literally knew "no such word as fail."

Many anecdotes are related of him as illustrative of his business sagacity, and a good-sized, entertaining volume might be written in their compilation. None of them reflect any discredit upon his good name, and all might well be put in evidence in proof of his marked abilities as a business man. He was elected to the

town council of San Francisco in August, 1849. He was the recognized head of the first Vigilance Committee, that hung Jenkins from the beams of the old Custom House, in the northwest corner of the plaza, and suppressed that murderous gang known as "the Hounds."

He was one of the organizers of the Society of California Pioneers, and always took great interest in the welfare of the organization. He was president of the society in 1853-54. In 1853 he was elected to the State Senate, and in 1861 was presidential elector on the Republican ticket.

Throughout the troublous times which called into existence the Vigilance Committee of 1856, Sam Brannan was always found in the forefront of the controversy, a leader of the Vigilante movement and an active worker in its ranks. He feared nothing, shirked no responsibility, and was ready always with his influence and great wealth to aid in putting down rascality and establishing peace and good government in San Francisco. In brief, he was wanting in no attribute that constitutes good citizenship, and was always foremost in every good cause.

Impulsive, outspoken, independent in thought and action, generous and convivial in his nature, his career now began to be dimmed and chequered, and his wealth to escape from his grasp. He had been a most liberal giver to all great public as well as innumerable private charities. The sanitary fund had been contributed to by him without stint. The political complication in Mexico when Maximilian had come into power there enlisted his warmest sympathies, and he

advanced large sums of money in support of Republicanism in Mexico, and to aid in the dethronement of Maximilian. It was the beginning of his downfall as a man of great wealth and influence, since he soon lost command of himself, and became careless, heedless, and imprudent in habits, which, however, resulted in no injury to any but himself. Domestic infelicities, followed by a divorce obtained by his wife, added to his troubles and seemed to make him reckless of his fortune. He deeded to his wife and children a large amount of property, and when his increasing embarrassments had shorn him of his financial strength, he set about endeavoring to recover from Mexico some compensation for what he had done for that government during the dark days of her adversity. He succeeded in obtaining a grant of an immense tract of wild lands, cumbered with burdensome conditions, and peopled with wild and savage Indians. He secured, subsequently, a more advantageous concession in the State of Sonora, but this, when surveyed and mapped at his own expense, escaped from his grasp through the very obligations which he had incurred in such survey, and he was left penniless.

He retired to a little home which he had secured in San Diego County, where he died, on the 5th of May, 1889, literally a crushed if not a broken-hearted man.

Of the character of Samuel Brannan no man who knew him well can speak in other words than those of eulogy. His bitterest enemy was himself, and this enmity of himself was due to the physical causes that have wrecked so many lives, and of which we may

only speak in words of compassion and regret. He was a great-hearted, generous, public-spirited man,—a man of commanding influence in the community in which he spent the best years of his life, and who left behind him many monuments of his enterprise and of his once great wealth. His property holdings in San Francisco and the improvements which he made upon them were of vast extent. He built the first permanent and substantial buildings in San Francisco among all those that can fairly be considered truly metropolitan in their character. He owned the present site of the Grand Opera House, over one hundred feet in the block now owned by the heirs of Peter Donahue, the site of Murphy, Grant & Co.'s building, on Sansome Street, the Armory Building, on the corner of Montgomery and Sacramento Streets, the Express Building, on the northeast corner of California and Montgomery Streets, a number of blocks in various parts of the city, and fully two hundred acres in the Western Addition, beside large and valuable properties in other parts of the State, all of which passed into other hands when misfortune came upon him. He left behind him, however, a legacy of pleasant recollections to those who knew him best, and who cherish his memory with lasting affection and respect.

BENJAMIN S. LIPPENCOTT

Arrived in California overland in October, 1846, and immediately joined Fremont's battalion as lieutenant. After the disbandment of the battalion he returned to San Francisco, where he resided until the latter part of 1848, when he moved to Stockton. He

represented the San Joaquin district in the first Constitutional Convention, and also in the Senate at the first session of the Legislature, and was subsequently re-elected to the same position.

Mr. Lippencott was a man of great personal magnetism, and possessed of a thorough business education. He was shrewd and sagacious in business transactions, liberal in his dealings, and generous and charitable in disposition; he was exceedingly pleasant and companionable, and widely and favorably known.

He removed many years since to New Jersey, where his death took place some twelve or fifteen years ago. But very few of his compatriots in California are left, but those few bear willing testimony to his many admirable qualities of head and heart.

ANDREW J. GRAYSON

Was born in the State of Louisiana; he, with his wife and child, arrived in California with the overland emigration of 1846. Full-length portraits of himself, wife and child, appear in the celebrated painting of emigrants crossing the plains, called "Westward Ho," now in the capitol at Washington.

On his arrival he at once joined Fremont's battalion as lieutenant and induced many of his fellow-emigrants also to join, but he did not himself accompany the battalion south, but acted with those of the battalion who remained about San Francisco. When hostilities ceased, he opened the first stationery store in San Francisco in the City Hotel, corner of Clay and Kearny Streets.

He founded the town of Graysonville, on the south side of the San Joaquin River.

About 1850 he removed to San Jose and soon gave himself wholly to the science of ornithology, which had been his favorite study in his school-boy days. In 1857 he removed to Mexico, as presenting a wider field for his researches. He discovered and named many theretofore unknown specimens belonging to the several branches of that science, his artistic drawings and descriptions of which soon gave him a world-wide fame, and he was dubbed by many the Audubon of America. He died in Mexico in 1869. His widow is the present wife of Dr. G. B. Crane, now residing at St. Helena, Napa Valley. She is a most estimable lady, and one of the very few of the real pioneer women of California that still survive.

Mr. Grayson, in physique, was a splendid specimen of manhood. He was a man of education, and of very abstemious habits. He was a gentleman in every sense, socially above reproach, and worthy to rank with the best elements of the society of those early pioneer days.

ROBERT A. PARKER

Was born in Boston, Massachusetts; he arrived in California in March, 1847, as supercargo of the ship *Mt. Vernon*. He immediately established himself in San Francisco, in the business of general merchandising. In the fall of 1848 he admitted to partnership J. C. Leighton and the writer, who carried on an extensive importing wholesale business under the firm name of Leighton, Swasey & Co. Mr. Parker at the same time carried on a large business in real estate and merchandise upon his individual account outside the firm.

Mr. Parker was a man of very enterprising spirit, and ambitious to become the leading merchant of San Francisco. To that end the magnitude of his transactions became hazardous and somewhat reckless, per example, cargoes at that time were purchased outright, on the principle of paying a certain percentage upon their invoices, and upon more than one occasion Parker, when buying a cargo at from fifty to seventy-five per cent upon the invoice, amounting to fifty or one hundred thousand dollars, would toss up a dollar to decide whether he should pay twenty-five per cent more or less. It was generally more. Upon the occasion of the arrival of the first steamer, in 1849, he scattered two or three thousand dollars worth of coarse gold-dust up and down Clay Street, which was then more of a gulch than a street, and it was soon lined with the passengers washing it out, and it was from them that the news was sent East that gold was found in abundance upon the streets of San Francisco. This rash way of doing business soon led to financial embarrassment to the firm and ruin to himself.

He was a man of very generous impulses and liberal to a fault, and while in prosperity assisted many a man to a start in business.

He was a member of the ayuntamiento, or town council, in 1847, and of the district legislative assembly in 1849. In 1848 he erected the noted Parker House, where the Old City Hall now stands. His misfortunes culminated in 1851, when he finally went out of business, and thereafter ill luck seemed to relentlessly pursue him for the remainder of his life.

He died in San Diego, October 21, 1865, but with

those who knew him in his palmy days, who still survive, remains a most kind remembrance.

SELIM E. WOODWORTH

Was born in the city of New York, November 27, 1815. He was the second son of the poet Samuel Woodworth, the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket."

Selim began his career at the early age of twelve by leaving his home clandestinely, equipped with a rifle and knapsack, and started West, intending to cross the plains and Rocky Mountains and reach the Pacific, but he only succeeded in accomplishing about three hundred miles of his contemplated journey, when he was overtaken by some of his relatives, who, upon describing to him the anxiety and grief of his parents, induced him to forego, for the time, his adventurous journey, and return to the loved ones at home; but the idea had become rooted in his heart, and he formed a resolution to carry it out as soon as a more favorable opportunity should present itself. A few years after, in 1834, such an opportunity occurred. An expedition was fitted out by some merchants in New York, under the command of Captain Benjamin Morrell, then a noted navigator, for the purpose of trading among the islands of the South Pacific. A clipper brig, built at Baltimore, was armed and equipped to carry out the project. Young Woodworth, then in his nineteenth year, obtained the position of captain's clerk.

After cruising among those southern isles some three years, the brig commenced her return voyage by way of China and the Cape of Good Hope, but

was shortly after wrecked upon the Island of Madagascar, where the crew were compelled to remain for many months, living among the barbarous savages in a most primitive state of nature. They finally succeeded in leaving them in a small launch, and after a hazardous voyage reached the Mauritius, or the Isles of France, from where young Woodworth returned to his home, after an absence of nearly four years.

This experience only served to increase his restless desire for travel and adventure, and he determined to seek some vocation, in the future, that would gratify it. Accordingly he sought and obtained the appointment of midshipman in the United States Navy and made application to be assigned to duty with the United States exploring expedition then fitting out under Captain Wilkes. His application was granted, but by mistake his orders were mailed to Brooklyn instead of New York, and he did not receive them until some days after the sailing of the expedition.

In a few months he was ordered to the line of battle, ship *Ohio*, and sailed in her for the Mediterranean in the winter of 1838. During that cruise he visited all the countries bordering the Mediterranean and adjacent seas, his ardent imagination reveling in the treasures of those classic regions. He returned home in 1841. For the ensuing four years he served in the Gulf of Mexico and among the West India Islands, and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant.

In the spring of 1846 he obtained an unlimited

leave of absence, which he determined to utilize in realizing the dreams of his boyhood of crossing the continent to the shores of the Pacific.

He left home on the 1st of April, and proceeded to St. Louis, where he spent some time in preparing for his journey; he left there for Independence, Missouri, where he completed his final arrangements, and started on the 15th of May. He accomplished his journey to the Oregon settlements in sixty-two or three days, being the most rapid journey across the plains ever made by a similar mode of traveling. Early in the following fall, 1846, he left Oregon and came down the coast to San Francisco.

Shortly after his arrival news reached San Francisco that the Donner party of emigrants were snowed up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, where they were perishing with cold and starvation. He promptly volunteered his services to go to their rescue; a party for that purpose was quickly formed, and he was appointed to its command. A launch was loaded with provisions, clothing, and all the necessaries required. After a tedious trip of eleven days, combating the swollen and turbulent waters of the Sacramento River, they arrived at the embarcadero of Sutter's Fort, the site of the present city of Sacramento, where they were joyfully received by that noble, generous, unselfish and hospitable pioneer, Captain John A. Sutter, who eagerly furnished them with pack animals, Indian servants, and whatever necessaries they lacked. Their journey from the fort was exceedingly fatiguing. When they reached the snowy regions, they had to leave their animals and were obliged to pack

themselves with their supplies, Lieutenant Woodworth himself bearing as heavy a burden as any in the party. Their trail led over almost impassable mountains, gulches, and ravines, and over snows, at places over sixty feet deep. They cached provisions at convenient distances for their return trip.

The scene that met their gaze upon their arrival at the camp of the emigrants was inexpressibly sickening and horrifying in its dreadful realism, and was appalling to the stout hearts of their rescuers. Many of them had already perished from cold and starvation; the survivors had satisfied the cravings of hunger by consuming the bodies of their dead; parents had feasted upon the putrid flesh of their own offspring; some of them were engaged in cooking their horrid repast, and when told that proper nourishment was at hand, expressed themselves as satisfied with the repulsive food they were then preparing. Many of them were benumbed and stupefied, both physically and mentally; some were raving and some idiotically stupid and indifferent to their surroundings. But that heroic band of rescuers determined to save the remaining lives of their pitiful demented fellow-creatures. With tenderest care and brave words of encouragement they cheered them on their weary tramp, and helped their tottering footsteps over deep snows and rugged mountains, across raging streams and steep gulches, until they succeeded in reaching Sutter's Fort with about seventy of the ill-fated Donner emigrant party.

All praise and honor to Lieutenant Woodworth and his brave and generous companions. Such an

expedition could have been carried out successfully only by such a brave and heroic leader. To his commanding abilities, powers of endurance, indomitable will and undaunted spirit, is due its successful termination.

Shortly after his return he was ordered to report for duty, as master, on board of the United States sloop-of-war *Warren*, then lying in the Bay of Monterey. Subsequently he was appointed to the command of the United States store ship *Anita*, which he retained to the close of the war with Mexico.

In 1849, upon the adoption of the Constitution, he was elected State Senator from the county of Monterey, and resigned his commission in the navy. His record as senator was highly creditable and honorable.

The years 1849-51 were noted in the criminal history of the State; many of its interior counties were overrun and infested with the very worst class of desperadoes, robbers and murderers, in organized bands that had ever before, or since, inflicted California. Monterey County possessed rather an undue share of these elements; its peaceful inhabitants were under a constant strain of terrorism, and Captain Woodworth determined to extirpate them at the risk of life. He raised a company of rangers under a commission from Governor John McDougall and entered upon a vigorous campaign, which resulted in the dispersing and extermination of the numerous gangs in Monterey County, many of whom were tried, found guilty, imprisoned, and executed.

In 1854 he returned again to make San Francisco his permanent home.

He and his brother Frederick erected the first building on the water-lot survey in San Francisco.

Upon the breaking out of rebellion he promptly tendered his services to the government. He commanded the steamer *Jackson* under Farragut at the passage of the forts on the Mississippi. At the siege and taking of Vicksburg, and later, he commanded the *Narragansett*, and for gallant and meritorious services throughout the war he was promoted to the rank of commander. He resigned from the navy in March, 1866.

He acquired considerable real estate and was ranked as one of the wealthy men of San Francisco. He owned the one-hundred-vara lot upon which the Grand Hotel now stands, a large proportion of which still remains in possession of his heirs.

Commander Woodworth married in 1856, and had issue six children, five of whom survive. The eldest, Selim E. Woodworth, is a promising lieutenant in the United States Navy, at this time on duty in San Francisco as inspector of steel used in the construction of the United States ships *Charleston* and *Monterey*.

A sister of Commander Woodworth, a prominent society lady, is the wife of James S. Wethered, a pioneer of 1848.

Commander Woodworth was a high-minded and generous man, noted for his geniality and kindness of heart. He died in San Francisco in 1871, sincerely regretted by a host of friends.

COLONEL JONATHAN D. STEVENSON.

The life of Colonel Jonathan D. Stevenson extends over every day of the present century. He was born in New York on the first day of January, 1800. The story of his early years, his active and prominent career in the politics of New York, need not be here recounted. His connection with the early history of California begins with the arrival at San Francisco of the first detachment of Stevenson's Regiment, on the 6th of March, 1847, on the ship *Thomas H. Perkins*, followed by the *Susan Drew*, the *Loo Choo*, and the *Brutus*, the last of the troop ships, which arrived on the 18th of April, 1847.

The condition of the country was such at this time that the regiment was not called upon for service other than garrison duty in various parts of the State, until they were mustered out under an order issued by General Moore, under date of August 7, 1848. It is due to Colonel Stevenson to state that during his term of service as commander of the regiment he faithfully fulfilled every order of his superiors and performed efficient and valuable aid in the pacification of the country.

From the date of the disbandment of the regiment Colonel Stevenson became an active and influential citizen, and a prominent figure in the social and business life of San Francisco. Imbued with a keen appreciation of the great future in store for the city and the State, he was always found in the front ranks of the active and most enterprising men of affairs, forecasting events and progress on lines of the broad-

est and most comprehensive scale. Colonel Stevenson for many years was a man of commanding influence in San Francisco, and if not favored by fortune in the distribution of her fickle favors, he "knew no such word as fail" in the constant effort which he put forth to compel success, and to baffle the jade that was so persistently unkind to him.

As the years piled their burdens upon him, he still forced the fighting, and even as a nonagenarian preserves his martial bearing and still continues to set an example to youth, of tireless energy and determination that will be remembered and referred to long after he has been gathered to his fathers.

GENERAL HENRY MORRIS NAGLEE.

General Naglee was born in Philadelphia, January 14, 1815. His education and training had been conducted with a view to his admission into the National Military Academy at West Point, which institution he entered July, 1831, and from which he graduated at the head of his class in July, 1835, and was immediately appointed second lieutenant in the Fifth Infantry, United States Army. He was on duty as recruiting officer during the balance of that year, when he shortly after resigned from the army and entered civil life.

From 1835 to 1845 he was engaged in civil engineering in important canal and railroad enterprises in Pennsylvania and Alabama.

Upon the declaration of war with Mexico, from a sense of patriotism as well as duty, having received a military education from the government, he imme-

diately tendered his services, and in August, 1846, he was appointed and commissioned as captain in the First Regiment of New York Volunteers, popularly known as Stevenson's Regiment, then forming for service in California.

The regiment arrived in California in March, 1847. A detachment of several companies, including Captain Naglee's company D, under command of the late gallant General Henry S. Burton, then lieutenant-colonel, was ordered to Lower California, with headquarters at La Paz. This detachment, during its campaign in Lower California, saw more real service than fell to the lot of the balance of the regiment, and Captain Naglee's company particularly was kept constantly in the field.

Quite a large force of Mexicans, under command of General Penada, were at Todos Santos on the Pacific side of the peninsula. Captain Naglee and Steele were ordered to attack and dislodge them; their joint command of two companies was composed of about one hundred and seventy men, but they gallantly attacked General Penada, whose force amounted to over eight hundred, and after a hard day's fighting, drove him from his position and took the place. Shortly after Naglee was ordered, with his single company, of about eighty men, to take post at San Jose del Cabo, which he succeeded in accomplishing, after considerable sharp skirmishing and fighting with General Penada's forces; but he was not by any means allowed to remain in inactive and peaceable possession. Penada soon succeeded in collecting his forces that were scattered at Todos Santos, which, with new recruits,

amounted to about one thousand five hundred, and invested Naglee's position, completely surrounding the town. But Naglee had not been idle; he had entrenched and fortified himself in the old Mexican Cuartel; he had no cannon and nothing but small arms with which to repel an assault. The weather was intensely hot. His water, obtained from a small well which was fast becoming dry, obliged him to limit his men to but a few ounces of the precious fluid per day to the man. It was impossible to obtain fuel to cook their provisions, which were also rapidly diminishing. He was obliged to keep his small force constantly under arms, and upon guard duty. The men were almost worn out with fatigue, short rations, and want of sleep; some of them became desperate and mutinous, which Naglee sternly and promptly repressed.

Penada had made his silent approaches through the building surrounding the Cuartel, and kept up a constant and harassing attack upon the little garrison. It was impossible to send word to headquarters, one hundred miles away, for relief. It is in just such dire straits that latent genius develops itself, and Naglee's military knowledge and strategy were still prolific of resources. A large majority of his little force had by this time become thoroughly imbued with confidence in his military finesse and tact, and bravely and zealously seconded his every effort. He immediately commenced excavating a covered way to the river some fifty yards away, which led down a steep bluff, exposed to the constant raking fire of Penada's muskets, but after many days of hazardous toil and

exposure to the enemy, he finally succeeded in accomplishing his purpose without a fatal casualty.

In the meantime Colonel Burton, not hearing from Naglee and becoming alarmed, dispatched Captain Steele with two companies to his relief. The gallant Steele managed his little force so admirably as to conceal its paucity of numbers from Penada, who retired, upon Steele's approach, to the north of Cape St. Lucas, in the mountains. The relief did not reach Naglee a moment too soon. His almost utter lack of subsistence would have soon compelled him to surrender. This campaign amply demonstrated the fact that Captain Naglee possessed military genius of the very highest order, combined with undaunted courage and determination, qualities which enabled him to render important services to his country, that should ever reflect honor upon his name and be perpetuated in the annals of history.

Upon the termination of the war Captain Naglee, with his company, was honorably mustered out of the service at Monterey, in October, 1848.

On the fourth day of January, 1849, Captain Naglee, in partnership with R. H. Sinton, established the first banking business in California, their place of business being situated on the east side of Kearny near Washington Street, San Francisco, in which business they were very successful. In the meantime Captain Naglee was quietly and steadily acquiring real estate, both in the city and country, at the then low and ruling prices, the subsequent remarkable appreciation of which rendered him a millionaire.

Upon the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion,

prompted by a sincere patriotism and feeling that the country that gave him birth and education was entitled to his services in her hour of travail and peril, he promptly tendered them to the government. He was at once commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the Sixteenth Infantry, United States Army, on May 14, 1861, but never joined his regiment, resigning on January 10, 1862, to accept the position of brigadier-general of the United States Volunteers, to which he was commissioned on February 4, 1862, and served in that capacity during the war, and was honorably mustered out of the service April 4, 1864.

The following is a brief sketch of his military career:—

In February and March, 1862, he was engaged in the defense of Washington, D. C.; in the Virginia campaign, Army of the Potomac, from March to July, 1862, during which time he participated in the siege of Yorktown, from April 5 to May 4, 1862; was in the battle of Williamsburg May 5, 1862; in reconnaissances and skirmishes from Bottom's Bridge to Fair Oaks from May 5 to 28, 1862; in the battle of Fair Oaks May 31, 1862, where he was wounded; in the operations before Richmond, June 26 to July 22, 1862; on leave of absence from July 5 to September 28, 1862; in the defense of Yorktown in September and October, 1862; in command of a division in the department of North Carolina in January, 1863; in the department of the South at St. Helena Island, South Carolina, February and March, 1863; in command of Beaufort District, North Carolina, March to June, 1863; engaged in the relief of

Washington, North Carolina, April 15, 1863, of Harper's Ferry, Virginia, July, 1863; attached to Seventh Army Corps, July 25 to August 12, 1863, and of District of Virginia, August 12 to September 23, 1863, and in waiting orders at Cincinnati, Ohio, for duty in the Department of Tennessee, November 6, 1863, until April 4, 1864, at which time he was honorably mustered out of the service, thus completing his splendid record of military service to his government.

General Naglee was a strict disciplinarian, but not a martinet; his rigid exaction of military duty was always tempered with exact and impartial justice, never imperious nor tinged with tyranny, but amply sufficient to maintain a most perfect discipline, that rendered his immediate command always reliable and efficient. No general in the army was served with more devotion by his men, who, with cheering alacrity, were ever ready to plunge into the thickest of the battle at his command.

The history of the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania Regiment, written by its colonel, W. W. H. Davis, was dedicated to his old corps commander, General Naglee, a few extracts from which are not deemed out of place in this sketch. In his allusion to the battle of Fair Oaks, the following passage occurs:—

"I cannot close this chapter without paying a just tribute to the gallantry of Generals Casey and Naglee. . . . Naglee was everywhere; he is a sort of thunderbolt in battle; he was away on the extreme right of our lines when the volley of the One Hundred and Sixth announced that the battle had begun on the

left. He came dashing towards us through field and wood, to be with his brigade in the warmest of the contest; he dashed by the regiment, cap in hand, the men giving him three hearty cheers, and passed toward the left; he was now seen directing a battery, now rallying a regiment, and until the battle ended, he was in the midst of it wherever he could be of service. These two officers retained in a large degree the confidence and esteem of the men who served under them."

In allusion to the rupture between Generals Hunter and Naglee, he used the following language:—

"A spicy correspondence took place between Naglee and Hunter, which resulted in the former being sent to New York with orders to report from there to the adjutant-general of the army. This is a sample of the quarrels which interfered with the efficiency of the army during the war. In this instance the service lost one of its most gallant officers without cause. He was the life and soul of the expedition, active and energetic, and had the entire confidence of the troops."

In 1865 General Naglee espoused Miss Antoinette Ringold, the accomplished daughter of Colonel G. H. Ringold, deputy paymaster-general United States Army, their issue being two daughters, Marie and Antoinette, both of whom survive to mourn his loss, and are now beautiful and accomplished young ladies.

Shortly after his marriage the general and his wife made an extensive tour through Europe. While there the general devoted very much of his time to the investigation of grape culture in France, and in

the countries bordering upon the Rhine. While engaged in this congenial investigation, he conceived a passion for horticulture, that he retained, undiminished, to the end of his life.

Shortly after his return from Europe he was sadly afflicted by the death of his wife, who deceased after a brief illness in Philadelphia in 1868. He at once returned to California and took up his residence in the eastern suburbs of the city of San Jose, then comparatively barren and treeless, now blooming in tropical luxuriance, and renewed throughout the land for all that is beautiful in horticulture, landscape, gardening, and excellence and perfection in practical agriculture, created by his undivided, untiring energy, splendid taste, and the lavish and unstinted expenditure of money. It has become one of the most noted points of interest to tourists from all parts of the world.

In the cultivation and propagation of the superior varieties of the grape he has been eminently successful; his brandies particularly have attained a world-wide reputation for superior excellence. At his death he had at least seventy thousand gallons of brandy in his vaults and cellars, ranging from two to eighteen years of age. He never would place it in the market until it had attained the mellow quality that only age can give.

In the early pioneer days he purchased one-half of the Rancho El Pescadero, situated in San Joaquin County, consisting of about twenty thousand acres, which he retained until his death. He constructed upon different parts of this property about thirty-three miles of levees, which have successfully resisted all the

severe floods of recent years, and were pronounced by the late General Alexander, United States Army, to be superior to any other work of kindred character in the State. They will long remain a monument to General Naglee as a civil engineer. As a mathematician he probably had no superior in the State. General Naglee firmly believed that the cultivation of the grape and manufacture of wines and brandies were destined to become the leading industry in the State, and had an abiding faith and confidence that with proper care and effort in the cultivation and propagation of the vine, its product could be made to excel the productions of any other country in the world, and to that end he unselfishly devoted much of his time for the last twenty years of his life, the energy of his mind, and hundreds of thousands of dollars of his substance.

He left a princely estate to his orphaned children, and most wisely provided for its future management by appointing as executors gentlemen whose names are an ample and abundant guarantee that their sacred trust was scrupulously and faithfully administered. He designated his friends, the Honorable John S. Hager and the Honorable George F. Hooper, his executors, joining with them his eldest daughter, Marie, as his executrix. But the recollection of patriotic duty and brilliant service to his country, of devotion and unselfish effort in everything tending to the advancement of the State, constitutes a legacy that posterity will cherish as far more precious than gold.

General Naglee was indeed proud of his State, and although one of its most wealthy citizens, he was

averse to all empty parade or any ostentatious and vulgar display of wealth. His bountiful hospitality, so eagerly extended to visitors, his exhibition of his beautiful suburban home, his extensive vineyards and orchards, his flower-beds and gardens, his immense wine vaults and cellars, were prompted by the sole desire to impress upon the brain and wealth of all the world the splendid and immense possibilities that were embosomed in the hills, valleys, and mountains of our beautiful California.

Much of his attention in later years was given to the education and training of his lovely daughters. They were educated at Miss Randolph's Patapsco Institution at Ellicott's Mills, in the State of Maryland, a justly famed scholastic institution.

General Naglee was a man of marked and positive traits of character. He despised cant and hypocrisy. A good physiognomist, he was not easily deceived as to personal character, but his confidence once given no one was more capable of displaying generosity and of promptly meeting and anticipating the demands of friendship. His military training had given him a soldierly bearing and lent to his countenance a somewhat austere expression, but it was by no means an indication of sternness in his heart. His manner was affable and courteous to everyone, but winning and chivalrous to women and children.

He was a life member of the Society of California Pioneers and a member of the Associated Veterans of the Mexican War. In politics he affiliated with the Democratic party, but he was always a conservative and never a politician in a partisan sense. His

only desire was that government might be administered to the well-being of the whole people.

Some months before his demise he had a severe attack of paralysis of the bowels and came to San Francisco for treatment and relief, but the fell disease steadily progressed and baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians, and finally culminated, on the 5th of March, 1886, at the Occidental Hotel, where, surrounded and soothed by the tenderest care of his loved ones, and the deep sympathy of devoted friends, resigned and reconciled, he passed to his eternal rest.

His death was considered a serious loss to the material interests of the State, and was generally and sincerely deplored. His obsequies were attended by the Society of California Pioneers and Veterans of the Mexican War, and the general public.

EMANUEL CHARLES CHRISTIAN RUSS.

The subject of this sketch was born in Hildburghausen, Saxe Meiningen, Germany, in 1795, and died in San Francisco, June 4, 1857.

Although his native place was quite small, it was of considerable importance, being the residence of the reigning family of the province. He was of Polish descent, his immediate ancestry having become exiles from that unhappy country upon its conquest by Russia. Mr. Russ was by trade a silversmith, at which vocation he was employed until he was thirty-four years of age, but, owing to the general indigence of the community and the great competition in that particular craft, it was only by the practice of the

most rigid economy that he was able to meet the absolute necessities of a growing family, then consisting of a wife and five children. In this constant strain and effort for a bare competency, his mind was ever reverting to bountiful, free America, the refuge of the oppressed and wretched of the world's struggling humanity, of which he never tired of reading. In obedience to this restless yearning he emigrated to the United States in 1832, leaving his family temporarily behind for want of means.

Upon his arrival in New York he immediately established himself in his former trade of silversmith, by which, and the addition of itinerate sales of watches and jewelry throughout New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, he was enabled to accumulate sufficient funds to send for his family, they arriving in New York in 1834. His children had all been reared to habits of thrift and industry, and by 1845, by probity and frugality, they had accumulated a fortune of some \$20,000, at which time they were suddenly overwhelmed by a cruel stroke of ill fortune. In 1845, while the family were attending the funeral obsequies of General Jackson, their place was burglarized and everything of value stolen, nothing of which was ever recovered, and the family by this fell blow became almost utterly impoverished. In the meantime the family had been increased by the birth of four children, and then consisted of nine,—five boys and four girls. They struggled on for about a year with but meager success.

Mr. Russ' attention had already been called to California by the glowing letters of Captain Sutter

and others, and, undaunted by past misfortunes, he determined to seek a home in this new El Dorado of the far West, where his young and vigorous sons could cope with fortune, untrammelled by those elements that so curb and retard the success of genius and enterprise, unaided by capital, in the older and more densely populated communities. The war with Mexico had just commenced, and Colonel J. D. Stevenson was forming the First Regiment of New York Volunteers for service in California, which offered him the opportunity he had so longed for. He immediately made application for admission into the regiment. The excellent character of the family insured their eager acceptance by Colonel Stevenson. Mr. Russ and his eldest son, Adolph, entered as privates, his son Charles Edward as fifer, and Augustus as drummer, the mother and girls making themselves useful in various other needful duties. They embarked on the ship *Loo Choo* and arrived in San Francisco in March, 1847. He purchased the lumber composing the bunks of the men on the ship, and immediately erected a board house on the fifty-vara lot on the southwest corner of Montgomery and Pine Streets, where the noted Russ House now stands. The house was sufficiently large to meet the necessities of the family, with room for the establishment of a store for the manufacture and sale of jewelry, which business he at once commenced, being the first to establish that branch of trade in San Francisco. His eldest son, Adolph, had acquired the trade of morocco-case maker while in New York, which enabled him to be of great assistance to his father in the manufacture and repair of jewelry.

After the discovery of gold Mr. Russ added to his business that of assayer and refiner. For some considerable time after the discovery of gold, the merchants and people generally refused to receive it as genuine, but after Mr. Russ made a test of it, and pronounced it genuine, the merchants held a meeting, at which they resolved to take it for \$14 per ounce in trade, and for \$10 per ounce in exchange for coin.

Mr. Russ was a man of more than ordinary enterprise and perseverance, as well as business foresight, and he early devoted his energies and means to the acquisition of real estate, and its improvement, in which his eldest sons, Adolph and Charles Edward, were interested, and were of great aid and assistance. They erected some thirty or thirty-five buildings on the fifty-vara lot, now occupied by the Russ House, including the old American Hotel and a brick house. To properly appreciate the magnitude of their improvements, it must be borne in mind that at that time the wages of common laborers was \$16 per day, and lumber \$500 per thousand feet, and everything else in proportion. The old American Hotel and brick house alone cost over fifty thousand dollars. Subsequently these buildings had to be all torn down and utterly destroyed to make room for the present imposing structure, that bears the family name.

In 1852-53 the famous Russ Garden was established, on the one-hundred-vara lot on the southwest corner of Sixth and Harrison Streets, which for a long time was the only suburban resort for picnics, military festivities, and rural pleasure seekers, but which now is in the very heart of the city. The two one-hundred-

vara lots on the northwest corner of Sixth and Folsom Streets were occupied by the family mansion. Large portions of said property are still so occupied by the residences of different members of the family. In 1849-50 Mr. Russ became owner of nineteen full one-hundred-vara lots, constituting the most extensive owner of real property in San Francisco.

Mr. Russ was a man of great public spirit, not only in the improvement of his own property, but always zealous in everything tending to promote public welfare. He graded several lots and public streets, and materially assisted in other public improvements, at his individual cost, that were greatly beneficial to the community at large.

His widow deceased in San Francisco, February 15, 1880, deeply mourned by loving kindred, and most sincerely regretted by the numerous friends who had known her in life.

His five sons all survive him, Adolph Gustave, born in 1826, Charles Edward, born in 1828, Augustus Philip, born in 1832, Frederick D., born in 1837, and Henry B., born in 1840. Two daughters also survive, Louisa, wife of F. O. Wegener, the well and favorably known notary public, and Emeline, wife of Frederick Gutzkow, the capitalist.

ADOLPHUS GUSTAVE RUSS,

The eldest son, is a permanent resident of San Francisco, with quite a large family. Among the early pioneers of California as he was, he passed through his full share of adventures and experiences during the days of the gold-mining excitement.

In the fall of 1848, when San Francisco was becoming depopulated by the rush to the mines, he started, in company with John Scott, William Langden, and the two brothers Rand. The party took passage on Captain Sutter's launch for a voyage up the Sacramento *en route* for the diggings. The little craft was crowded with passengers, all bent on the same errand, making the trip a memorably unpleasant one. Packed like sardines at night along the deck, sleep became a mechanical and disagreeable operation. When one turned, the whole company had to do likewise, and this exercise and cat-naps wore the nights away as the launch sailed her slow way along her watery road.

Entering the Sacramento they had to work the boat nearly all the way to Sutter's Embarcadero, now Sacramento City. Arriving at the fort, Mr. Russ and his companions bought an ox team, and, loading their wagon with supplies, started for the mines. Reaching the foot-hills, their oxen gave out and could only haul the empty wagon, while the men of the party packed the supplies on their own backs along the ascending and dusty road. Fortunately, they met a Spaniard with pack mules, who made a willing exchange of his mules for the weary oxen, and thereafter a pack-mule train carried their supplies safely to the middle fork of the American River. Here the party separated in order to prospect more extensively for gold. Mr. Russ, going along the river bank, came to a large boulder which appeared to be at the point of rolling into the river. At the lower part of the rock there was a hole as if some animal had burrowed under it. He crawled in and filled his pan with gravel, and

washed it out. To his joyful surprise he found over fifty dollars worth of chispas of shining gold. Four hours' work with his pan yielded him four pounds of gold, which, being at the rate of one pound of gold per hour, he found was the most profitable occupation he had ever been engaged in. Returning to camp, he found that the "noble red man" had stolen all their provisions. As the party could not feed upon gold chispas, however plentiful, they were obliged to return to Sutter's Mill. As the season was now far advanced and the winter months at hand, they concluded to go to San Francisco, intending to return in the spring. At Sutter's Mill Mr. Russ bought a horse for fifty dollars and started on his journey homeward. At the end of the first ten miles the horse gave out and his rider started on foot, with a scanty supply of provisions, leaving horse, saddle, and bridle behind him. After traveling about ten miles with boots full of holes letting in sand and gravel, which cut his feet and made walking very painful, he struck out toward the American River. Here, while resting, he concluded to take a bath. Putting his gun under a bush, he undressed and went into the water. When well out in the stream enjoying his refreshing bath, he was surprised by seeing Indians upon the bank making away with his clothes. Fortunately, they had not seen his gun. Mr. Russ, taking in the situation at a glance, got out of the water quickly, and, securing his gun, leveled it at the chief of the gang, and in "Pigeon Spanish" commanded him to halt and drop the clothing, an admonition which was at once complied with, while the band hurried away and disappeared, thus releasing Mr. Russ from a very embarrassing situation.

He finally reached Sutter's Fort and proceeded down the river by boat to San Francisco, once more, richer by some ounces of gold-dust and a very valuable experience than when he went away. Working with his father until spring, he again proceeded up the river by boat to Nye's Ranch, where Marysville now stands, passing by the afterwards "attempted" town of Nicolaus, of which the man from whom the place was named was then alcalde. Here he witnessed a curious trial and a no less curious mode of punishment. An Indian was brought in charged with stealing. He was sentenced by the alcalde to receive fifty lashes, to be given in "English, Spanish, German, and Indian."

Going further up the river, they sunk their boat and pushed on for the "diggings," where Mr. Russ had a very successful season, averaging an ounce of gold per day. He returned in June, however, and resumed business with his father, in which occupation he remained up to the time of his father's death.

The management of his extensive family estate, which is still retained almost intact in the family, with the exception of the interest of Charles Edward, who disposed of it to the other members, devolves entirely upon Adolphus and his brother, Henry B., assisted by their brother-in-law, F. O. Wegener, and it is unnecessary to add that it has been most wisely and judiciously handled. He was one of the first organizers of the San Francisco Fire Department in 1850, and belonged to the Empire Company, of which David C. Broderick was foreman. In 1851-52 he carried on the business of general merchandising. In

1864-65 he was captain of the German Grenadiers, a military company. In 1867 he represented San Francisco in the State Legislature, with great credit and honor to himself and constituency. He is a life member of the Society of California Pioneers, and also a life member of the German Benevolent Society, in which he served two terms as president. In politics his affiliations had been democratic, but always conservative. He was an ardent supporter of the Union during the War of the Rebellion, a liberal contributor to the sanitary fund, and eager and zealous in every movement of the citizens to sustain the government. He has bestowed upon his children a liberal education, and trained his sons to useful professional and business pursuits. He is still in vigorous manhood, with compact and robust frame, indicating a sound constitution and promising longevity. In deportment, he is modest and unassuming. Of a sympathetic and kindly nature, his hand has ever been prompt in unostentatious acts of charity to the deserving and unfortunate. He is a good representative of the material that composed the early settlers of California. May his days be long in the land.

CHARLES EDWARD RUSS

Is also a resident of San Francisco, with quite a numerous family. His early life in California was almost identical with that of his brother Adolph. He disposed of his interest in the family estate to the other heirs, some years since, and invested his means in mining and other enterprises, which, it is feared, have not proved as successful and remunerative as his

friends could wish or as he deserves. He has traveled extensively in the United States and in Europe, where several of his children were educated. He has reared each of his sons to a knowledge of some honorable profession or useful branch of mechanical labor, four of them at this time being engaged in important business enterprises in San Francisco. He is still in the prime of life, with a strong, compactly-knit frame, denoting strength and endurance. In his disposition he is frank and open as the day, and is as full of activity and vim as in his younger days. He is a life member of the Society of California Pioneers.

AUGUSTUS PHILIP RUSS,

Since arriving at the age of manhood, has passed much of his time abroad. He early developed a taste and desire for the diplomatic service, and at one time represented His Majesty King Kalakau, of the Sandwich Islands, as Consul in Dresden, Saxony. His friends speak in terms of praise of his many excellent qualities.

FREDERICK RUSS

Was born at Bergen Hill, Hudson County, New Jersey, in 1837, and came to California with his parents. He was a scholar in the first public high school at San Francisco, and afterwards completed his studies in the University of the Pacific, at Santa Clara. Subsequent to his arriving at the age of manhood, he became an extensive traveler, making the tour of all the countries of Europe, visiting India, Egypt, and penetrating portions of the interior of Africa. He is at present residing in Berkeley. He is in no active

business. He takes great interest in the arts, especially painting, of which he has been a generous patron, and in which he is a student of no mean proficiency. He has acquired a large and valuable collection of fine paintings, his ample means permitting him to indulge his inclinations in a most liberal manner. In his address he is most agreeable and pleasant, and is esteemed by all who come in contact with him, a high-minded, honorable gentleman. He is a life member of the Society of California Pioneers.

HENRY B. RUSS,

The youngest son, was born at Mount Hope, State of New York, September 25, 1840. He came to San Francisco with his parents in March, 1847. He attended, with his brother Frederick, the first public school established in San Francisco; was afterwards a pupil of Mr. Denman and John Swett, the noted teachers then and now in San Francisco. He attended the University of the Pacific at Santa Clara, also the first public high school established here. Among his other studies he was taught the art of engraving and music, at which he became an adept. Immediately subsequent to the death of his father, he entered the employ of the firm of Mebius, Duisenberg & Co., an extensive foreign importing and commission house, in which he continued for some seven years. In 1865 he established the firm of Hammer-smith & Russ, dealers in fancy goods, in the Russ House Block. After the severe earthquake in 1868, he disposed of his interest in the firm, and with his family went abroad, and visited every place of note in

Europe. He remained absent some five years, returning to California in 1873; and on account of ill health in his family, he took them to the southern part of the State, where he remained about eighteen months, returning and taking up his permanent residence in San Francisco.

He is not at present engaged in any business other than that of assisting in the management of the family estate. He is of energetic temperament and possesses a keen perception in business affairs, especially in real estate; has served one term on the Board of Supervisors, and emerged from that position with a clean, untarnished record. He has been elected in 1883, 1884, 1885, and 1890 a director of the Society of California Pioneers, of which he is a life member, and is at present chairman of the Auditing Committee and a member of the Finance Committee. He is also a Knight Templar, California Lodge, No. 1.

He was one of the original members of the Olympic Club, having been elected leader after Arthur Nahl, the founder of the club in 1862, an association composed of some twelve hundred of the most prominent young business gentlemen in the city, organized for gymnastic exercises and social entertainment. He was elected a life member in 1869, and presented with a magnificent diamond club badge, for distinguished services, and has since been elected to the responsible position of treasurer, which position he at present occupies.

The present state of perfection of that organization is due in a very great measure to the ceaseless, untiring efforts of Mr. Russ, to which he has regularly

devoted a large portion of his time, and liberally of his means, from its inception. He has been elected to almost every official position in the gift of the society, and in 1886 was its president, to which position he was elected by a very marked majority.

In politics he is a Republican, but never a violent partisan; in argument or conversation, urbane and courteous, with a happy facility of expression.

Mr. Russ is in possession of complete physical and mental vigor. Personally and socially he is exceedingly popular; those holding close relations with him speak of him in terms of real affection. His family is composed of a wife and five bright and promising children. It may truthfully be added that he is a worthy descendant of a most honored sire.

EDWARD GILBERT

Was a first lieutenant of Company H of Stevenson's Regiment and arrived in San Francisco in March, 1847. Shortly after leaving the service and entering civil life he, for a short time, was deputy collector under Captain Folsom, and it was generally understood that he was offered the collectorship but declined it. Mr. Gilbert was by trade a printer, and very soon embarked in journalism, in partnership with Edward C. Kemble and George C. Hubbard, and founded the *Alta California*, Mr. Gilbert being chief editor.

He was a member of the first constitutional convention that convened at Monterey, September 1, 1849. He was elected one of the first members of Congress, George W. Wright being his colleague. After his term in Congress expired, he resumed the chief editorship of the *Alta California*.

At this time his high character, his pure and blameless life, ranked him among the first citizens of the State, and presaged a brilliant future career, but, alas! the fruition of such hopes was not to be realized, for even then his pathway was shadowed by Azrael's dark and icy wing.

During the summer of 1852 the Legislature sent a relief expedition to the incoming immigrants; its management provoked angry criticism and recrimination, and led to a bitter personal controversy, in the public press, between Mr. Gilbert and the Honorable James W. Denver, then State Senator from Klamath and Trinity Counties, which resulted in a hostile meeting under the code, and culminated in the death of Mr. Gilbert, on August 2, 1852.

Thus perished, at the early age of thirty years, a man who possessed the very highest attributes of moral rectitude, and elements of personal character that won to him the esteem and affection of all classes, which was attested by the universal gloom that pervaded the entire community during his funeral obsequies.

JAMES C. L. WADSWORTH

Was born in Litchfield, Connecticut. He was descended from Revolutionary sires, and his surname was one of the most noted in the early history of that State. He received a good education from the common schools of the day. Upon the formation of Stevenson's Regiment, in 1846, he was offered, and accepted, employment in the sutler's department. Not being able to obtain passage on any of the ships chartered by the government, and being firmly impressed

with the belief that it would acquire and retain possession of California, and confidence in its future prosperity, he determined to go. No other opportunity offering, he shipped as a sailor on the bark *Whiton*, the only vessel leaving at that time (except the government ships) for this coast, paying for this privilege \$100, arriving in San Francisco April, 1847. In two weeks after his arrival he proceeded to Los Angeles to take charge of the Southern department of the army, that place being the most important post in the county, as stationed there were two companies of U. S. dragoons, two companies of Stevenson's Regiment, and the Mormon battalion of six hundred men.

Upon the disbandment of the regiment, in August, 1848, Mr. Wadsworth established a trading post in the newly-discovered mines on the Mokelumne River. Early in 1849, having been successful, he established himself in the business of general merchandising in Stockton, which proved exceedingly remunerative. While there he was elected second alcalde, it being the first election held there. In about six months he sold out in Stockton, removed to San Francisco, and commenced the banking business in connection with S. W. Haight, on the northwest corner of Kearny and Washington Streets, which also proved successful.

In 1849, a day or two before the funeral obsequies of President Taylor took place, Mr. Wadsworth, in company with W. D. M. Howard, Sam Brannan, B. S. Lippencott, Talbot H. Green, the writer, and some others, were taking refreshments in Delmonico's Restaurant, on Montgomery Street near Washington, when Mr. Wadsworth proposed that they should join

the funeral procession, in a separate body, as *pioneers*. The suggestion was promptly adopted and carried out, and from this nucleus sprang the present Society of California Pioneers of San Francisco, of which Mr. Wadsworth may justly claim to be one of its real founders. Its constitution restricted its membership to those whose advent in California antedated the discovery of gold.

In 1851 Mr. Wadsworth was permanently connected with the original Vigilance Committee, whose action resulted in ridding the community of many unsavory characters, and bringing order, and respect for law, out of chaos.

He was one of the first organizers of the San Francisco Fire Department, and was a member of the first engine company, Empire No. 1, afterwards named Broderick, in honor of David C. Broderick, its first foreman.

In the winter of 1850 the banking firm was dissolved and Mr. Wadsworth embarked in real estate and general speculation, which business he followed successfully until 1859, when the rush to the newly-discovered silver mines in Nevada took place, and he at once went to Virginia City. He soon became largely interested in the Gould & Curry mine, and upon the incorporation of that property, in San Francisco, he was elected secretary. During his incumbency of that position, some four years, he disbursed some \$10,000,000, and his duties were performed with superior ability and to the great satisfaction and profit of the stockholders. In 1864 he resigned and retired from the secretaryship and made a visit to the Eastern States.

During the War of the Rebellion, Mr. Wadsworth was ardently loyal to the Union, and unstinted in effort and purse in everything tending to sustain the government.

In 1883 Mr. Wadsworth was appointed secretary of the State Board of Harbor Commissioners, which position he occupied until he was appointed by Governor Stoneman, insurance commissioner.

Like many other old pioneers, Mr. Wadsworth has met with many reverses, and although not now in possession of his wealth of former years, he can still be congratulated, by his host of friends, for the possession of unimpaired physical and mental energy.

Politically he is a sincere and consistent Democrat, with no sympathy or tolerance for party chicanery or trickery, and has never been a seeker of office. He ranks very high in Masonry. He is a life member of the Society of California Pioneers, a high-minded, honorable gentleman, a useful citizen, and a generous, loyal friend.

JOSEPH LIBBEY FOLSOM

Was a graduate of West Point and came to California in March, 1847, as captain and assistant quartermaster of Stevenson's Regiment. He subsequently became the first collector of the port of San Francisco under American rule. By judicious investment in real estate in San Francisco and elsewhere, and his purchase of the Leidesdorff estate, including the American River Rancho, the present site of the town of Folsom he became very wealthy.

He was a man of considerable personal dignity,

and, although always courteous, his manner did not invite familiar intercourse, but he always maintained an honorable status in the community.

He died at the Mission of San Jose, in 1855. His obsequies took place in San Francisco and were an imposing pageant.

GEORGE STONEMAN,

Born on the shores of Lake Chautauqua, Chautauqua County, State of New York, in the year 1822, was appointed a cadet at the military academy of West Point in 1842, and graduated in 1846, and was assigned to the first dragoons as a brevet second lieutenant, Company 6, of that regiment, and was detailed as acting assistant quartermaster of the Mormon battalion, *en route* to California, under command of Captain P. St. George Cook, arriving in California January, 1847, and was stationed at Los Angeles and Presidio, San Francisco, until August, 1848. From this time until the latter part of 1852 he was on campaigns against the Clear Lake, Goose Lake, Modoc, Coquille, Rogue River, and Yuma Indians. From May, 1853, to May, 1854, he was in command of escort to a railroad surveying expedition from Benicia, California, to San Antonio, Texas, and practically over the route of the present Central, Southern and Texas Pacific roads.

In 1855 he was promoted to captain of the second cavalry, a new regiment.

In this regiment were Colonel A. Sidney Johnson, Lieutenant-Colonel R. E. Lee, Major Hardie, and Captains Van Dorn, Smith, O'Hara, Bradfute, and

Evans, who all went South, and Major George A. Thomas and Captains Stoneman, Oaks, Palmer, Bracket, and Whiting, who all went North, upon the declaration of the War of the Rebellion.

From the early part of 1857 to the latter part of 1859 Captain Stoneman made an extensive tour through Europe. The breaking out of the Rebellion found Captain Stoneman in command of the frontier guard, stationed along the Rio Grande to protect the frontier against the raids of Mexican outlaws under Cortinas. Upon Twigg's surrender, Captain Stoneman seized a steamer and escaped, reaching Washington with his command intact, *via* Key West and Havana, and in time to act as advance cavalry guard across Long Bridge into Virginia, on the ever memorable night of May 23, 1861.

From this time on to the end of the late war he was, with two short intermissions, engaged in active service in the field, organizing cavalry regiments under McClellan, the Third Infantry Corps under Burnside, and the Cavalry Corps under Hooker. He was then called to Washington by Stanton, to organize a cavalry bureau for the supply of the whole army, with artillery and cavalry horses.

Having completed this organization, he applied to be ordered to duty in the West, and the President assigned him to the command of the Twenty-third Infantry Corps in East Tennessee; subsequently he was ordered to a cavalry command under General Thomas, which position he held until the end of the war. Upon the reorganization of the army after the close of the war, he was promoted to the rank of colonel of the

Twenty-first Infantry Regiment, brevet major-general regular army, and full major-general of volunteers, with headquarters at Petersburg, Virginia.

Upon the appointment of General Schofield as Secretary of War, by President Johnson, General Stoneman was appointed by the President as commander of military district No. 1, created by Congress, under the reconstruction laws. Of all the varied, important, and delicate duties which have devolved upon him to perform during his active and eventful life, none gave him more thought or more concern. How well they were performed, let those most interested, the people of Virginia, testify.

He was shortly after relieved from the command of that military district, and assigned to the command of the Department of Arizona. Upon assuming that command, General Stoneman issued an order to the troops under his control, inaugurating a "vigorous, persistent, and relentless warfare against all hostile Indians within the limits of his department." This was not in accord with the peace policy of the administration, which directed General Stoneman to observe, as expressed in the order, the use "of moral and religious influence in preference to the bloody remedy of war."

The general, during his term of command, had reduced expenses in Arizona from three million dollars a year to less than a million and a quarter, more than one-half, and consequently was in bad odor with the "Indian Ring" and the "Army Contractors," and the only way in which he could be "stopped in his mad career of reckless economy," as he termed it, was to secure his removal, by General Grant. This was the last military duty performed by General Stoneman.

In 1871, by his own application, he was placed on the retired list of the army, and he at once returned to California and settled on the beautiful farm in the valley of the San Gabriel, where he purposes to spend the remainder of his days. In 1876 General Stoneman was appointed by Governor Irwin a member of the Board of Railroad Commissioners of California, his colleagues being J. T. Doyle and Isaac Smith. In 1878 he was appointed by President Hayes a member of the National Board of Indian Commissioners, practically by a unanimous vote in his, the third railroad district. This position he held for three years, when, in 1882, he was elected Governor of California by an unprecedented popular majority.

As railroad commissioner, his firm, quiet, and unflinching integrity won the almost universal regard and approval of the people and so commended him to them that his nomination to the office of governor became, to his party, a political necessity. Although affiliating with the Democratic party, and elected to the highest office within the gift of the people of his State, still Governor Stoneman cannot be termed a partisan in a strictly political sense. In the language which we quote from an opposition political journal, the *Argonaut*, at the time of his nomination, "his whole life is an earnest of honorable purpose—he is a gentleman, soldier, scholar, and an honest man." During the political campaign which ensued, and his subsequent incumbency of the office of governor, he has not wholly escaped detraction and calumnies, and, at times, malignant criticism, but his integrity of purpose has never been impugned or questioned.

Governor Stoneman is still in possession of vigorous manhood, of imposing presence and dignified stature, modest and unassuming in deportment, a man of firm convictions, up to which he always acts.

PIERRE BARLOW CORNWALL

Was born in Delaware County, State of New York. He was educated in the common schools of the day. After leaving school, he was employed in a shipping and commission house in the city of Buffalo, New York.

From boyhood Mr. Cornwall was imbued with an adventurous spirit, and inspired by an intense desire to follow Horace Greeley's advice and go West.

The accounts of Fremont's expedition to California in 1845-46 so intensified his desire that he determined to immigrate to this coast as soon as his circumstances would permit. In obedience to this determination, in the spring of 1848 he was enabled to organize a little party of six, including a younger brother, at St. Joe, Missouri, from which place they started across the plains to California.

Mr. Cornwall had fully informed himself as to all the hazards and dangers of such a journey at that time, and to undertake it with such an insignificant force speaks volumes for the native intrepidity and indomitable character of the man; he had not even the incentive of the gold hunter, as he then had no knowledge of the discovery of gold in California.

After encountering, and safely overcoming, all the trials, hardships, and dangers, including hunger and thirst, heat and cold, attendant upon that wearying

journey, they at last arrived at Mormon Island in the latter part of August, 1848.

For a short time he turned his attention to mining, at which he met with but indifferent success.

Believing that the excitement then existing, and the reports of the fabulous wealth of the mines, would cause such an influx of immigration that large cities and towns must rapidly spring into existence around the Bay of San Francisco, and upon the banks of the Sacramento River, and that consequent trade and commerce must necessarily follow, and feeling that his early training and habits had fitted him more for mercantile pursuits than the rough life of a miner, he determined to leave the mines. He accordingly went to Sacramento, then in its infancy, and composed mostly of tents. He found everything booming; the people were wild with excitement; a perfect saturnalia reigned; gambling and speculation in town lots were epidemic, and there was such a plethora of gold-dust that everybody could indulge in every whim or caprice and every species of extravagance. Shortly after reaching Sacramento, he became a member of the firm of Priest, Lee & Co., who were engaged in the business of general merchandising and real estate. Everything in the shape of provisions and clothing, every article that could minister to the comfort or necessity of man, met with a ready sale at most exorbitant prices. The business was very successful in all its branches, and Mr. Cornwall retired from it ten years later with a fortune that would have satisfied most men of less activity and business energy.

In November, 1848, at San José, he was instru-

mental in calling a meeting for the purpose of considering the feasibility of forming a provisional government as a preparatory step towards Statehood. Judge O. C. Pratt addressed the meeting, and resolutions were passed, which were afterward affirmed at San Francisco and Sacramento. This action was the first step taken by the people looking towards State government, and it resulted in a call for a convention to form a State constitution.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Cornwall should be credited with having been a primary factor in the movement that culminated in the moulding of our glorious State.

Since 1858 Mr. Cornwall has been one of the leading business men of San Francisco. His principal business has been the development of the coal-mining interests of the coast. He has been the president of the Black Diamond Coal Mining Company for over twenty years. During his administration of the company's affairs, he has disbursed, in dividends, \$1,500,000. The company also own extensive coal fields on Green River, in the State of Washington.

He is president of the Bellingham Bay and British Columbia Railroad Company, now (1890) about completing the railroad from New Whatcom to connect with the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

He has also been the continuous president of the California Electric Light Company since its inception.

He was president of the Mechanics' Institute for eight years (1880-88). During his incumbency of that office, the library increased over ten thousand volumes, and the property of the institute enhanced in value over \$1,000,000.

He is a life member of the California Society of Pioneers, and was its president in 1865-66, and has been vice-president and director numerous times.

In politics Mr. Cornwall is a zealous Republican, and has served as chairman of the Republican State Central Committee several terms. During the War of the Rebellion he was a most ardent supporter of the government, contributing most generously to the Sanitary Commission and all patriotic funds.

He belongs to the Unitarian Church, but he is utterly untainted with bigotry, and, while conservative both in his religion and politics, he is neutral in nothing that conserves the public weal.

He has been frequently importuned to allow his name to be used for political office, but with two exceptions he has always refused. In 1849 he was elected to the city council in Sacramento, and later to the Assembly of the First Legislature, which position he resigned as soon as the Legislature had formulated the State government.

Mr. Cornwall was endowed by nature with an exceedingly vivacious and self-reliant disposition, and has retained his mental energy and physical vigor apparently undiminished to the present time. There is nothing phlegmatic or insouciant in his nature.

In deportment he is modest and unassuming; in conversation, terse without curtness. His innumerable charities have been unstinted and free from ostentation. He is a typical pioneer, and it is a real pleasure to the author to be able to chronicle to the world the lives of such men, who have been such important factors in the development, progress, and prosperity of California.

ORVILLE C. PRATT.

Orville C. Pratt was born in Ontario County, New York, April 24, 1819. During his boyhood and up to the age of eighteen he attended the ordinary schools of the day, as well as a classical and mathematical academy, and devoted the latter two years to the study of law. His attainments up to that period were sufficient to fit him for the United States Military Academy at West Point, to which institution he was appointed by President Jackson in 1837. After remaining there two years and finding purely military studies, aside from the mathematical branches, uncongenial to the analytical tendency of his mind, he resigned and resumed legal studies at Albany, New York, in the office of Samuel Stevens, a relative and then a distinguished jurist.

While at the military academy he had as classmates, or fellow-students, many who have since become famous and distinguished as great military leaders, amongst them Generals W. T. Sherman, Halleck, Ord, Lyon, J. F. Reynolds, Rodman, Longstreet, Hardee, Hill, Beauregard, Pope and McDowell.

He was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court of New York at its July term in 1840, and commenced the practice of his profession in Rochester. During the presidential campaign of the latter year, although but just verging into manhood, he became active and prominent in support of Martin Van Buren, the Democratic nominee. He canvassed the middle and western counties of New York and addressed numerous and large audiences.

Self-reliant and ardent in disposition, and imbued with an adventurous spirit, and believing in the trite saying, "Westward the star of empire takes its way," he determined to be in the van with those remarkable men who were destined to become the founders of future grand States and commonwealths in the then almost unknown regions of the far and mysterious West. Accordingly, in 1843, in his twenty-fourth year, he removed to Galena, Illinois, and there established himself in his profession, where he soon won rapid and flattering success. His reputation as a popular public speaker preceded him, and upon the nomination of Mr. Polk, in 1844, for the presidency, his services were in immediate demand and were zealously and successfully rendered. He canvassed the greater portion of Northern Illinois, and his speeches attracted the favorable notice of the prominent leaders of his party, and especially of the successful candidate, Mr. Polk.

In 1847 he was a prominent member of the convention which revised the constitution of the State of Illinois. Many of the distinguished men of that State were his colleagues, notably Judge Stephen T. Logan, the law partner of Abraham Lincoln and the Honorable David Davis, afterward an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, a United States Senator and President of the United States Senate.

In the spring of 1848, before the close of the Mexican War, at the request of the Honorable W. L. Marcy, Secretary of War, and of the President, he entered upon an expedition to California and Oregon *via* New Mexico. He left the frontier at Fort Leav-

enworth with a detachment of soldiers and arrived in Santa Fe in June, 1848, where he learned of the treaty of peace at Guadalupe Hidalgo. His journey was continued from there with a force of quartermaster's men furnished him, across the San Juan, Grand, and Green Rivers, and over the Wasatch Mountains to the Cajon Pass, and through it to Los Angeles.

His training and studies at West Point were of signal benefit in this expedition, as well as afterwards; as they had endowed him with habits of command and also prepared and fitted him for the many vicissitudes of a daring and dangerous life while crossing immense stretches of treeless plains, threading wild and hazardous cañons, fording rapid and swollen streams, and ascending and descending numerous mountains, all infested by wild and hostile Indians.

At Los Angeles he first heard of the discovery of gold at Coloma, near Sutter's Fort. Everybody was in a state of feverish excitement and wild with desire to get to the mines.

Shortly afterward he resumed his journey up the coast, passing through Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo to Monterey, where he met Lieutenants H. W. Halleck, W. T. Sherman, and E. O. C. Ord, some of his old fellow-cadets.

He left Monterey about the middle of November, 1848, and proceeded to San Jose, where, at the request of its leading inhabitants, he addressed a public meeting, called for the purpose of considering the necessity of establishing a temporary provisional government for the people until Congress should legislate in the matter. He met at that meeting P. B.

Cornwall, Myron Norton, and other well-known pioneers. It was the first public expression of the people upon that subject, and the resolutions then passed were afterward affirmed at public meetings both at San Francisco and Sacramento, and prompted the call for a convention to form a State constitution, which call was ratified by General Riley, the military governor of the Territory.

From San Jose he proceeded to Yerba Buena (now San Francisco), then containing a population of less than five hundred persons, whose principal center was the Plaza, so called, and now Portsmouth Square. Intense excitement everywhere pervaded the community. The first large receipts of gold had just commenced pouring in from the recently-discovered gold placers at Coloma. All was bustle and confusion; men in greasy buckskin garments, just returned from the mines, with pockets full of *chispas* (gold nuggets), were roaming around the streets, telling of the fabulous wealth lying scattered about in the diggings. Gambling, principally monte, was carried on openly in the drinking resorts, and gold lay in large quantities upon the gambling tables. Gold-dust was selling at \$10 per ounce in coin, and, taken in exchange for goods, at \$14 per ounce, while everybody seemed to have an abundance of it to be eager to gratify every obtainable and reckless desire, as well as to indulge in every whim and caprice, and almost wholly unconstrained by any correct sense of either moral or legal responsibility. Merchants were busy packing and forwarding goods and supplies to the mines; every comfort and necessity was at extrava-

gant prices; laborers and other help were almost impossible to obtain; clerks readily commanded \$16, and common laborers \$12 per day. It was simply the nucleus from which was to spread intense rays of excitement such as had never before been known, and incite people from all civilized countries to deeds of adventure and enterprise previously unparalleled.

But all this turmoil and alluring prospect of easy and rapid acquirement of wealth did not disturb for a moment the equanimity of Mr. Pratt, or deter or divert him from his governmental business or destination; hence, early in December, 1848, he sailed in the bark *Undine* for Oregon. On the twenty-sixth day out, after a tempestuous voyage, the vessel entered Shoal Water Bay in a violent snow-storm, after striking upon the sand bar several times at its entrance—it was the first vessel that had ever entered that body of water—and proved to be about forty miles north of the Columbia River. The passengers and crew divided into two parties; Mr. Pratt with one started for Baker's Bay and the Columbia. Each party encountered deep snow and endured much suffering; several were badly frozen, but all finally succeeded in reaching their several destinations without fatal injury.

Judge Pratt had already been appointed by President Polk Associate Justice of the Supreme and District Courts of Oregon, under the act of Congress of August 14, 1848. At the time of his arrival, the people of the Territory were in an unenviable condition, many of its able-bodied men having left for the recently-discovered California gold mines, and the Indians being numerous and hostile. The latter, but a short time

before, had massacred the missionaries and several settlers. The Territorial Organic law, and the officers appointed under it, were, up to that time, unknown to the inhabitants. The Governor, Joseph Lane, and the United States Marshal, Joseph L. Meek, did not arrive until the last of February, 1849, next following, and the Territorial government was first established by the Governor's proclamation, on the 3d of March succeeding. The chief justice, W. P. Bryant, and the secretary and collector of the Territory, arrived early in April after. At the first session of the Territorial Assembly, which convened at Oregon City, June, 1849, Judge Pratt administered the oath to its members.

The Supreme Court of the Territory then and there was organized and first held immediately after, and was composed of William P. Bryant, chief justice, and Judge O. C. Pratt, associate justice. Peter H. Burnett, who had also been appointed associate justice, being absent in California, and profitably employed, had declined to accept. The court so holden was the first judicial tribunal ever presided over west of the Rocky Mountains by judges having authority from the United States Government.

Judge Bryant's health soon becoming seriously impaired, he left Oregon and resigned, and thereupon the further organization and holding of the courts for the different counties, both federal and territorial, as well as the almost entire judicial labors of the Territory for nearly two years, fell wholly upon Judge Pratt; and, to his great credit, he usefully and faithfully devoted himself uncomplainingly to such needed public service.

Indian atrocities and depredations had just before then been painfully frequent. The massacre of Missionary Whitman and wife and several immigrants at Wailatpu in the fall of 1847 was still unpunished. The settlements were few, wide apart, and in exposed positions, inviting attack from the people's rapacious and savage foes.

There were neither soldiers, ammunition, nor arms in the Territory. The inhabitants, and especially the women and children, were in constant dread of an Indian outbreak, caused by departure for the gold mines of most of the able-bodied inhabitants, and a feeling of insecurity prevailed generally.

Judge Pratt tried, unaided, during those two years, many civil and criminal cases, involving numerous novel and interesting legal questions. Among the noted cases was the trial and conviction, at Oregon City, in May, 1850, of Teloikite, Tonohas, Clokomas, Isaiasheluckas, and Kianasumkin, the five leading Indian chiefs of the Territory, who were present and aided and abetted the massacre of Dr. Marcus Whitman, his wife, and eleven others, as before stated, at the Wailatpu Mission, near Walla Walla. The criminals were captured by the United States military in the fall of 1849, and delivered to the civil authorities at Oregon City. The trial created intense excitement and brought together people from all parts of the Territory. Knitzing Pritchetts, secretary of the Territory, who was counsel for the defense, by appointment of the judge, entered a special plea to the jurisdiction of the court, alleging that at the date of the massacre the laws of the United States had not been ex-

tended over Oregon. The ruling of the court was that, as the Act of Congress of June 30, 1834, regulating trade and intercourse with the Indian tribes and to preserve peace on the frontiers, declared all the territory of the United States west of the Mississippi and not within the States of Missouri and Louisiana and the Territory of Arizona, to be within the Indian country; and as the treaty of June 15, 1846, with Great Britain had settled that all of Oregon south of the forty-ninth parallel belonged exclusively to the United States, it followed that offenses committed within those limits, under that act, against the laws of the United States (murder being one of them), were punishable in the proper United States tribunals, the date of the establishment of the tribunal in which the defendants were sought to be punished was immaterial.

The indictment stated facts sufficient to show that a crime had been committed under the laws in force at the place of its commission; and the subsequent creation of a court in which a determination of the defendant's guilt or innocence could be had, was *of no consequence and could not deprive it of jurisdiction*. Exception to the ruling was taken; the trial proceeded, and the defendants were convicted and ordered to be hanged on a day set. A new trial was asked for and denied. Between the time of conviction and the day fixed for execution, the governor being absent from the capital, it was rumored that he was at the mines near Yreka, California. Acting upon this rumor, Pritchette, of counsel for the Indians and secretary of the Territory, announced that he

should, as *acting governor*, reprieve the Indians from execution until an appeal could be taken and heard by the Supreme Court at Washington. Learning of this, the people exhibited the greatest indignation. While at its height, Joseph L. Meek, the United States Marshal, called upon Judge Pratt for instructions as to how he should act in the event the secretary should take such action to prevent the execution. Judge Pratt promptly answered that, there being no actual or official evidence that Governor Lane was outside of the Territory, Secretary Pritchette would not be recognized as having any executive authority in the matter; and thereupon the judge directed the marshal to disregard all such assumption of power by the secretary, and to carry out the judgment of the court.

The secretary, restrained by the determined action of the judge, did not interfere; the marshal performed his duty; the execution took place at the time appointed, and the people greatly rejoiced.

The prompt and resolute attitude of Judge Pratt on that occasion caused universal satisfaction, and gave rise to the thought that such qualities would have rendered him distinguished in that career in life which he first contemplated adopting. Without doubt, many natural traits, both of character and deportment, that have characterized Judge Pratt in official and private life, were developed and strengthened by his two years' military training.

The administration of justice in those early days was characteristic of border life; the settlers generally were composed of rough, hardy, and honest people, unaccustomed to the restraints of society and statutory

law; their sense of justice, however crude, was clear that in its administration the qualities required in a judge must be such as to exact proper observance of the law, and at the same time win and retain their respect while discharging difficult duties. It is conceded that Judge Pratt happily possessed these requirements in a marked degree; and his whole course of judicial action was generally commended by the people, and emphatically approved by the government.

From the time of his first advent, in 1848, Judge Pratt had conceived a strong partiality for California, and had accustomed his mind to dwell upon it as his future permanent home, but his judicial duties in Oregon delayed his carrying out this desire. Judicious investments in lands and city property in Oregon and elsewhere having proved fortunate, and his increase of pecuniary means having become, in the fall of 1855, very considerable, he determined to remove permanently to California. He was highly esteemed generally by the people of Oregon, and had formed lasting friendships with many of the most prominent inhabitants, so much so that when his intention to leave became known there was much remonstrance against such determination, and he was importuned by many to remain and permit their efforts to be made to secure for him the position of United States Senator, on the admission of Oregon as a State, but he declined.

Shortly after his arrival in California, he took in as a partner Alexander Campbell, Sr., in the practice of law in San Francisco, and rapidly acquired a numerous and lucrative clientage. After three years the partnership was dissolved, and the governor soon

after appointed his late partner judge of the Twelfth Judicial District Court.

In the meantime Judge Pratt had invested \$55,000 of the capital he had brought with him from Oregon in the purchase of the Aguas Frias Rancho in Butte and Colusa Counties, containing six leagues of rich bottom-land, which now constitutes a valuable estate, and was devoted for several years to the raising of horses, cattle, and sheep, but latterly to the extensive cultivation of wheat. During the last twenty-five years more than one hundred miles of fence have been constructed on the property, besides a rancho residence and suitable out-houses, and many houses and barns for tenants, and from it he derives an ample income. The possession of this estate still (1890) remains mainly to himself and former wife.

Judge Pratt has also made investments in real estate in San Francisco, including his elegant home on the southeast corner of Sutter and Jones Streets, where he has surrounded himself and family with every comfort of domestic life, as well as with many of the luxuries and refinements of art and literature which the refined taste of his family and a liberal mind could supply.

When the judge took possession of his rancho, in 1859, the country was sparsely settled, and was in almost a virgin state. The settlers were mostly from Missouri, Illinois, and other Western States, where one hundred and sixty acres of land was generally the extent of the holdings, and had peculiar views about the claimants of large Mexican grants, and were disposed to settle upon any land found vacant, regardless

of the actual ownership. This led to serious difficulties, which frequently culminated in bloodshed. His Mexican grant was not an exception, but his treatment of the illegal settlers upon it, and his intercourse with them, were characterized by so much prudence, consideration, and justice, that a conflict between him and them never occurred; and finally his title and right of possession were conceded and acquiesced in. It was an exceptional result as compared with most similar cases.

In November, 1863, Judge Pratt was elected judge of the Twelfth Judicial District Court of the city and county of San Francisco for six years. At the expiration of his term, he declined a renomination.

In 1869, unsolicited, and without his desire or consent, he was nominated by the Republican party for one of the supreme judges of the State, but that year the whole Republican judicial ticket was defeated by the Democratic nominees.

On the bench Judge Pratt's conduct was marked by a firm and quiet dignity that repelled any undue or improper levity or familiarity, but which at the same time won and retained the respect of the legal fraternity.

In recent years he has been an extensive traveler, having, with his family, spent two years, from the summer of 1880, in Europe, and again by himself in 1885-86.

In politics Judge Pratt has always been an ardent and zealous Democrat, but never in an active partisan sense in California. Upon the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, he promptly and at once

manifested his adhesion and devotion to the Union. He immediately identified himself with the Union League, and contributed generously and unstintedly to the sanitary and other funds.

He belongs to no religious sect or denomination, but greatly respects the Christian religion. He is tolerant to all beliefs and a bigot in none. He is liberal, without invidious distinction, to all organizations which tend to the elevation and improvement of society, and the advancement and welfare of the whole community. He is a life member of the Society of California Pioneers. He is rightly ranked among our opulent citizens, and it is gratifying to his numerous friends that the evening of his days may be passed free from the turmoil, cares, and anxieties of active business pursuits.

During his judicial career he was often called upon to adjudicate cases of great magnitude and much interest. Litigants gracefully acquiesced in his decisions, knowing they were founded upon a conscientious and carefully-considered interpretation of the law, as well as a scrupulous regard for justice. Their integrity was never questioned.

In the conduct of his private affairs Judge Pratt brought to bear the same practical abilities that had distinguished him in official life, and through their aid he has been enabled to accumulate wealth sufficient not only to assure bountiful provision and comfort to those bound to him by ties of marriage and consanguinity, but to satisfy in other respects his generous impulses. His wealth is not of sudden growth, nor the result of fortuitous speculation; it has been ac-

quired by years of energy, enterprise, and unremitting attention to his business, aided by unceasing labor in an arduous profession.

Judge Pratt is still in the possession of a vigorous and healthy manhood, with body and mind apparently unimpaired by the advance of years. In person he is erect, active, and of winning presence. In deportment his manner is dignified, without being austere, and he is possessed of unusual conversational powers, which render social intercourse with him both entertaining and instructive. His hand is ever prompt in generous response to the really deserving and needy; and especially is this the case toward those of his pioneer compatriots, who have been early overtaken by the effects of age, decrepitude, or adversity.

Among those who were prominent in the early history of San Francisco and immediate vicinity, in 1846-47, whose biographies, in *extenso*, are omitted herein, the writer recalls the following names, who, with the biographies already given, constituted a very large proportion of the entire male population of San Francisco in those years, exclusive of the native population.

In writing these biographies it has been impossible to entirely avoid iteration. There is such a great similarity and analogy in the lives of these early pioneers that a truthful portrayal has rendered frequent repetition and tautology a necessity.

It has been a pleasant and grateful task to the writer to be able to say so many kind things of these compatriots of his youth, and if at times the warmth of his feelings has lent a glow to his words, it has not

been at the expense of strict truth and justice, and must be attributed to the tender recollections that still cluster around the memories of many of them.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON

Arrived in California on an English whaler in 1822. He traded up and down the coast for several years, making his home in San Gabriel, in Southern California. In 1835 he removed north and assisted in founding Sonoma. He took up his residence in Yerba Buena (San Francisco) and erected the first building in the town. He was the first pilot in the bay. He shortly after bought the Sausalito Rancho. He was for a time in 1837 captain of the port, and again in 1846-47, under Stockton. He finally removed permanently to Sausalito, where he died in 1856.

WILLIAM HEATH DAVIS.

Mr. Davis came from Boston originally; he traded between California and the Hawaiian Islands frequently. He is a descendant of an honorable and distinguished family of Massachusetts, and among his ancestors were General William Heath, a Revolutionary soldier, and Oliver Holmes, of Plymouth, after whom Oliver Wendell Holmes was named.

During the times immediately preceding the conquest, and after, he was one of the most prominent merchants both in trading up and down the coast and in San Francisco. He has recently published a book entitled "Sixty Years in California," which includes his whole manhood's career, and which the writer cheerfully affirms to be highly honorable and truthful. He now resides in Oakland.

NATHAN SPEAR

Was born in Boston. His permanent residence in California dates back to 1832. In 1845, 1846, and 1847 he was a prominent business man in San Francisco, where he died in 1849.

WILLIAM STURGIS HINCKLEY.

Mr. Hinckley was a native of Massachusetts. His permanent residence in California dates from 1832. He was at one time alcalde of Yerba Buena (San Francisco) and also captain of the port, where he died in 1846.

JEAN JACQUES VOIGET

Was a native of Switzerland. He was a sailor, and also had some knowledge of civil engineering. He made the first survey of the fifty-vara portion of the town. The writer has no knowledge of the time or place of his death.

JOHN PATY

Was prominently identified with the history of California and San Francisco from 1837 up to the time of his death, which took place at Honolulu in 1868. He was a sea captain, and was noted for the numerous voyages he had made from Honolulu to San Francisco, and for the good fortune that always attended them.

ROBERT T. RIDLEY

Was an English sailor. He arrived in California in 1840. He became a Mexican citizen and married into a native family. He was a busy and well-known character, and was generally popular. He built the

Leidesdorff cottage, on the southwest corner of Montgomery and California Streets, where the Stevenson Block now stands, and at that time (1847) the farthest house out of town.

PETER SHERREBECK

Arrived in San Francisco by sea in 1840. He was a Dane. He married a sister of John Sullivan. In 1847 he was a member of the town council and town collector.

JOSEPH P. THOMPSON

Is a native of Boston. He came to California in 1839, as supercargo of the ship *Joseph Peabody*. He was well and favorably known in early times, and at one time quite wealthy in real estate in San Francisco. In 1884 he had the misfortune to lose a limb by a street-car accident. He still resides in San Francisco.

HENRY F. TESCHEMACHER

Arrived in California in 1842. He was a clerk and supercargo of a Boston trading ship. At one time in more recent years he was mayor of San Francisco. He is a man of wealth, and his place of residence is still San Francisco, although the greater portion of his time is passed in travel abroad.

WILLIAM M. SMITH,

Popularly known as "Jim Crow" Smith, came to California in 1845. He had been connected with a circus and negro minstrelsy. He was a member of the mercantile firm of Ward & Smith. He committed suicide at Martinez in 1854.

FRANCIS HOEN

Came to California in 1845 with the writer. He was at one time a large property holder.

JOHN KITTLEMAN.

John Kittleman and his two sons, George and Thomas, came to California in the *Brooklyn* with Brannan in 1846. They kept the Portsmouth House for a while.

ELBERT P. JONES,

From Kentucky, arrived in 1846 overland. He married a daughter of John Kittleman. He was first editor of the *Star* newspaper, was a member of the town council, and owned a great deal of property. He was one of the most noted characters in the community. He left about 1850, taking with him what was considered at the time great wealth, some \$200,000 in gold-dust. He died in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1852.

JAMES LICK

Came to California in December, 1847. So many sketches and biographies have been written of Mr. Lick that I only mention his date of arrival.

W. FRANK WARD

Arrived on the *Brooklyn*, was a member of the firm of Ward & Smith, and for a while was acting alcalde. He was drowned at sea sometime in the 70's.

JOHN C. BUCHANAN

Arrived in 1846 overland from Kentucky. He was a member of Fremont's battalion, was a large owner

of town lots, in 1847 was alcalde's clerk with Alcaldes Bryant and Hyde, and was altogether a most worthy and honorable man. He still resides in San Francisco, in reduced circumstances and feeble health.

BENJAMIN R. BUCKELEW

Arrived in 1846 overland from New York. He had a jewelry store on Clark's Point in 1847, and was also engaged somewhat in journalism. He owned many town lots, and also claimed Point San Quentin Rancho, and died there in 1859.

ALFRED J. ELLIS,

Of New York, came from Honolulu in 1847. He kept a boarding house, was a member of the town council in 1849, and also member of the District Legislative Assembly, and first constitutional convention. He was at one time rich, but died several years ago very poor.

JAMES C. WARD,

Brother of W. Frank, came with Stevenson. He was wagon master and clerk to Folsom. At one time he was quite wealthy. He was a notary public in 1878-79. Mr. Ward was a man of some literary attainment, had traveled extensively, and was polished in manner. He died in Massachusetts in 1883.

ALEXANDER G. ABELL,

Born in New York, came to California in 1847 from Honolulu. He was a member of the State Senate, president of the Society of California Pioneers, and for a great many years, and up to the time of his death, grand secretary of the Grand Lodge of Masons in California. He died in San Francisco in 1891, honored and respected.

JOHN B. FRISBIE,

Born in the State of New York, came to California as a captain in Stevenson's Regiment. He married the eldest daughter of General Vallejo. He was for many years a prominent banker in Vallejo, and was always a very enterprising and honorable man. He has been oftentimes wealthy, but met with many serious reverses. He is now living in Mexico, and the writer indulges the fervent hope that he is meeting with the success he so much deserves.

DOCTOR WILLIAM C. PARKER

Was born in the State of New York. He also came with Stevenson's Regiment, as assistant surgeon. He was in 1848 in mercantile business with Samuel Norris, and afterwards in the real-estate business with Colonel Stevenson. He has been for many years a prominent stockbroker, and made and lost many fortunes. In early days no man was more popular. He is a man of a high order of intellect and most genial temperament. He is now residing in Santa Cruz, in reduced circumstances, the writer sadly fears, and with impaired health.

THADDEUS M. LEAVENWORTH

Was born in Connecticut. He was educated in medicine and theology, but has long since ceased the practice of either profession. He came with Stevenson's Regiment as chaplain. He was second alcalde in 1847 and first alcalde in 1848-49. He removed many years ago to Sonoma County, where he still resides, in age and feebleness.

FRANCIS J. LIPPETT,

Born in Rhode Island, came as captain in Stevenson's Regiment. He was one of the earliest lawyers in San Francisco, was president of the San Francisco District Legislative Assembly, and a member of the first Constitutional Convention. In the War of the Rebellion he was colonel of the Second Infantry, and was breveted a brigadier-general for meritorious services. He is now residing in Washington, District of Columbia.

DOCTOR VICTOR J. FOURGEAND

Came overland in 1847 with his wife and child. He was a noted physician in San Francisco in 1847, 1848, and 1849, where he died in 1875.

GRIMES.

Eliab and Hiram Grimes, uncle and nephew, were quite extensive importing merchants in San Francisco in 1847-48.

CHARLES L. ROSS

Came in 1847, in the bark *Whiton*, with a cargo of goods, and was one of the firm of Ross, Benton & Co., prominent merchants in 1847, 1848, and 1849.



SEAL STATE OF CALIFORNIA.



SEAL PIONEER SOCIETY.

The Argonauts.

The term "argonauts" has had such common acceptance on all sides for its manifest appropriateness that I make use of it as an introductory designation of "the men of '49," in contradistinction to those who came to California before the discovery of gold. I trust that no reader of mine will so misinterpret my motive in using this term in this connection as to infer that I make this as an invidious distinction. Such a thought, much less such an intention, has never found lodgment in my mind.

I give precedence to those who sought out California while yet it remained in the undisturbed repose of pastoral quietude, because there can be no doubt that they came here simply seeking new homes, and had voluntarily sundered all the ties which bound them to their birthplaces and their kindred, from that motive alone.

Per contra, the argonauts were inspired, like Jason, their ancient prototype, by the sole desire and thought of securing their share of the "golden fleece" which awaited their coming, and having no other thought or intention for the future than a return to the old homes when that was accomplished, to spend their days and their substance thus secured in peace and prosperity. They intentionally sundered no home ties permanently,

but left behind them near and dear ones to await their return and share the proceeds of their venture. Few there are among all this great army of gold hunters who will not frankly admit that such was the true motive under which they acted, and such the fair line of demarcation which makes them distinctive from the earlier comers.

What "the men of '49" did, what they accomplished as founders of a new State, as organizers of civil government, as developers of the unbounded resources of this great empire—aided always, let it be said to the credit of both, by those who had preceded them, but who would have been comparatively helpless without them—must be set down in golden characters in history to their eternal credit, and be everlastingly cherished by a grateful posterity.

The simple truth is that the argonauts found, as their predecessors had found, a land literally "flowing with milk and honey," instead of an arid waste whose natural resources were exhausted when her harvest of gold had been gathered. So, therefore, they set about laying broad and deep the foundations of civil and religious liberty, by the establishment here of the American form of government, and perpetuating their dream of "the golden fleece" which had brought them hither by its perennial re-incarnation in the waving harvests of golden grain to annually replenish the golden rivers which should flow forever into the boundless ocean of the commerce of the world. Thus they became argonauts in fact as well as in name. Thus they sought and found the "golden fleece;" thus, if they went out wool gathering, they did not come back shorn.

Holding this view, as I do, of these "men of '49," I give them this place and this distinction here, because, as it seems to me, I confer upon them greater honor by thus noting their true place in California history than if I blended their lives with all the earlier comers, and left no other record of the great work which they accomplished than that which a common narrative of all would embrace.

If the early comers were the true pioneers, the argonauts were the men who made the California of to-day an accomplished fact, and thus left to their posterity a legacy of lasting reverence and honor.

Neither has the writer been actuated by any feeling of invidiousness in limiting the number of sketches to so few of the numerous admirable characters constituting the class referred to, whose names would add luster and honor to these pages. He has never importuned or solicited anyone to allow the use of their names in this work, but has simply confined himself to those whose honorable careers he is familiar with, and who may be justly termed the founders, in California, of the different vocations and enterprises with which they have been connected.

LOUIS SLOSS.

In company with Dr. R. H. McDonald, Dr. Swift, formerly mayor of Sacramento, and other well-known old Californians, there came to Sutter's Fort, on the 13th of September, 1849, a young Bavarian, who, however obscure and unknown at that period, has since risen to be respected throughout the State of California. Indeed, it may be said at the outset that

few among the argonauts have passed through the long years of strange experience and vicissitudes that have since intervened with fewer enmities and more generous acquirement of lifelong friendship than Louis Sloss. For his name, wherever it is spoken among the wide circle of friends who know him, lingers lovingly upon lips that have learned by bitter experience to speak harshly of others but too often, but always with kindly words of Louis Sloss.

Born in Bavaria in 1823, Mr. Sloss came to America to force his fortunes for himself, rather than lean upon family help—prosperous as his family were—in the old and overcrowded community in which he had been reared. Well educated, ambitious and self-reliant, he made his way westward and settled first in Mackville, Kentucky. Here he opened a country store and began his active career in 1845, doing a thriving and prosperous business until 1848, when the immigration to California consequent upon the gold discovery gathered him into its ranks and set him on his march still farther westward, once more. Located as he was in Kentucky, the route “across the plains” was the popular and most attractive one in that region, and young Sloss promptly set forward on the long journey in the spring of 1849. He reached Sutter’s Fort, as has already been stated, early in September, and began his career in California, that has since ripened into widespread usefulness, and brought to him well-earned and well-deserved prosperity. Commencing the general merchandise business in Sacramento, soon after his arrival, he soon made for himself an honored name among business men, and acquired their con-

fidence and respect. He continued to do a prosperous business in Sacramento until the great flood of 1861, when, meeting with heavy losses by reason of that unavoidable disaster, he removed to San Francisco in the following December.

The excitement growing out of the silver discoveries in Nevada was gaining in intensity, and Mr. Sloss foresaw opportunities of a more alluring character than existed in merchandising. He obtained a seat in the San Francisco Stock Board, and was not long in acquiring a commanding position as a leading stockbroker in this then active and important market. He continued in this business until 1868, when the subject of the Alaska seal fisheries engaged his attention and soon concentrated all his thoughts and energies in the study of their occupation and development.

To open up and put in active operation so great an enterprise as these "fisheries" have since proved to be, required the right man to organize and lay foundations for its permanent success, and in Louis Sloss the right man was, fortunately for himself and all who were subsequently interested with him, readily found. He went to Washington and negotiated the lease from the government which passed the control of this great monopoly into the hands of the Alaska Commercial Company, which company took possession of the islands in Alaskan waters thus ceded to them, in 1870, and began operations, with twenty years of security in the exercise of the authority thus reposed in them.

Mr. Sloss was a director of the company for many years, from which he passed to its presidency, where

he has since remained. Always the moving spirit, the wise adviser, the calm and prudent influence which guided its fortunes to the marvelous degree of financial success which it achieved, Mr. Sloss earned and acquired a reputation as a man of business and financial ability such as few men have ever enjoyed in this or any other community. Literally, it may be said that his name in financial matters has become "a tower of strength," and to permit it to be used for the establishment of a new banking or other financial business enterprise is on all sides regarded as an assurance of success.

If Mr. Sloss has thus established a successful reputation as a man of affairs, he has, meanwhile, in his domestic and social surroundings, earned an equal measure of respect and recognition in the community among whom he has for so many years claimed his home. He was married, in 1855, to Miss Sarah Greenbaum. Writing of his domestic life and surroundings, with a delicate appreciation of the duty thus undertaken, it would be a lack of honest and outspoken frankness not to say that during the thirty-six years of married life which have since followed, the home of Louis Sloss has been a model of domestic happiness such as it is given to but few to enjoy. In the constant, uninterrupted, and devotional love of husband, wife, and children, which has always made his home radiant with the sunshine of its presence, there is a picture of domestic bliss which might well move a soul inspired with genius of true art, to a work that should command the admiration of the world. For his has, indeed, been, and, happily, still is, a home where family love and home

virtues have been the dominating motives of existence; whose doors have given welcoming opening to every influence that adds to life's honest enjoyment, and have sternly shut out the vulgar vanities which make of social existence a palace of frivolous display, embellished with a false veneering of worldly ostentation. It has been a home where the example and influence of an accomplished and loving mother, with that of a worthy father, has shone with conspicuous luster along the paths of virtue and rectitude which she has taught her children to tread. In their now early man and womanhood their children live to honor both father and mother in the fullness of the faith and monition which has been handed down to them from the tribal teachings of the people from whom they proudly claim descent, thereby earning the reward of the promise that their "days shall be long in the land."

Six children have been born to them, five of whom still gather around the family board upon every festive family occasion. Two sons, well known and honored as rising and promising citizens, are in business with their father. One is employed in a capacity of trust in a local bank. The youngest son is pursuing his studies in the Harvard Law School, while the only daughter is married to Mr. Lilienthal, one of San Francisco's most solid merchants.

In every benevolent and public enterprise Mr. Sloss has ever been a prominent and active worker. With his sons he is a life member of the Society of California Pioneers, of which he has been a director, and in 1884-85 was its president. He was a member of the Building Committee under whose supervision

the new Pioneer Hall was erected in 1884. In every capacity of responsibility and trust he has earned no word of disparagement, always fulfilling every duty thus assigned to him with rectitude and honor.

CAIUS TACITUS RYLAND.

The subject of this sketch is probably as well and favorably known in the State of California, at this time (1890), as any man within its borders.

He was born June 30, 1826, in Howard County, Missouri. He is a descendant from a most estimable and respectable ancestry in the Old Dominion. His father, John F. Ryland, emigrated at the early age of seven years, with his own widowed mother, to Kentucky, and settled near Richmond, where he married Miss Martha Barnett. In 1820 or 1821 they removed to Howard County, Missouri. In 1831 his father, having received the appointment of circuit judge, removed to Lexington, Lafayette County, Missouri, which position he filled with great honor for many years, and until he was elected supreme judge of the State. He served in that capacity until age and feeble health compelled him to relinquish its duties. He was one of Missouri's most honored and eminent citizens, and lived and died a staunch Unionist.

Young Mr. Ryland was educated at Lexington, in the ordinary schools of the day. He was always a student, and, although the schools of those days did not afford the facilities of the schools of the present time, yet, by his studious habits, he perfected himself in the knowledge of law, and afterwards adopted that profession.

Upon receiving the news of the discovery of gold in California, Mr. Ryland, being imbued with a spirit of adventure, and having, as will be seen, legitimately inherited that element or character from his father, at once determined to emigrate hither, and accordingly he was among the very first, arriving about July 30, 1849.

Shortly after his arrival he was appointed, by General B. Riley, military governor of the territory, clerk of the Court of First Instance at San Francisco, which position he held with credit until the autumn of that year, when he removed to San Jose, and commenced the practice of law, which he pursued with marked success.

Upon the election and induction into office of Peter H. Burnett, as the first governor of the State of California, Mr. Ryland accepted the office of private secretary to that gentleman, which office he occupied until Governor Burnett resigned. Mr. Ryland then resumed the practice of his profession, and has constantly resided in San Jose since that time.

He was identified in the inception, building, and completing of the wagon road across the Sierra Madre de Santa Cruz to the town of Santa Cruz, to which enterprise he gave his time and professional services gratuitously.

He was one of the promoters of the first railroad built in the State, from San Francisco to San Jose, and was a director and attorney for that company until its sale to the Central Pacific Company.

Mr. Ryland, although a zealous and earnest Democrat, was never a violent partisan, and never a seeker

of office, but his universally-recognized probity and purity of character have rendered the frequent use of his name, in connection with official position, almost a political necessity to his party.

In 1855 he was elected to the Lower House of the Legislature, and again in 1867, and was elected speaker of that session. In the first session Mr. Ryland reported, as chairman of the Committee on Internal Improvements, the bill to build a wagon road across the Sierra Nevada Mountains, for the relief of the pioneers and emigrants of that day, which had been introduced by Mr. Farwell, and the bill was passed.

In 1876 he was chairman of the Democratic State convention, and in the following session of the Legislature he became a prominent candidate for United States Senator, which the writer believes was the only office Mr. Ryland had ever seriously coveted or aspired to, and which was certainly a laudable and honorable ambition. Not being able to win it by his merit, he has no regret at losing it without a fault.

He was elected twice to national Democratic conventions, and in 1888 was one of the vice-presidents of the convention that nominated Mr. Cleveland for President.

He was appointed by Governor Low, though differing in politics, one of the commissioners to locate the State University. While speaker of the Assembly, Mr. Dwinelle introduced a bill to organize that institution, and Mr. Ryland appointed the latter gentleman chairman of that committee, and, out of compliment, was himself made a member of it, and was afterwards made one of the first directors of the University.

He was appointed, by Governor Haight, one of the trustees of the State Normal School, located in San Jose, and served as such until Governor Perkins was elected, when he resigned, although Governor Perkins tendered him a renewal of his term.

He was one of the organizers of the first agricultural society in the State, *i. e.*, the Santa Clara Agricultural Society, of which he is a life member.

He is a life member of the California Society of Pioneers, and has been three times elected one of its vice-presidents, almost without opposition, and, if a resident of San Francisco, would undoubtedly quickly receive the honor of becoming its president.

In 1851 he espoused Miss Letitia M. Burnett, daughter of the first governor of the State of California, by whom he had issue nine children, six boys and three girls, eight of whom survive. He has given them all a most liberal education. Having himself experienced the importance of legitimate occupation, he has trained all his boys to honorable vocations and professions. All have become life members of the California Society of Pioneers.

Mr. Ryland practiced law many years in the city of San Jose, with a success far exceeding his early anticipations. By sterling integrity, and a strict attention to the duties of an arduous profession, his worldly possessions steadily increased in magnitude, until the management required his exclusive attention, and he was obliged to reluctantly discontinue the practice of a profession that had been so congenial to him.

In addition to his management of his private affairs, much of his time in the last few years has been occu-

pied in the banking business, in which he has quite a large capital embarked.

His health being impaired, it is gratifying to his numerous friends to know that his wealth enables him to discontinue active business pursuits.

Mr. Ryland belongs to several societies whose objects are exclusively charitable, to which he devotes much of his time and generous bounty. In deportment he is dignified, without being austere; in conversation, intelligent, frank, and exceedingly genial.

It is to such men that California is indebted for its settlement, development, and prosperity, and to whom the pioneers may point with just pride, and indulge in the fervent wish that his useful citizenship may be spared to them for many, many years.

WILLARD BRIGHAM FARWELL.

Few names are more familiar to the hearing of old residents of San Francisco than the one that heads this sketch. No surnames are more ancient and honored, in the annals of Massachusetts, than those of Farwell and Brigham.

He is both paternally and maternally of English descent. The family lineage and residence, in Massachusetts, can be traced in an unbroken and untarnished line from 1635, which fact is published in the genealogical history of New England, his paternal ancestor, according to that publication, having been Henry Farwell, who settled at what is now Concord, Massachusetts, in 1635. His maternal ancestor was Thomas Brigham, who came over in the ship *Susan and Ellyn*, which sailed from London April 18, 1635; he settled at Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1637.

On his father's side several of his ancestors were active participants in the early Indian war which devastated the Massachusetts settlements. One of them, Lieutenant Farwell, was second in command under Captain Lovewell, the famous Indian fighter of that time, and was the only survivor of the last battle fought by that redoubtable hero and his command, which forms one of the most thrilling events in early Massachusetts history.

His great grandfather, on his mother's side, was a soldier in the War of the Revolution. He served throughout that great contest, fought at Saratoga, and witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne at the close of that memorable encounter. His diary of events which transpired in that campaign, in the handwriting of the old soldier, is still preserved, a cherished heirloom in the family.

Willard Brigham Farwell was born at Marlborough, Massachusetts, January 29, 1829. His father was a well-known Massachusetts lawyer of the old school, a graduate of Harvard, and a classmate of Caleb Cushing and other distinguished men. Educated at the academical institutions of his native place, he was prepared to enter Harvard University, when, financial embarrassments occurring to his father, he determined to carve out his future in another direction. He went to Boston and engaged himself as bookkeeper in a large iron house in that city. He was so employed when the "gold fever" broke out.

In connection with Timothy Rix, an old merchant of Boston, he organized the first company for California, and was made its secretary. They bought the

fine Medford-built ship *Edward Everett*, fitted her out with a full cargo of provisions, lumber, machinery, and frame for a steamboat, and sailed from Boston for San Francisco on the 12th of January, 1849, being the first ship that left Boston for California after the gold was discovered.

He arrived at San Francisco on the 6th of July, 1849. The ship was taken to Benicia, where the new steamboat was put together and launched, and, under the name of *The Pioneer*, started for Sacramento on or about the 15th day of August, 1849. She was the first steamboat that ever broke the waters of the Sacramento River. Mr. Farwell was a passenger on board.

Like nearly every member of the argonauts, he went to "the diggings," first to the Mokelumne River, and then to Bidwell's Bar, on the Feather. He returned to San Francisco in the early winter, remaining until the latter part of January. Then, in company with William V. Wells, he loaded a large surfboat with tools and provisions, and set sail for the San Joaquin River. This river they ascended as far as the mouth of the Tuolumne, ascending that stream to Tuolumne City. From there he went to Wood's Creek, in which vicinity he remained until August, 1850, mining with poor success.

In company with a brother and one companion, they packed all their worldly possessions on the back of a donkey, and after ten days' travel, on foot, reached San Jose Mission, where they engaged in farming until 1852, when Mr. Farwell returned to San Francisco, and in connection with Frank M. Pixley, L. R. Lull, P. P. Hull, and William V. Wells, engaged in

the publication of the San Francisco *Daily Whig*. In March of the following year Mr. Farwell went to Acapulco and across Mexico to arrange for transmission of news for the paper. He returned the same year and continued in journalism until 1855, when he was elected to the Assembly from San Francisco. While a member of that body, he introduced several important measures which became laws, among which was the first law enacted for the suppression of public gambling, which closed up all public gambling saloons, and is still the law of the land. In the following year he was nominated for the State Senate by the Whig party, but was defeated by David Mahony, the Democratic nominee.

He was made editor-in-chief of the *Alta California*, and retained that position until 1861.

Mr. Farwell having been an active and earnest Republican, he was appointed by President Lincoln the first Republican naval officer of the port of San Francisco, and entered upon the discharge of its duties in April, 1861.

Mr. Farwell was chairman of the Building Committee of the Society of California Pioneers in the erection of their building on Montgomery Street, and delivered the oration at the laying of its corner-stone. He was also elected president of that society for 1863-64.

During his term as naval officer such extensive frauds upon the revenue were discovered by him that he was ordered to Europe to represent the government there in taking testimony in condemnation suits then pending in the United States District Court in San

Francisco, all of which were prosecuted to a successful termination by reason of his efforts. At the expiration of his term of office he was appointed resident agent of the United States Treasury Department in Europe.

In April, 1866, he left for Europe with his roving commission, and with instruction from the Secretaries of the State and Treasury Departments to all Ministers and Consuls to give to him every aid and assistance in the prosecution of his duties. He remained in Europe upon this duty until 1871, when he resigned and returned to New York.

He was shortly after appointed general superintendent of the North Atlantic Express Company, having headquarters in New York, London, and Paris. Mr. Farwell's duties were principally abroad. He severed his connection with this company in 1875, when he returned to New York.

In 1881 he returned to San Francisco, and engaged in mining and other business operations. Soon after returning to San Francisco, the renewal of old associations induced him to re-enter active participation in politics, and he soon became a member of the Republican County Committee and chairman of that body. He also became a member of the State Central Executive Committee.

He was appointed chairman of the new Pioneer Building on Fourth Street, and delivered the oration at the laying of its corner-stone.

He was elected a member of the Board of Supervisors in 1884, of which body he was the commonly-acknowledged leader, and most influential member.

His course in that body was marked by a progressive spirit, and his advocacy of public improvements has since come to be universally acknowledged as a policy which ought to have been long ago inaugurated in San Francisco, and which is now one of the most popular measures before the public.

In 1865 Mr. Farwell espoused Miss Fannie M. Jones, a most estimable and accomplished young lady. They have had issue two children, a daughter and son. The daughter, Edith, born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in Germany, September 17, 1867, is the first child born in direct descent, on both father's and mother's side, out of Middlesex County, Massachusetts, since 1635.

Mr. Farwell is a man of the highest literary attainments, both as a journalist and essayist. He has written largely for prominent periodicals of the day, the *Forum*, the *Popular Science Monthly*, the *Century Magazine*, the *Overland Monthly*, and others, and many of his articles have been extensively and always favorably commented upon by the leading journals of the country. He has positive traits of character, with the courage of his convictions, is independent in thought, utterly free from bigotry, and kindly charitable to all beliefs and creeds.

DAVID JACKSON STAPLES

Was born in Medway, Massachusetts, May 3, 1824. He is a direct descendant of old Puritan stock of Massachusetts. The old records of that State show the gallant services of one of his ancestors, John Staples, in King Philip's War, in 1660.

His parents were in very moderate circumstances, and his childhood days were passed amidst want and honest struggle. At the early age of eleven years he became the architect of his own future; he took employment in a cotton mill, in which he continued two years, and until factory life had become utterly distasteful to him, and he resolved to seek employment upon a farm where he could work for his board and clothing, with the privilege of three months' schooling in the year. He was soon fortunate in making such an arrangement with a kind-hearted farmer, who also gave him the privilege of making a little money by cutting wood and picking berries, which enabled him to help his little sisters.

He remained in this situation for three years, during which time he had laid the foundation of a fair English education, which his mind had become imbued with an intense desire of acquiring, and he determined to seek such employment as would tend to accomplish that result. He accordingly apprenticed himself to a very good man to learn the shoemaker's trade; his new employer kindly assisted and encouraged him in every way in his studies, and at the end of three years he found himself master of an honest, reputable trade, and in possession of a practical English education on an average with the boys of his age.

He had now reached the age of nineteen, and, finding that the trade he had already acquired did not afford the scope that his ambitious spirit craved, he determined to seek another vocation; accordingly he apprenticed himself, in Taunton, Massachusetts, to a

machinist and locomotive builder. After acquiring this trade he worked prosperously as a journeyman in Boston and other places.

In April, 1848, he espoused Miss Mary Pratt Winslow, a young lady of most honorable family, being a descendant of Governor Winslow, of Pilgrim history.

These early struggles and experiences had imbued him with a feeling of independence, and developed that spirit of self-reliance that has been a distinguished characteristic of his after life, and shortly after, when the news of the discovery of gold in California was received, he at once determined to be among the first to seek the new El Dorado, and immediately joined a party of twenty-five young men, formed a joint stock company, and purchased the bark *Helen Augusta*, loaded her with a cargo of goods, and sent her around the horn to California, and immediately thereafter, leaving his young bride behind, started overland with his little party, of which he had been elected first lieutenant.

After undergoing all the dangers, hardships, and trials attendant upon that journey in those times, they arrived in Sacramento September 27, 1849, without fatal or serious casualty.

Their vessel had already arrived safely in San Francisco, and, after disposing of her cargo at considerable profit, they divided the proceeds, and dissolved the company.

Mr. Staples, with his brother, Fred Staples, and a few other gentlemen, went to the mines, but, meeting with indifferent success, he and his brother engaged

in packing goods from Stockton into the mines, at which business they were very successful, and thus enabled Mr. Staples to purchase a large body of land on the Mokelumne River, upon which he erected a commodious and comfortable dwelling, and otherwise improved the place.

Having become more or less afflicted with nostalgia, and feeling that his success and accumulations justified him, he determined to go East for his young wife and child, born to him in his absence. He accordingly left California for the East, and returned with his little family to their new home in January, 1851. During this year a post-office was established at his place, and he was made postmaster, and shortly after was elected justice of the peace for the township, which was not only an important position, but one that required a great deal of decision and firmness in those turbulent times; but Mr. Staples administered the office to the great satisfaction of the people, and rendered himself very popular.

He endowed the Methodist Episcopal Church with land for a church and cemetery. .

He was one of the first wheat growers in that section of the country.

He was one of the original organizers of the Republican party, in 1856, and one of three who issued a call for the first convention of that party in San Joaquin County.

In 1860 he was a delegate to the National Convention at Chicago that nominated Abraham Lincoln.

On the breaking out of the Rebellion, in 1861, he was in Washington, and that city being threatened by

the rebels, he at once tendered his services and served as a private in the ranks until the arrival of regular troops, when, at the request of the President, they disbanded, Mr. Lincoln telling them that gentlemen of their position and known patriotism could be of far more benefit to their country in the ranks of civil life than as private soldiers in the army. The Secretary of War (Cameron) presented him with a letter of thanks, indorsed and approved by President Lincoln. He was also presented with the badge of the Legion of Honor of the Grand Army of the Republic, George H. Thomas Post, California Commandery.

The floods having demolished the levees on the Mokelumne River, thereby rendering successful cultivation of his rancho impossible, he removed from there to San Francisco in 1862, which has since been his permanent residence.

Although an ardent and active Republican, Mr. Staples never sought office for himself, but was always zealous in aiding in the nomination of reputable and good citizens. He was a member of the State Convention that nominated Leland Stanford for Governor, and, notwithstanding the fact that he opposed that nomination, Governor Stanford, recognizing the sterling qualities of the man, appointed him a port warden, and at the expiration of his term he was re-appointed by Governor Low.

Upon retiring from office, Mr. Staples was offered the position of president of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company, which he declined, modestly deeming himself not sufficiently competent to discharge the intricate duties of that office; but he accepted, how-

ever, the office of vice-president, and retained that position until 1867, when he became president, and has remained so, uninterruptedly, ever since.

When he became president, the profits of the company amounted to \$75,000 per annum upon a capital of half a million.

In 1871 the entire capital, at one fell swoop, was not only swallowed up by the Chicago fire, but the stockholders were severely taxed; it was a most serious crisis in the life of the company, but Mr. Staples was equal to the emergency, and his indefatigable efforts resulted in the full payment of the company's indebtedness, dollar for dollar, and continued its business on a healthy basis until the Boston fire again seriously impaired its capital, reducing it from \$500,000 to \$300,000.

Mr. Staples' management of the company's affairs in these two eventful epochs of its existence at once established his reputation as a most able financier, and gave to the company a high and honorable standing, second to none in the country. To-day its capital is one million, and its assets about two and a half million.

Mr. Staples is a life member of the Society of California Pioneers, also a member of the State Agricultural Society, the Republican League, the Academy of Sciences, the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Board of Fire Underwriters, of which latter body he has been president for twelve years.

Mr. Staples was an intimate personal friend of the late James Lick, and while he was acting president of the Society of California Pioneers, he was greatly instrumental in the negotiations with Mr. Lick, which

resulted in the magnificent donation of that gentleman to the society, and for which the society is greatly indebted to Mr. Staples.

Mr. Staples and wife have had issue, five children, one boy and four girls; he has given them all a liberal education, and trained his boy to an honorable vocation.

Although an influential and zealous Republican, he has always been prompt and outspoken in denunciation of political corruption and chicanery, whether within his own party or not. Mr. Staples is a man of splendid physique and commanding presence, being over six feet in height and admirably proportioned. He is in possession of robust health, and is seemingly in the prime of life; in deportment, genial, cordial, and dignified; in conversation, frank and fluent; and altogether he is typical of that class of argonauts who have been such important factors in shaping the destinies of California.

ARTHUR M. EBBETS.

The name of Arthur M. Ebbets has for more than forty years been so familiar to the "old timers" of San Francisco, and is so widely known and respected in commercial circles, that it may well find a place in these pages. In public and private life Mr. Ebbets has earned so large a share of public confidence and honor as to entitle him to prominent biographical mention in any history of the times to which this work is devoted.

Born in New York, January 18, 1830, of English and Dutch descent, Mr. Ebbets began an early bus-

iness career in that city, which, while it gave promise of the same degree of success which in later years has characterized his business life as a merchant of San Francisco, was rudely broken in upon and brought to an abrupt ending by the news of the discovery of gold in California.

Fired with ambition to try his fortunes with the thousands of young men who were about setting out for the new El Dorado, young Ebbets determined to migrate to the new land of promise, believing that there might be found a field of business operations such as he felt himself fully adapted to enter into, and achieve an earlier and larger success than he might hope for in the older community where he had been reared.

He set sail from New York in the ship *Pacific*, in 1849, and on the fifth day of August of the same year arrived at San Francisco, after a trip made up of the usual storms, calms, and vicissitudes which commonly characterized the long voyage "the horn around."

Almost from the very moment of landing, he entered into that active business career that has ever since been pursued so successfully, and which, throughout the long years that have since intervened, has kept his name in the front rank of San Francisco merchants, and commanded uninterrupted credit and confidence on all sides among the business men of the city, who helped to found and build it up to its present greatness.

Mr. Ebbets located himself, on his arrival, at the corner of Sansome and Broadway Streets, in a store improvised, rather than built, out of the packing boxes

in which he had shipped his stock of merchandise from New York. In the first five months he found himself better off in his worldly possessions by \$40,000, profits cleared in his operations during that period, and the firm of Ebbets & Co. at once became known as one of the most prominent among the new business houses then springing into existence on the Pacific Coast.

In 1851 he had established a branch house at 47 Pearl Street, in New York, and in the shipping and commission business the firm pushed on successfully for many years, despite the many difficulties and misfortunes growing out of the great fires in San Francisco in 1850-51, and the rapid changing of values in a market to-day stripped bare of leading articles of merchandise, and to-morrow glutted to overflowing with the articles that had been so scarce and commanded such high prices before. It required rare business judgment to meet and deal with these vicissitudes of trade that were then so constantly occurring in California, by reason of its remoteness and the long time required to order and receive goods for a presumed want six to eight months in advance, and young Ebbets demonstrated that he possessed his full share of that mental commodity.

All the while he was doing his duty as a public-spirited citizen, by aiding in the preservation of public order, the suppression of crime, and the founding of institutions best calculated to promote the public welfare. He took an active part in the early Vigilance Committees, and shirked no fraction of the share of responsibility which he knew was involved in the

movement. The protection of life and property was to him paramount to every other consideration, and he gave freely of his means, his efforts, and his example to the accomplishment of that purpose.

Upon the breaking out of the "Fraser River excitement" in 1857-58, he was found at the front, having opened a general merchandise business at Bellingham Bay. Becoming impressed with the vast future importance of the then newly-opened coal fields of that region, he returned to San Francisco, gave up the general-merchandise business, and engaged in the coal trade, in which business he has ever since continued.

Meanwhile, as San Francisco grew apace, the name of Arthur M. Ebbets was kept prominently before the public in various important public positions, all of which he filled with marked ability and credit. Active and earnest in his support of the Union cause during the war, liberal in his contributions to the sanitary and other funds, he became sought after in those days when "the office sought the man," and was, without effort on his part, elected county recorder in 1861. In 1874 he was elected supervisor by over three thousand majority. For nine years he was a director of the Mercantile Library, and for a term filled, with great credit and honor, the office of president of that association.

For four terms he has been a director of the Society of California Pioneers. In 1888-89 he was president of that association, and always has been recognized as one of its most active, useful, and influential members. He is president of the Sportsman's Club of California, and also vice-president of the Pacific Yacht Club.

In 1851 Mr. Ebbets erected the handsome residence which he still calls his home, on the commanding hill at the corner of Jones and Washington Streets, which overlooks the magnificent panorama of the bay of San Francisco, and the surrounding country, the materials for which, ready to be put in place upon the plans designed for it, he had shipped from New York around Cape Horn. There he continues to reside, blessed with domestic happiness and comfort. He is the same cheery Arthur M. Ebbets as of old, and so well preserved in all that pertains to physical and mental vigor that he fully verifies the rule that a man is only as old as he looks and feels, which in his case would fairly rank him as one "in the forties" rather than past the milestone of more than threescore, as this brief sketch of his career has frankly indicated. That time may deal as gently with him in the future as it has in the past, no one wishes more sincerely than the writer of this brief sketch of his honorable and useful career.

HOWARD HAVENS.

If "there was a man in the land of Uz" that was regarded as "perfect and upright," so there is an argonaut in San Francisco who—it is no flattery to say it—in the estimation of the whole community is the peer of Job in this respect, and of whom it may with equal truth be added that in all his long and honored life he has "feared God and eschewed evil." It is again no flattery to say that among the old pioneers who remain, as well as among all who know him, the name of Howard Havens is respected as the synonym of honor and integrity in his dealings and relations with his fellow-men.

Mr. Havens was born in the city of New York on the twenty-sixth day of April, 1820. His father, Rensalaer Havens, was a leading merchant of that city, one of the old school, who inculcated in the mind of the son throughout his early years, both by precept and example, those principles of virtue and self-respect which have so adorned his long and honorable life.

The early education of Mr. Havens was chiefly acquired at the schools of that well-known seat of learning, New Haven, from which he passed into active business life in the dry-goods house of N. & H. Weed & Co., on Pearl Street, in New York, as a clerk in the employ of that firm. Remaining with this firm until 1839, he then took employment with Laffan & Redmond, with whom he remained until 1842. He then entered the service of the then wealthy and well-known dry goods house, Doremus, Suydam & Nixon, in which place he remained until the "gold-fever" epidemic of 1848 swept over the country, and fired his ambition for wider opportunity to advance his fortunes than the humdrum existence of a dry goods clerk—however efficient and respected—at that time afforded.

Mr. Havens fell into line with the great army of gold hunters then moving westward with constantly accelerated motion, and in such constantly increasing numbers, and, after encountering the usual vicissitudes, and braving the usual hardships and discomforts, of the voyage to California *via* the Isthmus of Panama, entered the Golden Gate on the 30th of November, 1849, on the steamship *Oregon*, to begin a new career, in a new land, with new, unique, and untried surroundings.

He made his way to what is now known as Martinez, where he remained through the winter months, and in the spring set out for the region now known as El Dorado County, to try his luck at mining. Essentially a business man by taste and education, it did not take long for him to discover that he was better fitted for the desk than to wield the pick and shovel, while in the later capacity of a married man sufficient opportunity to "rock the cradle" would doubtless occur to compensate for the loss of the luxury of rocking the gold digger's cradle by the side of the auriferous streams of the El Dorado country.

He thus naturally gravitated back to the business centers of the State, and for several years was in the employment of leading banking and other houses. In 1855 he accepted the position of treasurer of the Sacramento Valley Railway Company, which had at this time inaugurated the first railway construction movement in California through the projected line from Sacramento to Folsom. He removed to Sacramento, where he remained until 1864, when he entered the firm of Donohoe, Kelly & Co., and became an integral part of that great banking firm, that has become one of San Francisco's most solid financial institutions, as vice-president of the Donohoe-Kelly Banking Co.

Being an honored member of the Society of California Pioneers, Mr. Haven was, about a quarter of a century ago, chosen as the treasurer of that association, and has ever since, by common accord among its members, held that important position, and will continue to hold it, and be the custodian of its funds, so long as he will consent to act in that capacity, for he enjoys

the implicit confidence and respect of every one of its members.

In his career as a public-spirited, patriotic citizen, Mr. Havens stands conspicuously forward among his fellow-men. Loyal to the heart's core during the war, an American in the broadest sense of the word, he was a devoted adherent to the Union cause, and in the sphere of life in which he was placed during the war, it may be truthfully said that he never faltered or failed in the performance of his duties of citizenship in every relation in life.

In 1856 Mr. Havens was married to Miss A. C. Randall, of Portland, Maine. They have reared a family of two boys and one girl, who, like their parents, are useful and respected members of the community in which they were born and reared. In his domestic life Mr. Havens has enjoyed that tranquillity and happiness which his calm, affectionate, and upright temperament could not fail to achieve, and which has made his home a model of domestic repose.

Possessed yet of a full measure of business vigor and mental activity, Mr. Havens continues to be an important factor in financial circles in San Francisco, and may well be envied for that respect, bordering close upon affection, in which he is held by his fellow-pioneers, and his fellow-citizens at large.

COLONEL JOHN D. FRY.

The tall and commanding figure of Colonel John D. Fry has long been familiar to the people of San Francisco. In business circles his presence and influence have been important factors for so many years

that their withdrawal would be widely regarded as a public misfortune.

Born in Kentucky, he illustrates, in quiet and firm dignity of character, the best influences of the strong and sturdy ancestry from which he sprung. From early life he has been reared in the school of self-reliance, and in his long and eventful career in manhood, he has, by firmness of purpose and intelligent judgment, best illustrated the value of this attribute.

At the early age of sixteen he received the appointment from his uncle, General Jacob Fry, of deputy sheriff of Green County, Illinois. A little more than four years later, immediately on attaining his majority, he was elected sheriff of the county. At the expiration of his term of office he was elected to the State Legislature, and subsequently to a second term in the same capacity.

The news of the gold discovery drew him into the throng of energetic and venturesome men who constituted the early argonauts, and in company with his afterward lifelong friend William Sharon, he crossed the plains, and arrived in California on the 2nd of August, 1849.

He begun his career in California in the merchandising business in Sacramento with Mr. Sharon as his business partner. Successful at first, flood and fire swept away their profits later on, and left them to begin anew with a capital consisting chiefly of brains and energy.

In 1853 Colonel Fry received the appointment of postal agent for the Pacific Coast, which position he filled with fidelity until 1860, when he resigned to

enter upon the larger field of mining enterprise which has made the subsequent years of his life so successful in the acquisition of wealth and business reputation.

The discovery of the immense silver deposits in the Comstock lode brought no more energetic and no abler man to the front as a prominent and successful conductor of mining enterprise in that region than Colonel John D. Fry. With him the proper management of mining operations in business-like and legitimate, industrial way was the ruling inspiration. He was not a manipulator of so-called "deals" in the mining parlance of that day, but a miner for precious metals, for the legitimate profit which their production afforded as an addition to the permanent wealth of the world. In 1872 he was president of the Crown Point and Belcher mining companies when the magnificent deposits in those two famous mines were opened up to their grandest development. His superior abilities as a business man were clearly manifested, and commanded the respect and admiration of all who then knew him. There was no stain upon his name when, in the great stock excitement which prevailed in San Francisco, so many wrecks of mined fortunes were left along the shore. His name remained without dishonor, while other prominent operators earned the lifelong enmity and hatred of thousands of deceived and misled victims to their dishonorable practices. With Colonel Fry the acquisition of wealth under such conditions was so repulsive and dishonorable that it failed to attract him, and left him with an unsullied name and reputation, while he was yet able, by fair and legitimate business methods, to acquire wealth without diminution of his own self-respect.

Naturally enough, a man tried in such fires of temptation only to prove the genuineness of the "stuff" of which his moral nature was composed, could not, and has not, failed to earn the respect and esteem of his fellow-citizens. In largest and richest measure this has been conferred upon him, so that his connection with a business enterprise is a sufficient guaranty of its legitimacy to command capital whenever desired for its successful inauguration. The establishment of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, of which he has long been president, is an instance in point. For, as its name implies, it is an organization of safety and trust, which enjoys unbounded public confidence, and every year becomes more widely important and beneficial to the public welfare as a solid financial institution.

As president of the remarkable Treadwell Mining Company, of Alaska, Colonel Fry has displayed the same upright business capacity that has characterized all his operations, and which makes of that great enterprise one of the largest and most important industries of the Pacific Coast.

And now, in his ripening years, in a home that overlooks the magnificent panorama of the Golden Gate and the bay of San Francisco, a home fairly palatial in its spacious freedom and luxurious appointments, Colonel Fry passes the evening of life in tranquillity and peace.

A life member of the Society of California Pioneers, he enjoys the fullest fellowship and friendship of his old companions, in the trying days of early times in California.

He can look back with serenity over a life well and honorably spent, with its duties well and honorably performed.

THOMAS COLE.

There is such a plethora of worthy material to draw from in sketching the career of the argonauts that one can hardly go wrong in presenting their biographies as models of energy, enterprise, and sagacity in the ordinary affairs of life. There are so many worthy men who come within the category of argonauts, as heretofore defined in this work, that the writer sometimes lays down his pen with a feeling of regret, verging toward despair, that he cannot embrace them all in these pages, and tell the story of the life of each, in order that their children and their children's children may hold their memories in grateful remembrance and respect.

Thomas Cole, as a living example of this class of men, furnishes so excellent a subject for biographical notice, however, that to tell the story of his life here is to present him as the fair type of many others, and thereby to perpetuate through that story, as, in fact, has been done in all these sketches, the memories of all "the '49ers" who shared in their labors and in their experiences.

Like thousands of them, he came of old Puritan stock. He was born at New Bedford, Massachusetts, in 1828, and was educated in the academical institutions of that "ancient and fish-dealing town." Like thousands of New England boys born toward the outer rim of the old Bay State that hems in that great

circle of American civilization and culture, "the hub," sometimes known as Boston, he gravitated thither early in life, and entered upon his business career with the large importing house of Blanchard, Converse & Co. Here he remained long enough to acquire settled and methodical habits of business life, which have been of lasting and invaluable service to him in his long and successful career in California. Possessed of a somewhat restless, and certainly of an ambitious, spirit, he subsequently migrated westward with his father's family as far as Onondaga County, in New York, where, like all those argonauts whose names appear in this work, he became a victim of the California fever at the close of 1848, and set about his preparations to make his way to the land of gold. He set out from his father's house, in Skaneateles, New York, on Christmas-day, 1848, and went to New York, from which port he sailed a few days later in the ship *Orpheus*, via Cape Horn, reaching San Francisco in safety on the 8th of July, 1849.

He made his way to the mines immediately on his arrival, and began an experience as a miner, which, throughout his life, has proved of invaluable service to him, since mining and the conduct and management of important mining enterprises have largely and successfully engaged his time and attention throughout all the years that he has made his home on the Pacific Coast. He has wisely recognized mining as one of the most important and legitimate industries of the country, when conducted in a business-like manner, and, being governed by such a rule of action, he has fairly demonstrated the correctness of the theory.

Apart from mining enterprises, however, his business instincts and abilities early led to an important connection with Adams & Co., which was only severed by their disastrous failure, in 1854. Later, he was one of the organizers and proprietors of the Pacific Express Company, upon the closing out of which he became the general traveling agent of Wells, Fargo & Co. He remained with them for eight years, during which time he opened up their routes and established agencies through Nevada, Montana, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, and Mexico.

All the while he was acquiring and conducting important mining enterprises, adding to his business cares and responsibilities the establishment of an important banking house in Idaho Territory, and entering into large government contracts, all of which were faithfully carried out to the satisfaction of the authorities at Washington.

Mr. Cole was married, in 1862, to Miss Catherine Cruger Yates, daughter of Andrew J. Yates, and great granddaughter of General Schuyler, of Revolutionary fame.

Of late years he has made San Francisco his home and the point from which he conducts his important business interests. He possesses the respect and friendship of the business community, for in all the relations and duties of fair dealing among men, and of good citizenship, he is a conspicuous and shining example.

Mr. Cole has been a witness of, and sometimes an active participant in, many of the striking events in California history. When James King of William was

shot by Casey in 1856, he staggered and fell literally into Mr. Cole's arms. He is, together with his son, Rudolph Yates Cole, a life member of the Society of California Pioneers. He was a director in that society when Mr. Lick made his magnificent bequest to it. He enjoys the respect and esteem of his fellow-members in largest measure.

FRANK M. PIXLEY.

As "good wine needs no bush," so a name so familiar to the people of the whole State of California as that of Frank M. Pixley, needs no introduction here. Mr. Pixley is a native of Westmoreland, Oneida County, New York. He was born in 1825, and grew up in the valley of the Oriskany. He was educated by Mr. Ethan Allen Hopkins, a private tutor from Hamilton College.

At an early period in his career the family removed from Oneida County to reside in Genesee County.

The Pixley family has been one of farmers. It is first found in Hadley, Mass., in the early part of the seventeenth century. The name was originally spelled Pixlee.

The subject of the present narrative is of English and Scotch descent. The original Pixleys were from Kent, England; on the mother's side, Morrison, from the highlands in Northern Scotland.

Mr. Pixley completed his education under the tutelage of Mr. Hopkins, at the round house, in the village of Le Roy, Genesee County. He studied his profession of the law in Rochester, with the firm of Smiths & Rochester, and concluded the course of studies in Detroit, Michigan, under William Hale.

He was admitted to the Supreme Court of Michigan in 1847. He came to California in 1849, across the plains. He began his career here as a miner, working for two years in El Dorado County, and upon the north fork of the Yuba. He subsequently commenced the practice of his profession at Sacramento City, arriving in San Francisco in 1851. From 1852 to 1854, in addition to his law practice, he was connected with the publication of the San Francisco *Daily Whig*, as one of its publishers and proprietors. He was married, in 1854, to Miss Amelia Van Rey-negom, and since that time has resided in the same house, upon a block of land bounded by Union, Fillmore, Steiner, and Green Streets, in the vicinity of which he owned more than four adjoining blocks.

An early enterprise with which he was connected was as president of the Yuba Railroad Company, completing the road from Folsom to Lincoln, in connection with Colonel Wilson, of early railroad notoriety. He was city and county attorney of San Francisco during the administration of Mayor Brenham. He served one term in an early Legislature in California, and was attorney-general of California in the Stanford administration. He was nominated for Congress when the district embraced the entire southern portion of the State—from San Francisco to San Diego, and was defeated by Judge Axtell. He was United States attorney by appointment of General Grant, which office he held for one year and resigned.

He was tendered the appointment of superior judge by William Neely Johnson, then governor of

California, which was declined. He was also tendered a foreign appointment by General Grant, which was also declined.

Since his defeat for Congress Mr. Pixley has been a candidate for no official position connected with salary or other mode of compensation. He has filled some honorary positions, occupying his time without compensation. He has been a member of every Republican State convention in California, down to the time of the nomination of Hon. John F. Swift for governor. An unfortunate political misunderstanding between Mr. Swift and himself resulted in the defeat of Swift for governor, and upon the same ticket the lieutenant-governor was elected by a large majority.

Mr. Pixley filled, with satisfaction, the position of commissioner for Golden Gate Park for four years, by the appointment of George C. Perkins. He is entitled to the credit of the water works, erected by Mr. Bredbury; the one-hundred-foot "boulevard" that extends from the entrance to the ocean; to the subjugation of the drifting sand dunes by the introduction of bunch grass, from Holland, and the planting of nearly four hundred thousand pine, cypress, and other trees; the reconstruction of the conservatory, by Charles Crocker, and the children's playground, resulting in a donation of \$50,000 from the Sharon estate; and the inauguration of a speed mile-track, which has since been successfully completed by the present commissioners.

Mr. Pixley is commissioner of Yosemite Park, which place he has held for four years, and to which position he has been re-appointed by Governor Mark-

ham. Mr. Pixley was a delegate to the silver convention at St. Louis, and is still a member of the national committee, and was an active member of the national Republican committee, which resulted in the defeat of General Grant and the nomination and election of President Garfield.

He was chairman of the committee that received General Grant upon his return from his trip around the world, owing this appointment to Mayor Bryant, who, not being himself a Republican, desired to place the management of the affair in the hands of a Republican.

Mr. Pixley is too independent to be a reliable party man, and has preferred for many years the independent exercise of opinion and action upon all public questions, to political preferment, based upon subserviency to party behests and party bosses.

The weekly publication, now world-wide in its reputation, and known as the *Argonaut*, has existed for fifteen years, during nearly fourteen years of which time Mr. Pixley has been the sole editor and the only writer of its first three editorial pages.

Such is an outline sketch of the life of Frank M. Pixley. For the fair presentation of the part which he has played and the influence which he has exerted as one of the founders of the State, and the moulders of its moral and political progress, the picture which it furnishes is as incomplete as is a cartoon sketch of an old master, which lacks the filling in and color to give it life and immortality in the world of art.

Here is a man who has probably exerted a more commanding influence upon the public mind of Cali-

fornia, by the superior ability and independence of thought which he has displayed in his public utterances and public writings, than all other men put together who have figured in public life, or in the profession of journalism, since California became an American State. These very qualities of ability and independence of thought and action have made him a host of enemies as well as a host of admirers. Nevertheless, his mission has been an elevating and an ennobling one, and no man, no sect, and no political organization that has felt the lash of his satire or his criticisms, despite the dislike and hatred it may have engendered, has failed to respect, as well as fear, the scourging which he has from time to time meted out to him or it.

In politics he has been a power of commanding influence, whether in political oratory upon "the stump"—in which he has had no superior—or as a public journalist. Outspoken, and, perhaps, rash in his utterances or his writings, as he may sometimes have been, he has wielded a potent influence upon men and parties such as no man in the so-far-completed history of California can take to his credit. There will be those who will dispute, but none who can disprove, this proposition, however strongly they may be inclined to condemn him for the merciless criticism which they may have sometimes individually or collectively suffered from the sting of his speech, or the satire which has flown from his pen.

The *Argonaut*—it is not too sweeping a statement to say it—is to-day one of the ablest journals, whether in a literary sense or otherwise, published in the English

language in this country. Certainly among all of those published on the Pacific Coast none can be referred to whose editorials have been so widely read, quoted from, and commended as models of English composition and style, as those which have, during the past fourteen years, appeared in its columns from the brain and hand of Frank M. Pixley. Whether we may be inclined to agree with, or differ from, the doctrines or opinions expressed in them, we must in fairness concede this. To this measure of praise must be added the fact that many of them may—from the very excellence of their scholarly diction—be ranked among the English classics, and regarded as models for modern writers to study and emulate, if they would become eminent in their profession.

The power of the *Argonaut*, politicians have learned to their cost, may be hated, but cannot be ignored or “whistled down the wind.” The defeat—defiantly and foolishly courted—of a late Republican for nominee for governor, was a striking illustration of this. It was a lesson which the leading men of the party which he has served so long, and so ably, and with such distinction, will not soon forget, however cordially they may dislike the man who forced them to feel their own and their leader’s folly.

Posterity will award to him a more distinctive place among the leading minds of his time than he may, perhaps, enjoy during his life. His name and fame will shine with increasing luster in the annals of the past long after that of every one of the army of political adventurers, that have for years barked at his heels, shall have been assigned to the waste bas-

ket of oblivion, and the unimportant fact that they once existed shall have been forgotten.

It remains to be said that, notwithstanding the fact that so large a part of his active career has been devoted to literary occupation, he has led no Bohemian existence, nor failed to successfully win his way as a man of affairs in the prosaic but necessitous walks of life that lead to financial independence. As a man of business he has made for himself an unsullied reputation, and could command at desire unlimited credit in financial circles. He is as independent in financial circumstances as he is in outspoken opinion and thought, and has demonstrated, in the example of his own success in both, that time, intellectuality, and indulgence in literary proclivities, is not necessarily incompatible with the realistic duties of business thrift.

JAMES PHELAN.

It has often been asserted, and never contradicted, so far as the writer is aware, that among the argonauts of California a larger percentage of financial success has been shared by men of Irish birth than has fallen to any other race, in proportion to their numbers, Americans not excepted. The "old resident" will easily convince himself of the truth of this by recalling to his mind the men of Irish birth whom he has known, or known of, for more than forty years past, and the individual wealth which they are known to have accumulated. The names of Sullivan, Donahue, Martin Barron, Flood, O'Brien, Fair, Mackay, Dunphy, Donohoe, Kelly, the Murphys, and others, will readily suggest themselves in support of this fact,

while that of the subject of this sketch will serve as a striking example of Irish thrift growing out of intuitive Irish financial ability.

James Phelan was born in Queen's County, Ireland, in 1821. As a lad hardly six years of age, he landed in New York with his father in 1827. The common schools of New York gave him his education, and, thus equipped, he began a career in business life at the very bottom of the ladder, climbing step by step to a height of financial success in the subsequent years that has made his name the synonym of financial strength on both sides of the continent.

From New York his operations in early life had covered a broad field of trade in the South and West, and had been attended with marked success. In Cincinnati, in 1848, he read the confirmatory news of the gold discoveries in California contained in the published official dispatches of Thomas O. Larkin, who had long been United States Consul at Monterey. It fired his heart with an uncontrollable desire to seek California as a new field for his operations. His resolution was quickly formed. To resolve with him was to act. He closed out his business operations in the older States, and, selecting a large stock of goods such as seemed to him to be most desirable for the new market just opening on the Pacific, he shipped them on three different vessels bound for California, and took passage himself on the schooner *El Dorado* for Chagres, intending to reach San Francisco *via* Panama in time to anticipate the arrival of his goods. At Chagres he was stricken down with the fever and for three weeks was dangerously ill. His young and vigorous

constitution pulled him through successfully, however, and he succeeded in crossing the isthmus safely. At Panama he secured passage on the steamship *Panama*, and reached San Francisco on the 18th of August, 1849. His brother Michael had preceded him, having arrived in San Francisco on the 13th of June, with the party which had been organized by David C. Broderick. With him, and under the firm name of J. and M. Phelan, he formed a partnership that led up to the steady acquisition of wealth, which was only reversed by the great fires of 1850-51, in which they were heavy losers. Their business had been so well conducted, however, that new stocks of goods were always afloat and near port, so that their affairs were yet in good condition for regaining their losses.

His brother Michael died in 1858. The business was carried on without interruption, however. Mr. Phelan was reaching out in other directions, and engaging in new commercial ventures, all of which were planned with rare financial judgment, and resulted in rare financial success. In 1863-64 Mr. Phelan made extensive purchases of California wool, which he shipped to New York, and which realized very large profits, often exceeding one hundred per cent.

In 1865 he entered the wheat trade, and was one of the first capitalists in the State to commence its shipments to New York and foreign markets. He continued in this business until 1869, when, having amassed a vast capital, which called for constant care in its prudent and profitable investment, he retired from his former commercial pursuits and devoted himself exclusively to real estate and finance. His pur-

chases of real estate have been so conservative that no mortgage has ever been recorded or made against any of his property, but he keeps loaned out large sums of money on first and second mortgages upon lands and property located in almost every city, town, and county in California and Oregon.

In 1870 Mr. Phelan organized the First National Gold Bank, now the First National Bank of San Francisco, and was made its first president. Again the wisdom of his judgment and his financial ability were demonstrated by the successful founding of an institution to-day counted as one of the soundest and safest on the Pacific Coast. Meantime his holdings in real estate had become very large and of enormous value. The connection of his name with any new enterprise was and is still regarded as a guarantee of its soundness as a field for investment, for his conclusions are never arrived at until he has made a most thorough investigation of the subject, and his success in life is by common consent regarded as a guaranty of the accuracy of his judgment.

Mr. Phelan was largely interested in the American company which contracted for the dredging work on the Panama Canal, and notwithstanding the disastrous results which have befallen that great enterprise, the stock in the dredging company, selling at, first, \$20 per share, in five years paid its holders \$325 per share in dividends, and thus again vindicated the sagacity and financial judgment of this cool-headed business man.

In 1881 and 1882 he erected the imposing structure on Market Street known as the "Phelan Block," on

land which he had owned since 1854. His investments in real estate in New York and in various towns in California are very extensive and valuable. In 1889, with James G. Fair and other well-known capitalists, he organized the new Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, located at 30 Post Street, and which to-day commands unlimited public confidence, and is, doubtless, destined to become a great and permanent financial institution.

Mr. Phelan has now associated himself in business with his son, James D. Phelan, who has relieved his father from active participation in the administration of his vast financial affairs, and given to him opportunity for repose in his declining years, which the activity of his earlier years has always denied him. He looks back serenely over a life of one long series of successes, such as it is given to few men to enjoy, embellished, as it is, with the respect and esteem of his fellow-men.

Mr. Phelan is a life member of the Society of California Pioneers, of which he has been a director in former years. A lifelong Democrat in politics, and an earnest and influential Union man when the civil war devastated the fairest portion of our country, he never faltered in his devotion to the cause, nor withheld his hand from aiding in relief to the sick and wounded, in response to the public appeals for aid so frequently made during that long and bloody struggle.

ABRAHAM POWELL

Was born in the city of Philadelphia, January 24, 1828. He is descended from a highly honorable an-

cestry, who were among the earliest settlers of Pennsylvania.

His father was a distinguished civil engineer and master builder, and was in the employ of the government at the Philadelphia Navy Yard from 1809 until 1857.

In early boyhood Mr. Powell's health was not at all indicative of his subsequent robust manhood. It was, in fact, fragile, and to benefit it his father sent him on a voyage to the West Indies, when he was but twelve years of age, and, immediately upon his return, sent him to Europe, where he visited many places of historical note.

He had as yet received but little schooling, but immediately upon his return from Europe, being then about fifteen years of age, he was given the benefit of the best scholastic institution of Philadelphia, at intervals learning the trade of ship joiner in the navy yard, and receiving instructions in civil engineering from his father at the same time. Being at just the right age to learn quickly, he soon became quite proficient in both of the latter employments.

In 1846 he espoused Miss Sarah L. Paxton, of Philadelphia, an accomplished and most estimable young lady, of a family of the highest respectability in that city.

When the news of the discovery of gold in California reached Philadelphia, it created the greatest excitement.

Mr. Powell's early travels had already implanted in him an intense desire to see more of the world, which, added to a naturally ardent and sanguine disposition,

made him at once a ripe subject for it. His longing for travel was not that of aimlessly roving, but was born of the fixed and definite purpose to shape out a future that should bring to him and his prosperity and honorable recognition in life. How well that purpose has been accomplished the story of his manhood career will show.

Having resolved to try his fortune in California, he was prompt to carry that resolution into effect. With sixty-four other adventurers he sailed from Philadelphia in the brig *Osceola*, on the 16th of January, 1849, on the long voyage around the Horn for the distant port of San Francisco. She was the second vessel to leave Philadelphia after the news of the gold discovery was received. She reached Rio de Janeiro without experiencing any untoward incident. Ten days were spent in port in taking in provisions and having rollicking fun on shore, in which some of the ship's crew were in troublesome conflict with the authorities and were placed under arrest after getting to sea again. After the usual rough experience in rounding the cape, the brig squared away for Talcahuana, in Chile, arriving there on the 4th of May. Here they were delayed beyond the limit of their expectations by an untoward event, in which the subject of our sketch innocently played a conspicuous and unpleasant role. He had gone ashore in the bay of Dechato, five miles north of Talcahuana, in company with some of the crew and passengers. Here, finding a native hamlet of some twenty huts, they purchased from their occupants a lot of potatoes and other vegetables, when they were informed that they had landed and traded in a smug-

gling harbor. The incident resulted in the seizure of the brig by the authorities, the announcement that she would be confiscated with her cargo, and the passengers fined \$50 each. Through the interception of the British Consul the matter was finally adjusted after several days of explanation and negotiation, and she set sail once more for San Francisco, where she arrived on Sunday, the fifth day of August, 1849.

And now began the active business career of our young argonaut. Differing from most of those who had come to California at that early day to seek their fortunes, the "gold diggings" did not attract him, but the opportunity for the attainment of his desire through the legitimate channels of business was sufficient for him, and he chose wisely in devoting his energies to business and leaving "the diggings" severely alone.

He entered into partnership with a fellow-passenger named William Butcher. Five houses framed and ready to be put together had been brought out on the *Osceola*. One of them Mr. Powell and his partner soon erected on Jackson Street, on the site subsequently occupied by the Pennsylvania Engine House. He now realized a handsome profit of \$20,000 in an investment of \$6,000 in goods which he had brought out from Philadelphia. As builders and contractors, his firm erected a number of the largest mercantile buildings of that time, employing skilled labor at the rate of \$15 per day, and paying \$6.00 for ordinary laborers.

In 1850 his success had been so satisfactory that he returned to the Atlantic States with "a respectable pile of money." He remained there until 1854, all the while burning with a desire to return to attractive Cali-

fornia. At this time he received an appointment at Mare Island Navy Yard and reported there for duty as master joiner, on the 1st of October, 1854. His family accompanied him on this trip, for this time he had "come to stay." He remained there until 1858, having, during most of that time, had full charge and control of operations there. From 1858 to 1861 he enjoyed a furlough, returning to the yard in 1864, where he acted as civil engineer in addition to his other duties. In 1865 he severed his connection with government duties and entered into the lumber business, in which he has since remained and through which he has amassed an ample fortune, and acquired the reputation of "king of the lumber trade" on the Pacific Coast.

His operations in this trade have been carried on on a colossal scale. He is general manager of the Puget Sound Lumber Company, the most powerful association in business on the Pacific Coast, beside having establishments of his own at many landing points in the interior.

The first years of his operations in this trade he made his headquarters and residence in Vallejo, where he was made a member of the board of supervisors for Solano County and for eight years served as mayor of Vallejo. He was at the same time an active member of its fire department and always at the front and the recognized leader in every movement calculated to promote the welfare of that time. An enthusiastic and honored member of the Masonic fraternity, he has obtained all the honorary degrees of the order, having received the thirty-second, known as the "Scottish Rite." In 1880 he attended the Triennial

Conclave at Chicago, commanding the Thirteenth Division; also in St. Louis in 1886, and in Washington in 1889, as aid to the grand master.

An active life member of the Society of California Pioneers, he has served as a director of that association with credit and distinction.

Mr. Powell has a family of seven children, six of whom are living, two sons and five daughters. The sons are manly and respected citizens; the daughters, beautiful and accomplished women.

As a genial, companionable gentleman, Mr. Powell has no superior. As a friend, he is widely known and esteemed. Liberal and just in his charities, a devoted and self-sacrificing citizen during the war, always ready with his means and his energies to aid and encourage every good work that looks to the advancement of the welfare of the community in which he resides, he may be set down as one who fulfills every duty in public and private life necessary to the faithful performance of good citizenship.

WILLIAM HENRY BOVEE.

This gentleman was born in New York City, in 1823. The residence of his immediate ancestry, on both the paternal and maternal sides, antedates the Revolution. He is of French descent on his father's side, and of Dutch descent on his mother's, who was related to the old Knickerbocker family of the Scribners, a time-honored and historical name. His own name is of French derivation, anglicized from Bouvier.

Mr. Bovee received a liberal education, beginning in the private schools of the day, and graduating from

the Ketchum School, No. 7, at that time a notable and conspicuous scholastic institution. His studies were devoted to the acquirement of a solid, practical, English education, which his studious disposition enabled him to complete at a comparatively early age, and which has been greatly added to by extensive reading and travel. And although perhaps lacking in the lighter branches of study, his manners and conversation stamp him as a refined and cultivated gentleman.

After quitting school at the early age of fifteen, he went to an uncle in Sandusky, Ohio, who was engaged in the manufacture of leather, and in the boot and shoe trade, and became his clerk.

His occupation and surroundings not proving congenial, he quickly determined to return East. His uncle, disapproving his determination, declined to aid him in carrying it out, but right then his natural independence of character and determined will asserted themselves, and he applied to a friend for a loan of five dollars to pay for food, declaring that he would walk and work his way back; but in the meantime his mother, having heard of the matter, came herself for him. Soon after his return to New York he entered the employ of Mr. Prentice, in the coffee warehouse business, in which his efficiency and zeal quickly advanced him to the position of senior clerk.

He subsequently resigned his clerkship to accept the position of assistant foreman of the Hope Mills, at that time the most extensive coffee and spice mills in the United States. He remained in this position for about two years, when he left and commenced the

same line of business upon his own account, in which he was very successful for about a year, when he was suddenly broken up and lost almost everything by fire; the few hundred dollars he was able to save from the wreck, he tendered to his only two creditors, which they, knowing the sterling character of the man, declined to take from him, but told him to keep it, and, with additional credit from them, to commence business anew in Providence, Rhode Island. He gratefully accepted their aid and advice, and for two years his business in Providence grew very successfully.

In the fall of 1848 the news of the discovery of gold in California reached him. The excitement that it created pervaded all classes, and the desire to hasten to California was universal. Mr. Bovee was not an exception, and, notwithstanding serious opposition on the part of his relatives and friends, he immediately made preparation for his voyage hither. On January 12, 1849, with a small party, he embarked on the ship *Apollo* at New York, bound for California. The ship put in to Rio de Janerio, where Mr. Bovee left her and sailed from there on the ship *Xylon*, and arrived in San Francisco August 27, 1849.

The scenes that met his view upon his arrival in San Francisco were simply bewildering; probably just such a condition of affairs never before existed. All civilized and some few barbarian nationalities were represented in the population, which seemed to be in a state of vehement effervescence. All business methods were, for the time, lost sight of or ignored. Men educated for the professions were engaged in all kinds of itinerant occupations, such as merchants, traders,

restaurant keepers, carpenters, laborers, barkeepers, and gamblers. The town was in a continual state of busy uproar; everybody was in a hurry, day and night; money (gold-dust) was a drug. All this did not divert Mr. Bovee from his original intention of going to the mines, and in a few days he left for Sacramento, where, procuring oxen, provisions, and mining tools, he left with a small party for the mining regions. They located near Sutter's Mill, and erected a comfortable log cabin. Here they were ordinarily successful until the middle of October, when they removed to the Indian Spring Diggins, where they found such good prospects that they determined to remain during the winter. They accordingly sent one of their number with their teams and money to Sacramento to procure provisions, clothing, and fresh tools. The man on his arrival in Sacramento fell into the hands of the gamblers and was fleeced out of every dollar of money and property that he had charge of, thereby compelling Mr. Bovee to abandon, for a time, at least, a miner's life. He immediately sold what effects he possessed and returned to Sacramento, where he commenced an indiscriminate business. He opened a store in a tent and dealt in almost every conceivable article of trade, and met with gratifying success. In March, 1850, he removed to San Francisco, and inaugurated the Pioneer Coffee and Spice Mill, on Broadway near Dupont Street. His business proved eminently successful, and steadily increased.

In 1855 he erected two large stores on Front Street between Washington and Jackson Streets. The buildings are still standing. One he rented to the

old firm of Meeker & Co., and occupied the other himself.

In 1859, having acquired valuable property in San Francisco and elsewhere, which required his personal attention and supervision, he sold out his coffee and spice mill business, with the intention of retiring from active business pursuits other than the management of his personal affairs; but these not affording the scope that his enterprising and restless business habits required, he embarked a large capital in developing mining properties in Calaveras County. This enterprise proved exceedingly disastrous and resulted in a loss of all the capital he had invested in it, some \$250,000. Undaunted by this serious reverse of fortune, Mr. Bovee, with his old-time energy unimpaired, re-entered active business life.

In 1868 he established himself in the real-estate business, in which he has since continued with general success. His judgment upon real values, both in the city and country, is regarded by investors with the highest respect and confidence, knowing that it is founded upon a long experience, and free from undue elation or over-sanguine anticipation.

In 1885 he entered into co-partnership with his son-in-law, Mr. George D. Toy, and established the present prosperous real-estate house at No. 19 Montgomery Street, in the Lick House Block. Mr. Toy is a young man in the very prime of life, and has already won an enviable position in the front ranks of real-estate operators.

At the early age of nineteen Mr. Bovee espoused Miss Marshall, a most estimable young lady, of prom-

inent and honorable family, of Westchester County, New York, and a relative of the late Chief Justice Marshall.

Mrs. Bovee, who had remained in the East, rejoined her husband in California in the fall of 1852. She has ever proven a most devoted wife and mother. They have had issue, eight children, four sons and four daughters, of whom four survive, the three daughters and youngest son. They are all married, one of the two youngest daughters to Mr. Henry P. Sonntag, president of the Safety Nitro Powder Company, and the other to Mr. George D. Toy, before mentioned. The son, Mr. N. C. Bovee, is connected with the firm, having the full management of the house-renting department. Mr. Bovee has bestowed a liberal education upon all of his children.

In early times, before the acerbities of present politics prevailed, Mr. Bovee was somewhat connected with political life; he affiliated with the old Whig party. He was always non-partisan, and never sought or solicited office, yet in 1853 he was almost spontaneously taken up by the original People's party, and elected to the board of aldermen and later to the board of education. He has been a quiet and conservative Republican since the formation of the party.

In the 60's he resided in Oakland for a few years, during which time he was elected councilman and afterward mayor for two terms. In the War of the Rebellion he was enthusiastically for the Union, earnest and liberal in everything tending to its preservation.

He belongs to no religious sect, but is tolerant to

all beliefs and denominations believing them to be promotive of the public morals. He is a member of the Society of California Pioneers. Sympathetic by nature and charitable to all the world, his heart and purse are never closed to the appeals of real distress. In conversation he is animated and earnest, and in deportment cordial and dignified.

He is still in the possession of the physical and mental energy that is indicative of longevity. Not having an enemy in the world, there are none to wish anything but a long, happy, and prosperous life for both him and his. It is not claimed for Mr. Bovee that his modest life has been such as to challenge undue or undeserved notoriety, neither would he desire such conspicuity, yet he possesses those elements of personal character that will always exert a healthy and potent influence. His career has been entirely honorable both to himself and his pioneer compatriots.

HENRY BROWN HUNT.

The subject of this biographical sketch is a noted exception to the almost universal physical conditions denoting the argonauts of California, still in the very prime of vigorous manhood, with nothing in his manner, conversation, or action that could for a moment indicate that he was in the very front ranks with the argonauts of California, yet such is the fact. His advent in California was on the first day of April, 1849, and was the result of deliberate individual determination and desire, and he is as much entitled to the credit of being a self-designed immigrant and argonaut as if he had been forty years old instead of twelve, which was about his age.

On the roll of membership of the Society of California Pioneers of the class of 1849 there are but twenty-one members whose arrival antedates his, and but twenty-five of contemporary date, and he the youngest of them all; and he may justly claim to be the youngest real pioneer belonging to that organization, or probably in the State.

He was born in Phillipsburg, New Jersey, late in 1836, and was an only child, and a descendant of a most honorable ancestry, on the remote paternal side Scottish, and on the maternal, German; his immediate ancestors were native born. His father died while he was yet almost in his infancy. When about six years of age his widowed mother removed to New York City, where he was put to school until 1849.

When the news of the discovery of gold reached New York, his cousin, J. B. Bidleman, at once determined to seek the new El Dorado, and by pleading and importunity by Henry, and with the reluctant consent of his mother, his cousin permitted him to accompany him. They came to California *via* the Isthmus of Panama. They left on the steamer *Falcon*, February 1, 1849. They were detained in Panama about three weeks. In wandering about that city, Mr. Bidleman found an old Spanish printing press, and he and two printers of their party obtained the press and immediately started a newspaper, naming it the *Panama Star*, which is still being published. Young Hunt was the only newsboy, and sold the papers on the corners of the streets as rapidly as they could be issued, at ten cents apiece, there being from fifteen hundred to two thousand American passengers detained there at that time.

They finally obtained passage on the steamer *Oregon*, on her first trip, and arrived in San Francisco on the first day of April, 1849, as before stated. Among their fellow-passengers were the following noted argonauts: W. M. Lent, A. K. P. Harmon, M. R. Roberts, E. B. Vreeland, Frederick Billings, and Rev. Albert Williams.

His cousin immediately established himself in the business of general merchandising, and, being very successful, he shortly after added banking. Henry continued a faithful and very material assistant to his cousin until 1851, when he returned East to complete his education. He attended the Russell's Collegiate and Commercial Institute, in New Haven, Connecticut, for two years, in which time, by his studious habits, he acquired an excellent practical business education in all the English branches. In 1854, still in his teens, he returned again to San Francisco, accompanied by his mother.

California life in those early days was full of vicissitudes, one day in wealth, the next in comparative poverty. On his return Henry found that during his absence his cousin had not been an exception to the general rule. He had met with serious reverses and was out of regular business, and young Hunt found that he must henceforth depend upon himself alone, and become the architect and builder of his future fortunes. This was all that was necessary to call into play his native attributes of determination and perseverance, which have produced the very gratifying results of to-day.

He immediately sought and obtained employment

as clerk of the Orleans Hotel, in Sacramento City. Carefully economizing his salary, which in these days would be deemed princely, he found himself at the end of the year in possession of no inconsiderable capital, and he determined to seek and enter into some kind of business upon his own account. He accordingly went to Oroville, Butte County, in 1856, and commenced business as a merchant, dealing in every description of goods and merchandise that was demanded in the mining regions in those days. He was very successful and became very popular, and won an enviable reputation for integrity and probity of conduct and habits.

When the Fraser River excitement occurred, it affected the people almost as much as the original gold fever of California. Young Hunt, then but barely past his majority, and full of adventurous spirits, which his whole former life had tended to imbue him with, did not escape the infection, and he was among the first and most eager to seek the new gold-fields. But one year in those regions was sufficient to dispel all his illusions and absorb all his capital, and he was obliged to borrow enough to take him back to Oroville, where he was most heartily welcomed by his old friends and patrons. He re-established his old business and rapidly re-won his former financial standing.

In 1864 he had become so popular that he received, unsolicited, the Republican nomination for treasurer of Butte County, which office he filled for two years with credit and honor, and retired from it with the popular verdict of approval of his administration of its affairs.

He shortly after removed to Sacramento City, and became attached to the wholesale house of Powers & Co., in which he continued until January 1, 1872, when he became a partner in the firm of E. Cheelsvich & Co. The firm was very successful, and he remained with them three years, when he severed his connection and removed to San Francisco.

Shortly after his arrival in San Francisco he associated himself with E. Martin & Co. for five years and then formed a partnership with George H. Moore and C. Deweese, Jr., and established the present extensively-known firm of Moore, Hunt & Co. in the wholesale liquor business, the senior partner, Mr. Moore, residing in Louisville, Kentucky, as manager of the house there. The firm has from its beginning met with the most flattering success, and to-day stands on a par with the oldest and most substantial houses in that line of trade in the country.

In 1872, in Sierra County, near Downieville, he espoused Miss Emma Cole, his present esteemed and accomplished wife, formerly of Brooklyn, New York. They have had issue one son, and two daughters, now just verging into lovely young womanhood.

During his residence in Oroville he was captain of the Oroville Guards. He was also appointed by General Bidwell adjutant general, and became acting brigadier general of the Fifth Brigade N. G. C., during General Bidwell's absence in Congress. In a tournament for target practice held in Oroville during his command, his company won the prize of \$500, which they generously donated to aid in the erection of the pioneer school house, which is now one of the few landmarks left in that city.

Mr. Hunt has been both a Mason and an Odd Fellow in high standing for the last twenty-four years. He is at present a member of the Templar Lodge, No. 14, I. O. O. F., in San Francisco, and the California Lodge, No. 1, of Masons, also a Knight Templar of No. 16, including the Islam Temple of the Mystic Shrine. He is also a life member of the Society of California Pioneers. He has never been an active partisan in politics, but has always rendered a quiet allegiance to the Republican party upon national and State issues. In the War of the Rebellion he was unswerving in loyalty to the Union, and always zealous, in purse and services, in everything tending to its preservation.

Still in the very prime of physical manhood, with imposing stature denoting longevity, he bids fair to be among the very last of the remarkable characters who were the architects and builders of our glorious commonwealth. Of a genial and sympathetic nature, he has ever been quick in response to the deserving claims of charity.

DARIUS O. MILLS.

It does not follow because one no longer claims citizenship in California that he may not have played so important a part in the history and development of the State, and be yet so closely identified with its present and future prosperity by reason of large property interests, as to deserve mention among his fellow-argonauts in a work of this nature. In the whole range of honored and respected names that have begun their young manhood here, and earned, by long

years of energy and ability, reputation and fortune, none are more widely known than that of Darius O. Mills. If he is no longer a citizen of San Francisco in the sense of having here his domicile, his coming and going are so pleasantly frequent as to justify the presumption that he is a citizen of the world, and a recognized power in the financial world, and in that sense he honors us as our representative at large in the world of finance and of social life.

Mr. Mills is a native of the State of New York, having been born at North Salem, Westchester County, September 5, 1825. He was educated at the best academical institutions in that section of the State. By reason of the death of his father while Darius was but sixteen, leaving small fortune for the son to share other than the wise moral principles in which he had been reared, the young man was forced at the early age of seventeen to cast himself upon his own resources and be the arbiter of his own destiny.

His tastes and inclinations led him into mercantile life, and, securing a clerkship in New York City, he remained there, taking his first lessons in commercial and financial affairs until 1847, when an opening offered through his cousin, E. J. Townsend, of Buffalo, to take the position of cashier of the Merchants' Bank of Erie County, at Buffalo, with a one-third interest in the business. He was but twenty-two years of age when he assumed these responsible duties. But he soon developed such rare financial abilities as to give bright promise of the future that was in store for him.

But, rare as the opportunity was, and full of brilliant prospects as it seemed to be to his relatives and

friends, it was not sufficiently enticing to him to enable him to resist the effects of that great magnet in the distant West that soon began to attract people toward it, and that was the discovery of gold in California. In the early winter of 1848 young Mills agreed with two friends to start for the new land and to be ready in ten days. His friends failed to keep their engagement, but Mr. Mills promptly arranged his affairs, bade adieu to his friends, who were filled with regret at his leaving, and who indulged in many misgivings as to his future, and left Buffalo late in December, bound for California *via* Panama.

Reaching the latter place in due season, he found it overflowing with people all *en route* to California, with but small prospect of ever finding means of transportation to take them there.

While there may be a grain of truth in the adage that "patient waiters are no losers," yet it is certain that Mr. Mills had not yet subscribed to the doctrine which it teaches, and was not to be bound by it. He possibly recalled another homely old saying, that "the longest way round is sometimes the shortest way home," for he organized a party to join him in taking passage directly away from his real point of destination, to Callao, in Peru, where, after much difficulty, they succeeded in chartering the bark *Massachusetts*, which, for \$10,000, agreed to carry one hundred of them to San Francisco. Sixty days after leaving Callao, on June 8, 1849, she was "off the heads." Her captain, not knowing the entrance, refused to take the risk of going in without a pilot. Mr. Mills, who, so far in life, had been his own pilot, was deter-

mined not to be delayed by the captain's timidity. In company with six other passengers he left the ship, in one of her small boats, and, after a tedious and dangerous trip, landed in the cove of Yerba Buena, and her passengers were now safe on *terra firma*.

His plans were soon matured, and, man of action as he always was, he proceeded to carry them into immediate effect. He decided to start on a trading voyage up the San Joaquin River. With his partner he bought a small craft, stocked it with goods, and started on his first business venture in California. The goods were all sold at good prices, but the trip was not regarded as sufficiently profitable to justify its repetition. Mr. Mills now engaged the entire freighting capacity of a schooner bound to Sacramento. He loaded her with goods and found when afloat on his voyage that he was \$5,000 in debt for his freight, with but \$50 in cash in his pocket to operate on. The goods were sold as fast as landed, however, and before the captain had made out his bill for freight, Mr. Mills had not only taken in his \$5,000 for freight but a comfortable profit beside. The trip had been so successful that he immediately determined to go into business in Sacramento. He opened a banking and exchange office and began dealing in merchandise, gold-dust, and New York exchange.

In November of that year he started for New York, reaching Buffalo in December, just a year after leaving. He closed out his affairs there and again started for California. In partnership with his cousin, Mr. Townsend, he loaded a bark and part of a ship with goods for the California market and started them on

the voyage around the Horn before leaving, returning himself *via* the isthmus again. He reached Sacramento and renewed business. His goods were sold at a handsome profit immediately on their arrival. His banking business increased so rapidly that he now determined to devote his entire attention to it. He founded the banking house of D. O. Mills & Co., which has from that day to this been recognized as the leading financial institution of Sacramento, and will doubtless so remain long after he who created it and built it up to such magnificent proportions has been gathered to his fathers.

Mr. Townsend, of Buffalo, continued as his partner in the business for two years, and on his retirement Mr. Mills conducted it alone until 1862, when he admitted his brother Edgar and Henry Miller as partners. In the meantime his incessant devotion to business impaired his health, and in 1857, under the advice of his physicians, Mr. Mills went to Europe for a brief respite in travel and recreation, returning refreshed and invigorated and ready to achieve new triumphs in finance and new contests with the goddess Fortune.

The necessity for a banking house of large and commanding capital in San Francisco became so apparent in 1864 that the leading business men petitioned Mr. Mills and Mr. Ralston to organize such an institution. Mr. Mills consented to act with great reluctance, for his business cares were already sufficiently onerous without assuming new ones. The bank was organized with a capital of \$2,000,000 and Mr. Mills was unanimously chosen its president. He ac-

cepted the position on the condition that he was to serve not exceeding three or four years. He subscribed two thousand shares of its stock. Mr. Ralston became the cashier of the bank, and under the management of Mr. Mills and himself it soon came to be recognized as the great banking house of California. Its success surpassed even the most alluring and brilliant predictions that had been made for it. Its credit was unsurpassed. Its stockholders received their regular dividends of one per cent per month, while at the same time a large surplus was constantly accruing. In July, 1873, having held the position of president several years longer than he had intended, Mr. Mills resigned, leaving the bank in the full tide of prosperity, and Mr. Ralston became its president.

It is unnecessary to go into a detailed history of the bank from this period on. It is an old and painful story and need not be reopened. It will suffice to say that two years after he resigned, Mr. Mills, with others, was called on to take the bank. They found it millions in debt, with but \$100,000 in cash in its vaults. To be explicit, "an examination showed its liabilities, including \$5,000,000 capital stock and \$1,000,000 reserve, amounted to \$19,585,000." The bank closed its doors on the 26th of August, 1875. On the 27th the directors met and received Mr. Ralston's resignation. They immediately elected Mr. Mills president, and he energetically began the work of rehabilitating the bank. On the 24th of September an agreement had been entered into by the stockholders on the one side and D. O. Mills, Wm. Sharon, Thomas Bell, and others, on the other, by which the

bank was to be reopened with a capital of not less than \$5,000,000. Mr. Mills headed the list by subscribing \$1,000,000. On securities furnished by Messrs. Mills, Sharon, and Bell, the Oriental Bank Corporation of London agreed to protect all foreign drafts, and on the second day of October following, the bank once more threw open its doors, amid great public rejoicing. Its deposits the first day exceeded the amount drawn out. Mr. Mills was forced to appear before the multitude that assembled in front of the bank and bow his acknowledgment of the wild enthusiasm which his name and presence evoked, for he had saved the day and rescued San Francisco from financial stress, as well as the bank, and restored hope and confidence on all sides. He held the presidency of the bank until 1878, and resigned once more, leaving it again sounder and stronger than ever, and a financial institution likely to endure so long as the tide shall ebb and flow through the Golden Gate.

Mr. Mills' financial connections had now become so large and important that he found it both necessary and convenient to remain in New York, making that city his business headquarters. He had already become a financial light of leading magnitude in that city, and was and has been ever since growing stronger and more powerful in that direction. Holding immense real property interests in San Francisco and other localities in California, he had also large investments in New York City. He purchased the property in Wall and Broad Streets and Exchange Place, and built there the largest business building in that city, if not in the world. He endowed the State

University at Berkeley, before leaving California, with the sum of \$75,000, for a chair of moral and intellectual philosophy. He also presented to the State the magnificent group of statuary now in the rotunda at the State Capitol, representing Columbus pleading with Queen Isabella. His charities in various directions, though made without ostentation and to an extent that will never be fully known, are yet admitted to be immense in their magnitude, and of widespread benefit in their effect.

At present Mr. Mills is engaged in erecting, on the northeast corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets, in San Francisco, a building that will surpass, in size, cost, and imposing magnificence, anything ever yet erected on the Pacific Coast. It is to be essentially a California production in all the materials used in its construction, Inyo marble, as white and pure as anything ever quarried at Carrara, entering largely into its walls. It is to be elaborately cut in chaste and beautiful designs, and is intended to be a pattern for the introduction of this, the finest marble that the world can produce, for capitalists to copy after in future construction in San Francisco. The building itself is being built literally without regard to cost, and will be a lasting monument to the memory of the ablest and most successful financier that California has ever had as a resident within her borders.

Mr. Mills was married, on April 15, 1854, to Miss Jane J. Cunningham, daughter of James Cunningham, of New York. His two children, a son and a daughter, reside in New York. His wife died some years ago. An elegant country seat at Millbræ, seventeen

miles south of San Francisco, is yet occasionally occupied by Mr. Mills, or some members of his family on their visits to California, and is kept up with all the elegance and good taste that wealth well applied can command.

Mr. Mills is a life member of the Society of California Pioneers. He has done much to develop the capacities of the State, and to impress its importance upon the world at large, and carries, in his own presence among men everywhere, a commanding respect for the scale upon which men have been developed on these shores, and the influence which they wield on the social and financial affairs of the world at large.

WILLIAM T. COLEMAN.

If the "Gradgrinds" of history have relegated the story of William Tell to the limbo of myth and fable, they certainly will never succeed in so dealing with that of his namesake, William Tell Coleman. In California he is known of all men for the prominent and important part which he has played in the history of the State and for the conspicuous and honorable place which he holds in public esteem.

Born January 29, 1824, in Cynthiana, Harrison County, Kentucky, he approaches the biblical limit of "threescore and ten," with the physical bearing of one in the robust vigor of early middle life, promising many years of usefulness to the community, that he has served so well in the past, and of happiness and prosperity to himself, which that community so sincerely wishes may be accorded to him.

Mr. Coleman was born in the old homestead in

Kentucky, which had been established and occupied by his grandfather in 1792. He came from English stock through a line of clear-headed, well-educated family progenitors. His father was a well-known and prominent lawyer, having filled many positions of trust and honor, and attained an honored place in social and professional life.

In 1839, while yet a lad, just fairly entering his "teens," young Coleman began his active career in life in engineering field-work at Jacksonville, Illinois, under the care and tutelage of his uncle, Marcus A. Chinn, one of the chief engineers to whom was intrusted the responsible duty of laying out the railway system that has made that State so great and prosperous. With the same earnestness of purpose that has characterized all the work of his life, he devoted himself so assiduously to his new calling that he rapidly arose from the "leveling rod or target" to the "level" and "theodolite," and had progressed far enough to have given great promise as a civil engineer when his career was suddenly cut short in that direction. The State of Illinois had become bankrupt in 1840 and work on the railroads for the time being had to be abandoned. He was not born to remain idle. He sought and obtained employment in the lumber business in St. Louis. He continued in this employment for two years. He was now but eighteen years of age, and feeling the need of a better education to fit him for a successful career in life than the country schools of Kentucky had afforded, he began a two-years course of study at the St. Louis University, entering afterwards upon a classical course with the view of fitting himself for the profession of the law.

Stricken down by ill health while thus applying himself to his studies, he was compelled to call a halt, and to seek a more genial climate for the restoration of his health. He went from St. Louis to Louisiana, but his sojourn there was of no benefit, and he returned to St. Louis and started once more in an opposite direction to Northern Wisconsin, where he recovered his health and remained "on and off" until 1849, when he fell into line with the migration for California, and started on the long journey across the plains with his brother and a small company of emigrants, of which he was made captain. They proceeded *via* St. Joseph, Fort Childs, Kearney, and the South Pass to Salt Lake, where the company divided.

The pace was too slow for our energetic young emigrant, and at Salt Lake he and his brother started on horseback with a few pack-animals, straight out towards sunset bound for the Sacramento Valley. They pushed on to and along the Humboldt to the Truckee, thence southward to Carson, and over the mountains *via* Strawberry Valley, Hangtown, Mud Springs and down to Sutter's Mill, where they arrived on the 3d of August, 1849, in twenty-one days from Salt Lake.

The traveler who speeds over the same ground now in a luxuriously-appointed Pullman, with the fiery and snorting steed known as the locomotive, to whirl him along on his journey, may feel inclined to regard this as "no great shakes" in rapid transit. Nevertheless, it was a remarkable performance for that period, as they who then toiled slowly over the long and weary road can well testify to, and shows what stuff the subject of our

sketch is made of, to have accomplished it in such then unprecedented time. The story of that rapid trip seems well to illustrate the innate force of character of Mr. Coleman, for if ever a "human locomotive," or one that may be likened thereto, existed, it is found in the irresistible energy that has always been manifested by him.

Arrived at Sutter's Mill he engaged at once in buying and selling cattle and lands, and building. He then decided to seek out some prosperous mining camp and open a trading establishment. The "Hangtown" of that day and "Placerville" of our own seemed to him the most desirable locality, and toward that camp, with a well-selected lot of provisions and other goods, he was soon wending his way. He began business in a tent, but soon reached the dignity of a log store, of which his brother became manager of the interior department, while William T. was master of exterior affairs, driving the team and bringing in the store supplies from Sacramento:

No pent-up Hangtown could long confine the efforts of such a pushing man as Mr. Coleman, however. In March, 1850, he opened a store in Sacramento in connection with John Cristy, of St. Louis, and James W. Randall, of New York, Messrs. Cristy and Randall attending to the affairs of the firm in Sacramento, while Mr. Coleman became the purchaser for the house in San Francisco.

Again, as early as June, 1850, the tireless energy of young Coleman and the tendency of his mind for a large field of operations, was manifested by his closing up the Sacramento house and the establishment

of the now world-wide famous commercial house of William T. Coleman & Co, in San Francisco. The country storekeeper had entered upon the career which subsequent events have shown him to be well fitted for, that of the great merchant which he has since become.

The house then established kept at the very front in the growth of San Francisco. In 1852 a branch establishment was opened in New York, and in 1856 Mr. Coleman established the line of clipper ships which commanded the larger share of the carrying trade between New York and San Francisco until 1866. As the commercial importance of San Francisco has increased, so the house of William T. Coleman & Co. continued to widen out in its commercial relations, and became more world-wide in its mercantile transactions. No legitimate line of commercial connections or financial operations was too vast for bold undertaking on the part of Mr. Coleman. So the years passed on until its operations had fairly become of a colossal character, and the name and fame of its master-mind well known and respected everywhere in commercial and financial centers.

But not alone has he confined his operations to trade. In his own memorandum of "occupation" he sets himself down as "merchant, manufacturer, miner, and farmer." In all these he has, indeed, proved himself to be a master, as he has, indeed, been a failure in nothing that he has undertaken in any work in life since he began his active career in California.

In Vigilance Committee days, when crime ran riot in the streets of San Francisco, and the so-called "courts

of law" opened wide their doors to shelter, not to punish, the criminals who infested this community, the commanding spirit that led the people out of their crime-ridden bondage was William T. Coleman. As president of the Vigilance Committee in 1856, the same executive ability was displayed that had made him so successful as a man of affairs. Regardless of consequences for himself, shirking no responsibility, unwavering in determination to punish crime and restore order and good government to San Francisco, his example nerved men up to a line of public duty such as could only have come about under the auspices of such masterly leadership. For the work which he then performed, San Francisco owes him a debt of gratitude which never can be fully repaid, but which will keep his memory green so long as men shall read the pages of her early history, with which it is irreparably connected.

In 1877 San Francisco entered upon another period of public depression and hard times that for a while threatened to result in serious public disaster. The rainfall of 1876-77 had been the lowest since 1850-51. The grain crop was a failure; whole herds of cattle died for want of pasturage, and a serious decline in the product of the placer mines took place. The monthly dividends of the leading Comstock mines were suspended, and a shrinkage in value of mining stocks occurred that reduced hundreds from supposed affluence to poverty. In the Atlantic States the condition of things was equally troublesome. The spirit of unrest prevailed.

On the 20th of July there was a very serious riot

in Pennsylvania, and on the 21st another in Baltimore; July 23d, an alarming riot in Pittsburgh. Railroads were torn up and partially destroyed, a portion of the city burned, the military was called out and repelled by the mob, the railways taken possession of by the mob, and destructions of a very alarming nature were developed. The United States troops were called up, and there were several conflicts between the combined State and government troops on the one side and the mobs on the other. On the 24th there was an alarming riot in Buffalo, and a renewal of the riots in Pennsylvania, and thirty-seven men killed. The same developments continued in Pittsburgh, and the city was threatened. These excitements extended all over the United States, and reached San Francisco as quickly as elsewhere, but were not considered so alarming here, especially as the railway's forces in this State were in a good position, though the Chinese question was troublesome. Yet alarming reports increased; the papers were full of them; the country was absorbed in them, and the labor organizations, and particularly those of communistic character, were in motion.

Under such a condition of things existing on both sides of the continent, it was, perhaps, no matter of surprise that serious disturbances should follow in San Francisco. The workingmen, under the artful inspiration of Kearney and his aids, were soon in motion. A riot broke out on the 23d of July, in which one Chinese laundry was burned and several were sacked. Riddance of the Mongolian was held out as the panacea which was to bring relief to all, but public pillage was thought to be the prime motive of the leaders of the mob.

More than four-fifths of the houses in San Francisco were of wood, and it was believed that if an anti-Chinese mob should get control for a few hours, the destruction of San Francisco might follow. On the same day that riotous demonstrations began, the mayor and chief of police, feeling distrust and uneasiness, called on General McComb, commander of the State forces, and requested him to hold in readiness his entire force, to support the police officers. In their consultations they considered that the police and the National Guard would yet be insufficient. General McComb called a mass-meeting of the leading citizens at the Chamber of Commerce on the 24th, McComb in the chair.

Again, as during Vigilance Committee times, Mr. Coleman was looked upon as the man of all others in the community to lead in the movement to suppress these unlawful demonstrations.

As a result of the meeting, the Safety Committee was formed, to aid the civil military authorities in protecting the city. On motion of D. O. Mills, it was resolved that the whole organization, in all its outlines, and in every detail, be intrusted to Mr. Coleman; that such a work needed promptness and harmony, activity, and the use of resources without stint, a single head with absolute control. Seventy-five thousand dollars were quickly raised and put at the disposal of Mr. Coleman. The committee organization was perfected in all its details, and a sufficient armed force was distributed throughout the city to meet the emergencies of the occasion.

The result was, after a prolonged contest, that public order was restored, mob violence suppressed and

left to rave and howl itself out on that renowned city safety-valve, "the sand lot." The prompt and efficient measures taken by Mr. Coleman doubtless saved San Francisco from conflagration and pillage, restored the supremacy of law and order, brought back prosperity once more, and restored public confidence in the future of the city.

Out of the \$75,000 thus raised and placed in his hands, \$60,000 were spent for committee purposes and \$15,000 paid back, *pro rata*, to the original subscribers. The city had to pay some sixty or seventy thousand dollars for property destroyed by the mob.

Thus in the two most serious emergencies through which San Francisco has ever passed, Mr. Coleman has been the commonly-recognized leader that led her successfully through them to peace and prosperity again, thereby deserving a larger measure of public gratitude than has fallen to the lot of any other citizen within her borders.

In politics Mr. Coleman has always been a Democrat. A Union man to the heart's core, he was active and influential in every good work that could aid the great cause of the preservation of the Union during the War of the Rebellion. He has always refused public office, though tendered nomination to the highest positions by his party, and at one time widely mentioned by leading journals of the Atlantic States as an available candidate for President of the United States.

He is a life member of the Society of California Pioneers and was president of that society in 1876-77.

Mr. Coleman was married, in Boston, in August, 1852, to Miss Carrie M. Page, second daughter of

D. D. Page, Esq., of St. Louis. In his domestic and social surroundings he has enjoyed an exceptionally happy life and commanded the respect and esteem of all classes alike. He is as well known socially in New York as in San Francisco, having resided there in the early "sixties," his vast business interests requiring his presence at that point.

While in New York, his advice and counsel were eagerly sought by the authorities, during the riots in that city, which were promptly accorded, as they always have been, on the side of law and order.

His stay in New York was but temporary; his home was in the land of his early adoption, California, to which he subsequently returned to live out the remainder of his eventful life, honored by all who knew him, at peace with all the world.

RICHARD HAYES McDONALD.

If the scope of this work would permit, the story of the ancestry and boyhood of Dr. R. H. McDonald, told in detail, would prove of rare interest and attraction. The reader who has followed its pages will have observed that its chief purpose is to furnish an outline sketch only of the life work in California of a few of those who aided in founding the State, as types of the remarkable class of men who sought these then remote shores, and engaged in that great undertaking. Confining itself to this limit, the early life of these men can only be glanced at in this connection, but that glance rarely fails to add largely to the interest of the story of their later lives.

In the present instance it may fairly be said that

the clan McDonald, from which the subject of this sketch is a lineal descendant, was not more prominent in Scottish history than has been the clan McDonald in California, as comprised in the group of brothers of that name, of which Doctor McDonald is, perhaps, the most prominent figure.

Dr. R. H. McDonald, the oldest of a family of twelve children, seven boys and five girls, was born on the 20th of June, 1820, on a farm near the town of Mackville, Washington County, Kentucky. His ancestors formed the advance guard of American civilization from the Atlantic border across the Alleghanies into the almost unbroken wilderness of Kentucky, and struggled long and faithfully against fearful obstacles, in their efforts to establish their home and family name in that remote and unbroken solitude.

His earlier years were passed in hard and laborious occupations on a farm, with few opportunities for acquiring an education. His schooling began in a little log cabin on Long Lick, near the village of Mackville, built in the most primitive manner and of the roughest material. The three R's formed the outermost limit of the capabilities of this seat of learning, and these were only acquired under comfortless and laborious conditions, such as would shock the school-boy who enjoys the luxurious conveniences and advantages offered by the schools of San Francisco.

There were six stalwart brothers in the family (one of the seven died when a child), all of whom began their hard introduction in life by laborious farm work, at the early age of seven. Richard—the subject of this sketch—stuck patiently to his calling until he was

twenty years of age, but availing himself of every possible opportunity to cultivate his mind by reading and study, in which his brothers were no less assiduous than he. As he approached manhood, the marked traits of character which have distinguished his later life began to manifest themselves in a most striking manner. In the midst of a community where he had been born and bred, and where slavery existed, and was regarded almost in the right of a divine inheritance, he took strong ground in favor of its abolition, and determined to do all he could to destroy it. His course was opposed by, and was repugnant to, his father and brothers, but it did not cause him to swerve one hair's breadth from the line which he had marked out for himself to follow. It is referred to as illustrating that peculiar trait of character which, as will presently appear, has always led him to be in advance of public thought and opinion, and which has always found him traveling along the high road that public opinion is sure, sooner or later, to follow.

He had barely attained his majority when, after going upon one of his occasional trips to Louisville with a load of farm produce, which he had exchanged for supplies for home, he suddenly arrived at the conclusion that the time had come for him to strike out in the world for himself. He gave his negro driver money enough for the return journey, and "charged him to deliver everything safely to his father, and to say that he had left for Missouri, and did not know just when he should be back." He had long desired to study for the medical profession, and succeeded in making his way to the home of his cousin, Dr. Silas

McDonald, in Western Missouri, by whom he was kindly received and encouraged in his desires.

Drifting around this part of Missouri for a time, he at length returned home, and devoted himself to the assistance of his father. After a period of hard work, close economy, and shrewd land operations, by which he had accumulated a capital of a few hundred dollars, he began a course of medical study at Springfield, in Washington County, Kentucky, as a student of Drs. Montgomery and Hughes, where he remained until 1844. From there he went to St. Louis, and pursued his studies at the Prather Medical College until 1846. Then his funds gave out and he could devote no more time to study, but must fight his way on, as best he might, through the practice of his profession.

Obtaining credit for a small stock of medicines, he went to Nauvoo, the then new seat of the Mormon empire, and opened an office. Success crowned his efforts from the beginning. He remained there through the exciting scenes which grew out of the war between the Gentiles and the Mormons, taking a bold and manly stand against the cruel treatment which the latter were receiving, and aiding and attending the sick and wounded, who were left almost without medical help. For this he was subsequently cited to appear before the "Citizens' Committee," and ordered to leave the place within three days. He refused to go, and denied them admission to his office when they came to force him to leave. They abandoned the attack and left him.

He went to Springfield, Illinois, the capital of the State, laid the condition of affairs before Gov-

ernor Ford, secured the armed intervention of State troops, who returned with him to Nauvoo, only to find the town pillaged and deserted. From there he went to Prairie du Roche, in the southern part of the State, where he practiced a few months, when the news of the gold discovery in California reached him and changed the whole current of his life.

The malarious character of the locality had sadly undermined his health, and it had become a serious question whether he should longer remain, even with the lucrative practice which he had established, or go elsewhere. He reached at last the conclusion that "he must go and live, or remain and die." And so with the hoped-for restoration to health to urge him on, and the magnet of the gold discovery to attract him westward, he set out with others on the long journey "across the plains." The cholera was raging, and, while his own health was constantly improving, his professional services were in constant demand, and freely given, without fee or compensation, among his fellow-travelers, who were dying almost by scores around him. He passed through it in safety. His two special traveling companions were Dr. (afterwards Judge) C. H. Swift, who was afterward eight years mayor of Sacramento City, and who organized and built up to great success the Sacramento Savings Bank, and Louis Sloss, whose biography has already been given. After their full share of the hardships and dangers incident to that memorable journey, they reached "Steep Hollow," near Nevada City, on the 18th of July, 1849, where they witnessed the operation of gold digging and washing for the first time,

and which had been the attraction which had brought them hither.

They made their way to Sacramento, camped on the spot now known as the corner of Sixth and O Streets, and "entered into an agreement to transact in partnership whatever business they should find most advantageous."

Taking an account of stock, it was found that Dr. C. H. Swift's cash capital constituted nearly nine-tenths of the whole amount. He had brought with him all the way \$2,200 in gold sovereigns. Dr. R. H. McDonald had about \$180, and Mr. Sloss a little less than that. But with supreme confidence in each other, which was never shaken nor interrupted during their lifetime, they made a common pool for the common benefit of all three. Renting a space between two other tents, the sides of which they utilized as party walls, they stretched a piece of canvas overhead for shelter from the sun, erected a covered scantling entrance, converted the tailboard of a wagon into a counter, on which they placed a pair of gold-scales for weighing in the currency of the country, with an old iron-bound Dutch trunk in the rear for a safe, and thus equipped they were ready for business. In the rear of this imposing mercantile house they built their fire, cooked, washed dishes, and slept upon the loose hay from the haystack around which the animals in which they were dealing were tied and fed. "They commenced their partnership dealing in horses, mules, oxen, milch cows, wagons, carts, ox yokes, harness, and almost everything required by immigrants and miners."

From such small and rude beginning, each one of these three friends worked his way up to success, the two survivors, Doctor McDonald and Mr. Sloss, to the possession and enjoyment of colossal fortunes.

The winter floods brought common disaster to all in Sacramento. It swept away Dr. McDonald and his partner's live stock and merchandise, and caused him to turn his attention to his profession. He entered into partnership with Dr. Thorp, of New Orleans, and soon they had more calls than they could attend to. A reputed discovery of gold in fabulous quantities in Amador Creek, in Amador County, so worked upon the minds of each of the partners that it was agreed that one should go in search of this new and great gold discovery, and whatever came of it, as well as of their medical practice, should be faithfully divided. The lot of "miner" and gold seeker fell to Dr. McDonald. He returned, after four weeks spent in swinging the pick and rocking the cradle, fully satisfied that gold digging was not his forte, and that wealth was not to come to him from that source. Later on the partnership with Dr. Thorp came to an abrupt termination through bad treatment and bad faith on the part of the latter, and Dr. McDonald continued the practice of his profession alone, and with great success. The conditions of his environment were such that he was obliged to compound his own prescriptions. The supply of drugs was precarious and unreliable, depending largely upon the medicines brought in by the immigrants, which he bought as often as practicable. He soon, however, accumulated a goodly supply, to which he made frequent ad-

ditions, until he found himself in condition to enter into the drug business. He opened a drug store in a large blue tent, at what is now 137 J Street, Sacramento, and in an incredibly short space of time "found himself at the head of the largest, best-equipped, and most-profitable drug business of the Pacific Coast." His increasing business compelled him to give up the practice of his profession. His retail trade grew into colossal wholesale business, and the drug house of R. H. McDonald & Co. became one of the great commercial establishments of California.

The flood of 1851 made it necessary to establish a branch house in San Francisco, and subsequently a third branch in New York City, of the latter of which Dr. R. H. McDonald took charge, leaving the two California houses in charge of his partner, Dr. John C. Spencer. The New York business now grew into such important dimensions, under the masterly management of Dr. McDonald, that it was finally determined by the partners to sell the California business and confine their efforts to the New York house entirely. The sale was made to Messrs. Hostetter, Redington & Co., and Dr. Spencer went to New York, leaving Dr. McDonald free to return to San Francisco, to devote his attention to banking, in which he had been indirectly engaged for years. He became president of the Pacific Bank of California, which he has brought up to the very front of the financial institutions of San Francisco, and made it as solid as the hills upon which that great city is founded, and which he continues to manage and direct with the most absolute fidelity to the interests of the depositors and customers.

Throughout all the long years that have intervened since Dr. McDonald began his active career in San Francisco, in spite of the constantly-growing cares, responsibilities, and labors of his business affairs, he has been unceasing in the performance of his duties as a citizen, and always a leader among men in the inculcation, by precept and practice, of measures best calculated to promote the common welfare and happiness of all. His zeal in the cause of temperance has necessarily antagonized many, but none among them all have ever doubted his sincerity of motive, or questioned the honesty of his purpose. He is, without doubt, the most fearless and independent man in all things religious, political, or social that has ever made California his home, and will leave behind him a name unsullied by the faintest shadow of dishonorable thought or practice.

The life of Dr. McDonald has also been inseparably interwoven with the lives of his stalwart brothers, Captain James, DeWitt L., Marion Jasper, and Marcus Lindsey, who have been already alluded to in the opening of this paper as constituting the "clan McDonald" in California. All of these men have been prominent and conspicuous figures in the business community for many years, and each one has played an important part in life. The Kentucky farmer-boys followed their elder brother to California, soon after his migration hither, and here they have achieved reputation and fortune. No man stands higher than Captain James McDonald in public esteem. Indeed, the same remark may be equally well applied to each of the brothers. Jasper has long been a controlling

factor in the enormous transactions of the stock board. Mark is literally king of the beautiful valley of Santa Rosa, and is one of California's commissioners for the World's Fair to be held at Chicago in 1893. The family reaches out now into multiplicity of numbers in children and grandchildren, Californians "to the manner born," who, under the tutelage of these mentally and physically strong fathers and their estimable mothers, are doubtless destined to play prominent and important parts in the future prospects of the State which their fathers helped to found.

Dr. R. H. McDonald was married on the 5th of August, 1851. He has two sons, Frank V. and Richard H., and one daughter, Martha Shepard. The latter was married, in 1879, to John C. Spencer, Jr., which union has been blessed with children, two boys and two girls. In his domestic relations Dr. McDonald has enjoyed a happy career, and, it may be truthfully said, has been and is fairly idolized by his children. In a message to them collectively, which introduces the biography prepared by his son Frank, he touchingly says:—

"My life, as you know, has been cast in humble and rugged ways, with but few of the opportunities for higher education which you have enjoyed, and the final goal I shall reach will be far below what you shall attain. I have tried as best I knew how to lead, by example and precept, an industrious, honest, and Christian life, without ever injuring willfully, in thought or deed, a single fellow-man. In all my eventful career I have fixed my trust on high, and I begin to feel that I have fought a good fight, I have finished

my course, I have kept the faith.' My earnest prayer is that I have not been without an influence for good, and that I have contributed in a small way to make those around me happier and better because I have lived among them."

WILLIAM H. PRATT.

Writing at a period in California history when a new generation is at the front in political, as well as in social and commercial life, it is gratifying to find instances here and there where the argonauts still maintain their supremacy and vigor, and command positions in public life from which, in the common order of things, it might well be supposed they had long ago retired. An instance in point is found in the name which heads this sketch.

The present surveyor-general of the United States, in California, William H. Pratt, is an argonaut of '49. He is a native of East Haddam, Connecticut. He was left an orphan at an early age, and has had his own battle to fight in life, chiefly with his own unaided efforts, learning in the school of necessity the value and virtue of self-reliance in the struggle for existence.

Laboring at farm work as a boy, with such advantages as the excellent New England common-school system gives, he successfully struggled on until he was seventeen years of age, when he made his way to Springfield, Massachusetts, where he began business for himself. Later on he reached New York, where an opportunity offered to engage in the India-rubber business with an uncle, in which occupation the gold

excitement found him at the close of 1848, and gathered him in as a recruit in the great army of adventurous young men then setting out for far-off California.

He left New York on the 20th of December, 1848, on a small steamer called the *Orus*, and after a winter voyage of great severity and danger, reached Chagres. Making his way across the isthmus with the usual difficulties and hardships of that time, he reached Panama, and sailed from that port on the first up voyage of the steamer *California*, reaching San Francisco on the 28th of February, 1849.

His early career in the new country in which he found himself is a story of successes achieved in the face of serious, and what would commonly be regarded as insurmountable, difficulties. He left San Francisco, a few days after his arrival, on a launch bound for Sutter's embarcadero, now Sacramento, paying thirty dollars for his passage. After nine and one-half days of weary sailing, rowing, and "tracking" the launch up the waters of the Sacramento, swollen by the winter rains, he reached the site of what is now Sacramento City. He pushed on from here to Coloma, in El Dorado County, where the gold discovery had been made, then proceeded to the Big Bar, on the middle fork of the American River, and began his first experiences as a gold digger.

He continued at this work with good success through the summer and fall, returning to San Francisco about the middle of November, with a goodly pile of gold-dust, *en route* for home. He came down from Sacramento on the first down trip of the steamer *Senator*, and on his arrival in San Francisco took

passage on the first steamer leaving for Panama, reaching New York on Christmas morning, 1849.

So far he had been among the remarkably fortunate ones of the early argonauts, and the story which he was able to tell to his relatives and acquaintances was a romantic and flattering one. He was bent on business, however. His first experience in California had not only opened his eyes to the importance of the situation, but fortune had been kind enough to him to enable him to obtain capital through his own industry to launch out into trade in the new country which he had seen and determined to adopt as his future home. He purchased a large stock of goods, with the intention of going into business in San Francisco. Some of these he shipped on the clipper *Surprise*, *via* Cape Horn, and the remainder *via* the isthmus by steamer, starting on his return trip by the same steamer carrying his goods. These he succeeded in having carried across the isthmus, and shipped on board the old propeller *Sarah Sands*, his freight bill in the latter respect amounting to \$3,000. Reaching San Francisco, he opened business, but was burned out by the June fire of 1850, losing \$30,000, without one dollar of insurance to recoup his loss. He raised \$1,000 on his bills of lading of goods then coming to him *via* Cape Horn, bought a small stock of merchandise, and once more started for his old camping-ground at Big Bar. He established a trading-post at Fords Bar, and soon began a new career of success. His business increased to such an extent that he soon had four large trading establishments, with teams and freight wagons continually plying between Sacramento and the mines to keep up his supplies.

He opened an establishment at Georgetown, in El Dorado County, and in 1855 had built new stores, a new hotel, engaged largely in mining enterprises, and added a thriving banking business to his other affairs. And this in spite of the fact that he had suffered heavily at Georgetown in 1852 by fire, with no insurance to cover his losses.

The year 1855, however, witnessed another disastrous conflagration in Georgetown, by which his buildings were all destroyed, and his losses greater and more disastrous than ever.

New disasters only roused him to new efforts. He engaged brickmakers, made brick, and rebuilt more substantially than before. Renting his new buildings, he now removed to the country and commenced the planting of orchards for the new industry of fruit growing.

And now began the political experiences in his career. The Republican party was being organized, and the causes which called it into existence enlisted his sympathies and his active co-operation. The first Republican Club in El Dorado County was formed at his residence. He made an active canvass, was nominated for the State Senate, defeated at the first election, nominated again in the next campaign, and ran each time largely ahead of his ticket. El Dorado County was, however, so strongly Democratic that he was not successful.

He went to Washington to attend the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, and was appointed receiver of public moneys for the Humboldt district, to which place he subsequently removed and entered upon the duties of his office. He was appointed by Governor

Stanford quartermaster of the first battalion of mountaineers engaged in the prosecution of the Indian war then raging in the northern part of California.

In 1867 he resigned his position of receiver, and was made Indian agent at Hoopa Valley. In 1869 he resigned and returned to Eureka, to devote himself to mercantile business. He was elected a member of the Eureka board of trustees, and was, and always has been, an active worker in aiding to advance the fortunes of that progressive town. He erected the handsome "Pratt's Open House" in Eureka. He was the nominee of his party for the Assembly in 1880. He was appointed by President Arthur as collector of customs for the Humboldt district, which position he held until 1888. He was selected to go to Washington to assist the congressional representative in procuring an appropriation for the improvement of Humboldt Bar, and was one of the alternate delegates to the Republican Convention at Chicago, at which General Harrison was nominated for the presidency. He was appointed by President Harrison surveyor-general of the State, which position he now fills with honor to himself and with credit to the State.

General Pratt was married in 1855, and has a family of seven children, four sons and three daughters. He is a member of the Society of California Pioneers, in which, as well as in the community at large throughout the State, he is highly esteemed and respected.

ATKINS MASSEY.

Atkins Massey was born in the borough of Southwark, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, December 3, 1819.

He is of English descent, his ancestors migrating to this continent in the seventeenth century, and settling in Virginia, which was the birthplace of his father, grandfather, and great grandfather. They were all planters and were regarded as among the most prominent and influential families in the old dominion. His mother, who was Miss Rachel Cummins, was also of Virginia parentage and descended from a most honorable ancestry.

Mr. Massey was educated at the public schools of Philadelphia. His father died when he was but sixteen years old, leaving the family in indigent circumstances. Being naturally endowed with great self-reliance, he at once determined to relieve his mother of the burden of his support, and to seriously commence the battle of life, and to rely in the future only upon his own exertions. In obedience to this determination, he apprenticed himself to Mr. Jacob Fritz, of Philadelphia, to learn the cabinet maker's trade, which, after four years of diligent and unwavering devotion, he completely mastered and was enabled to leave the employ of Mr. Fritz indorsed by him as a proficient master workman. He went to New Orleans but remained but a short time on account of the prevalence of the yellow fever. In 1836 he located in Cincinnati, Ohio, where he worked at his trade for two years; from there he removed to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where he resided until 1841. Not satisfied with the success he had thus far achieved in his legitimate vocation, he concluded to seek a different occupation. Accordingly, he went to New York and joined the United States frigate *Columbia*, as storekeeper,

the ship being bound on a cruise to the Mediterranean and the coast of Brazil. While on this cruise the ship visited the ports of Gibraltar, Genoa, and Naples, on the Mediterranean, also Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil, and Algiers, on the coast of Morocco, adding most extensively to his knowledge of the world. Becoming wearied with the monotony of sea life, on his return to New York, in 1843, he left the ship, went to Philadelphia, and entered into business with Charles H. Kerk, in the manufacturing of ruling machines, and continued in the business until 1848.

Notwithstanding Mr. Massey's energy and perseverance in these different pursuits, he had met thus far with but indifferent success, but it established the fact that he was possessed of an unusually adventurous spirit.

His mind had frequently reverted to the far West, and he had often debated within himself whether those almost unknown regions did not offer better prospects for youth and energy than the populous North. He had thought upon the subject until he became imbued with an almost irresistible desire to emigrate West, and when the rumor of the discovery of gold in California reached him, he was ripe and eager to be among the very first to immigrate hither, and he immediately joined an association composed of one hundred and thirty-two members, known as the Golden California Association. They started from New York on February 6, 1849, on the ship *Clarissa Perkins*, Captain Goodrich. The captain was a drunkard, the ship was badly manned and meagerly victualed, and their voyage around Cape Horn was a most disagreeable one.

The ship put into Rio de Janeiro, and while Mr. Massey and twelve other passengers were on shore, the captain, in a drunken fit, coolly put to sea, basely deserting them in a foreign port among strangers and without any means. But their good fortune had not entirely abandoned them, for the good ship *Samoset*, Captain Hollis, arrived in port a day or two after, and Mr. Massey and companions, with the aid of Mr. Wm. Codington, a pioneer now deceased, were enabled to take passage for San Francisco, where they arrived on Saturday, September 9, 1849.

Upon his arrival in San Francisco he found everything in a state of feverish excitement, most of the business centered about the plaza, where every species of reckless speculation and gambling was indulged in. Gambling was openly carried on in all the hotels and saloons on the ground floor, and all supplied with bands, and the strains of their music were heard unceasingly day and night, occasionally mingled with the sound of a pistol shot. Most of the population lived in tents. Speculation in town lots was rife, gold-dust a drug. Every comfort and even necessities cost fabulous prices, and people indulged in every caprice and whim, generally regardless of moral or legal restraint.

Mr. Massey's equanimity was not disturbed by all this excitement. He coolly revolved in his own mind what occupation or business he would adopt. Building was progressing as rapidly as lumber and material could be procured, and he determined to enter the business of master builder, in which he was at home. He hired all the hands he could procure, and found constant and remunerative employment; he erected nu-

merous buildings of his own, which were subsequently swept away by the great fire of May and June, 1851; but, undaunted by this calamity, he energetically continued building, and finally met with that success that determined will and perseverance are sure to win.

Among the buildings, the very first that he constructed in 1851 after the fire, and the very first building erected on the block bounded by Sacramento, Kearney, Clay, and Montgomery Streets, still stands to-day, unharmed by time and circumstances, the only landmark left of those times. It is located at 648 Sacramento Street, and in dimensions is but six feet six inches in front by sixty-three feet in depth and two stories high.

In 1852 he revisited the place of his birth, to see once again his venerable mother. While there he espoused Miss Mary Dougherty, a most accomplished young lady, of highly respectable parentage, who has ever proved an estimable wife and mother. They have had issue, six children, four boys and two girls, five now living, three boys and two girls. Upon his return to San Francisco Mr. Massey, in connection with Mr. Young, established the pioneer undertaking business, which increased in magnitude until it became the leading firm in that branch of business upon the coast, and it still continues so, under the sole management now of Mr. Massey.

In March, 1874, he sent his family to Europe with the purpose of educating his children on the continent. They were educated in Germany. In 1876 he visited the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and from there joined his family in Italy. While abroad Mr.

Massey visited all the capitals and places of note in Europe.

In early days Mr. Massey was prominently identified with politics, at first affiliating with the Whigs and afterwards with the Democratic party. He was very popular and could have aspired successfully to almost any office, but of late years, becoming disgusted with the "filthy pool," he has long ceased partisan affiliation.

In the late war he was intensely Union, giving, with an unstinting hand, to the Sanitary Fund and to all other objects tending to its preservation.

He took an active part in organizing the Pennsylvania Fire Company, and also the National Guards, which were among the very first formed in San Francisco. He has been a worthy and efficient member of the order of Odd Fellows since their organization. He is president of the Charitable Fund of the Exempt Firemen, and also president of the Undertakers' and Funeral Directors' Association. He is a life member of the Society of California Pioneers, of which he has been a director several times, and one of the most zealous and earnest members of that association, always eager to aid in promoting the objects of its formation.

Mr. Massey is still in possession of physical and robust manhood. Generous and sympathetic in disposition, his head and hand are ever ready and prompt in liberal response to real distress. His manner is genial and prepossessing, and there are but few men more extensively and popularly known in San Francisco than Atkins Massey.

DANIEL NORCROSS

Was born in the city of Philadelphia, in the early '20's. He is a descendant of a most honorable ancestry, English on the paternal and French on the maternal side. His near ancestor, William Norcross, emigrated from Lancashire, England, and settled in Berks County, Pennsylvania, in 1699. His immediate ancestress, Rachel Van Court, belonged to the old Pennsylvania Quaker stock. His father died a Methodist clergyman, and his mother, now living, at the age of ninety, is a Baptist in religious creed. Mr. Norcross himself professes no sectarian creed, but has inherited a deep sympathy with the old Quaker doctrines.

In 1844 he espoused Miss Harriet Newell Abbott, a most estimable young lady, a descendant of the old New England Puritans. She joined her husband in California in 1852, and ever proved a most devoted, affectionate wife and assiduous business partner. Upon a visit to her old home in Philadelphia in 1887, she contracted a severe cold, which settled upon her lungs and defied the best medical advice obtainable, and finally culminated on March 11, 1888, when, surrounded and soothed by the most loving kindred and friends, she peacefully and resignedly passed to her rest, beloved and honored by all who had ever come within the sphere of her salutary influence.

Mr. Norcross may claim to be *the* pioneer, both in the United States and California, in the business he is at present engaged in, *i. e.*, the manufacture of regalia, flags, banners, etc., which has increased to vast proportions throughout the Union, and requires millions of capital.

In 1848, when the news of the discovery of gold reached the Eastern States, it created universal excitement, and Mr. Norcross did not escape its influence, and, although in successful business, being in the very prime of youthful vigor, and ardent in disposition, he determined at once, should the reports prove true, to be among the first to seek the golden shores of California.

General J. Winchester, the publisher of the *Golden Rule* of New York, a journal devoted to the interests of Odd Fellowship, and a very dear friend of Mr. Norcross, went to Washington and verified the truthfulness of the reports. He then went to Philadelphia and informed Mr. Norcross, and they immediately began preparations for the journey, to which Mrs. Norcross gave a reluctant consent, and his partner, Mr. Curtis, his approval. General Winchester at once returned to New York and secured passage for both himself and Mr. Norcross on the ship *Tarolinta*, bound for San Francisco.

They sailed on January 13, 1849. They had as fellow-passengers James Devoe, Caleb Lyon, of Lyonsdale, the noted poet and ex-congressman, and Frederick Jerome, the ocean hero, who saved so many lives from the burning ship *Ocean Monarch*, in 1848.

After a most tedious and monotonous voyage of one hundred and seventy-six days, varied slightly by touching at Rio de Janiero and Valparaiso, they arrived at San Francisco July 6, 1849, since which time Mr. Norcross has been a constant resident here.

Notwithstanding the excitement pervading the community, and the eager desire manifested by all

classes to rush to the mines, induced by tales of the fabulous wealth so easily obtainable there, Mr. Norcross was unaffected by it, and wisely concluded that a steady, legitimate business was far preferable to him than the itinerant and capricious life of a miner, and he shortly after established himself in his old business, in the manufacture of Odd Fellows and Masonic and military regalia, banners, flags, etc.

He commenced business on Sacramento Street near Montgomery, the first of the kind upon the Pacific Coast. In 1849 he received orders for his goods, making his headquarters with Messrs. Smiley & Neal, on Washington Street, afterwards at the office of the *Pacific News*, on Kearny Street, having purchased an interest in the publication of that journal, with his friend, General J. Winchester. In 1852, on the arrival of his family, he opened up a large establishment on Sacramento Street above Montgomery, including ladies' dress trimmings,; furnishing goods, etc., etc.

In 1860 he removed to the Masonic Temple, corner Montgomery and Post Streets, and opened up an extensive establishment, occupying one store on Montgomery Street for ladies' dress trimmings, underclothing, etc., and one store on Post for military goods, regalia, flags, banners, etc. His business requires artistic ability of a high order, and originality of design not demanded in any other vocation. As a designer he stands without a rival. The very high reputation acquired by his house extends throughout the country west of the Rocky Mountains.

Mr. Norcross' connection with Odd Fellowship, Masonry, and other kindred benevolent societies, con-

stitutes almost a complete history of such organizations in California. Of an exceedingly benevolent and charitable disposition, he has ever been prominent and zealous in originating and creating a sodality of all the elements of society that tend to ameliorate the condition of his fellow-men.

He was initiated in the Odd Fellows' Philanthropic Lodge, No. 15, in Philadelphia, in May, 1845, and received all the degrees in the subordinate lodge during the year. He was instrumental in establishing many lodges in Philadelphia in those early years, and received from them almost all the honors in their power to confer. On the 9th of September, 1849, he assisted the D. D. G. S. in instituting the first Odd Fellows' Lodge on the Pacific Coast. In January, 1852, the degree of Rebekah was conferred upon Mrs. Norcross by the Noble Grand of Apollo Lodge, No. 296, in Philadelphia, she being the first to receive that honor after the law went into effect.

Mr. Norcross was one of the petitioners for an encampment in 1852, for which a dispensation was granted, with a commission to Matthew Purden as D. D. G. S., by the Grand Sire, to institute Golden Gate Encampment, No. 1, which service was performed February 1, 1833. In the election of officers of the encampment it transpired that Mr. Norcross was the only one who could communicate the secret work of the Patriarchal degrees, and although a past Chief Patriarch, he consented to serve as High Priest, and was accordingly elected to that office and performed its duties during the term.

Mr. Norcross was made a Mason in Mount Moriah

Lodge, No. 145, in Philadelphia, in 1847, and demitted from that Lodge in 1852. He was one of the founders of Occidental Lodge, No. 22, of San Francisco, and has succeeded to almost all the honors of Masonry since. He received the orders of the Scottish Rite Masonry by patent, bearing date May 9, 1868.

He joined the Independent Order of Red Men in Philadelphia in 1847, also the United Order of American Mechanics in 1848. He was one of the first members of California Lodge, No. 1, of the Knights of Pythias.

Mr. Norcross is at present an honored member of the following organizations:—

California Commandery, No. 1, K. T.; California Chapter, No. 5, R. A. M.; Oriental Lodge, No. 144, F. and A. M.; California Chapter, No. 4, O. E. S.; Past Grand Representative I. O. O. F. of 1865-66; Golden Gate Encampment, No. 1, I. O. O. F.; Court Robin Hood, No. 5931, A. O. of F.; Apollo Lodge, No. 123, I. O. O. F.; Templar Rebekah Degree Lodge, No. 19, I. O. O. F.; Veteran Association, I. O. O. F.; Literary Social Club, I. O. O. F.; Grand Treasurer Knights Golden Eagle, Cal.; California Castle, No. 1, Knights Golden Eagle, Cal.; Society of California Pioneers, life member; Veteran Fireman's Association, treasurer; Sons of American Revolutionary Sires; Press Club; Veteran National Guard, California; non-affiliated, Druids Red Men, Knights of Pythias.

Such a record is indeed most honorable, as indicative of a very high standard of disinterested philanthropy. The duties incumbent upon a member of

these numerous organizations of his high status entail not only a vast amount of labor but a liberal outlay of money, which they are constantly and unstintedly receiving from him.

Mr. Norcross is still apparently hale and vigorous, gentle and modest in demeanor, and courteous in address. He was a staunch supporter of the government during the Rebellion, and politically a quiet but earnest Republican. He is of that class of argonauts whose ranks are fast thinning out, and whose steady depletion is more marked and noted probably than that of any other class of the community, as they cannot be recruited.

JOHN F. LOHSE.

Of the "men of '49" few are more widely known for genial companionship and prominent place in the list of good fellows, than John F. Lohse. A native of New York—having been born in January, 1824—his early education was acquired in that city, and completed by a four years' course in Europe, returning to his native land in time to be drawn into the gold-fever excitement of the winter of 1848, and to be fired with an ardor which inspired the thousands then preparing to journey to the golden western edge of the American Continent.

He sailed in the vessel called the *Rising Sun*, on the 30th of March, 1849, and was one of the sixty young men who belonged to the so-called "Rising Sun" Association, who had contributed each his equal share for the purchase of the vessel and the supply of stores and goods with which she was laden. The

Cape Horn voyage was successfully and safely made, and the vessel sailed into the harbor of San Francisco on the 12th of September, 1849.

Mr. Lohse's California career began, as many another argonaut's had done who left home under similar conditions, as a member of an organization which was to jointly, and for the common interest of all, pick up a good store of golden nuggets and gold-dust, and go back home again and enjoy the riches so obtained. The vessel was taken to Sacramento, the goods, etc., were sold, a division of property made, the "Rising Sun" Association ceased to exist, and each man was left to "paddle his own canoe" as best he could.

Mr. Lohse went to the diggings at Hangtown, and mined with varying success. Remaining in the mountains through the winter and until the spring of '51, trying in vain through all the methods of pick, pan, rocker, long tom, and even submarine armor in the American River, to better his fortunes in mining, he left for San Francisco, and took up his abode in the then young and thriving city.

He reached here in time to establish himself in business and to be burned out by the great May fire of that year. Nothing daunted, however, he re-established himself, as many another was then doing, while yet the *debris* of his store and goods was still smoking, and was soon carrying on a general-merchandise business again. His first store was on the corner of Merchant and Sansome Streets, afterwards removing to California Street between Battery and Front.

During the exciting events through which San Francisco passed in the early days of her history, he

was always at the front, doing good work in the preservation of the peace and welfare of the community, as he indeed has always been in the performance of all the duties of good citizenship during the now more than forty years that he has been a resident of this city.

Returning to New York in 1857, Mr. Lohse remained but six months and came back to the scene of his first ventures, to cast his lot permanently here. He became for a time interested in mining companies, and in 1863 became connected with The California Powder Works, with which he has since been continually engaged.

Mr. Lohse was married, in 1847, at St. John's Episcopal Church, in New York, to Miss Emma S. Charruand. He has had two daughters and one son, the latter dying at an early age, and bringing sad affliction into an otherwise as happy a home as has ever existed in San Francisco. Essentially a home man himself, Mrs. Lohse has been an equally devoted wife and mother, and blessed with the love and devotion of her children in the fullest measure that it is ever given to mothers to enjoy.

Mr. Lohse is a life member of the Society of California Pioneers, has been a vice-president of that association, and is one of its most active and influential members.

EDGAR BRIGGS.

The subject of this sketch is a living example of the natural affinity of the United States and Canada, of the beneficial results which underlie the theory of

Canadian annexation, for in the early twenties of the present century, Daniel Briggs, of Otsego County, New York, annexed—matrimonially—Jane Ronain, of Quebec, in Canada, and on Carlton Island, in the St. Lawrence River, on the very dividing line that separates the two countries, Edgar Briggs was born of this union, on the 25th of May, 1826. Educated at the public schools, at the age of fifteen he left home and took a position as clerk in the British Canadian house of Romain Brothers, of Toronto, Canada. Of striking independence of character, the restrictions placed upon him here he declined to endure, and he soon emigrated to Buffalo, where he entered the employ of Allen & Mentin, wholesale dry goods merchants, as clerk. His roving disposition could not be suppressed, however, and in 1844 we find him migrating to Cuba, where he remained two years, and so acquainted himself with the production and manufacture of tobacco as to make the tobacco trade the chief employment of his later years.

From Cuba he went to New Orleans in 1846, and from thence to Montgomery, in Alabama, and entered the employ of E. J. Donnell. Here the news of the gold discovery in California reached him in 1848. He now made up his mind to be off for the diggings, and went to New Orleans, from which port he sailed, on the steamer *Alabama*, on the 9th of June, 1849, for Chagres.

In due time he found himself in Panama with several thousand others, with whom he celebrated the Fourth of July. He sailed from Panama on the 17th of July, on the Danish bark *Wilhelmina*, and arrived in

the harbor of San Francisco on the morning of September 11, 1849. Here he remained but a short time, going to the mines on the Yuba (Parks Bar) where he worked for a short time, making from \$15 to \$20 per day. He was driven out by high water, and then went to the present site of the city of Nevada, at that time having but one log cabin (Caldwell's store). He mined on Gold Run, and in less than two months took out some \$14,000, and returned to San Francisco in February, 1850, where he entered into co-partnership with Wm. Langerman, then established in the cigar and tobacco business under the firm of Wm. Langerman & Co, located on the east side of Montgomery Street between Washington and Jackson. He made money rapidly, but was burned out in May, 1850, also in May and June, 1851, in which last great fire he lost all.

He dissolved with Langerman, and on the 1st of July formed, with B. C. Horn, the firm of B. C. Horn & Co., located on Sansome Street between Washington and Jackson. In January, 1852, they removed to the fireproof brick building next to Macondray & Co., Sansome Street between California and Pine, where they continued in business until 1854. He then sold out to B. C. Horn and James R. Lewis, and took charge of the business of J. A. McCrea & Co., and in 1855 went into business with J. R. Cooper, A. Van Valkenberg, and R. V. Dey, under the firm of Briggs, Dey & Co., in the jewelry business on the corner of Montgomery and Sacramento Streets.

In 1859 he went to Virginia City, and then to Utah, where he remained until 1861, when he returned

to San Francisco, leaving all his money behind him permanently invested in valueless silver mining holds in Utah and Nevada. He was to begin life over again, and he did it man fashion, without a murmur. He entered the employ of Weil & Co., cigar and tobacco merchants, where he remained for nine years, forming a copartnership later on with Adolph A. Son, under the firm name of Son & Briggs, in the "Yankee notion" business. He disposed of his interest in the firm to his partner in 1871, having been appointed by the trustees of the Consolidated Tobacco Company to manage the commercial department of that corporation.

The company's factories at Gilroy having been destroyed by fire in 1877, the business was wound up, and Mr. Briggs started in the tobacco business on Market Street on his own account, remaining in that business until 1882, when he turned it over to his son, and went into the real-estate business.

During all his business career, Mr. Briggs has taken an active and leading part in politics as a Republican. In 1865 he was elected to the board of education to fill an unexpired term, and in 1866 was re-elected to the full term. He was appointed by Governor Booth, in 1872, as a member of the board of tide land commissioners, in which capacity he served until the board had completed its labor, and was deposed by the legislative act which had created it.

Mr. Briggs was married, in 1855, to Miss Sarah L. Hutchinson. Two children were born to them, a son and a daughter, when, in February, 1858, his wife died. He was again married, in December, 1864, to Miss Matilda Atkins Pinkerton. Five children were

born of this marriage, four sons and a daughter. Five children by both marriages, three grown native sons and two daughters, are living, an honor to the State and to their parents.

Upon the subject of the suitability of California soil and climate for tobacco production, Mr. Briggs, as the oldest dealer in tobacco in California, and with a full knowledge of the subject of which he speaks, says that he expects to see it one of the largest tobacco producers in the Union, and that it is only exceeded in its adaptability in this direction by Cuba itself.

Mr. Briggs is a life member of the Society of California Pioneers, in which association he is highly esteemed on all sides.

GEORGE DEDRICK NAGLE.

The subject of this sketch was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, April 15, 1820. He is of most honorable descent,—German on the paternal and Scotch on the maternal. His father was in the military service during the war of 1812, being a member of the noted "Germantown Blues," and afterward received a pension for such services. His mother, whose family surname was Daniels, was from Maryland. Her brother achieved fame and distinction as a commodore in the Chilian navy during "the Liberator" Bolivar's time. Mr. Nagle graduated from the Germantown College, from which he derived a liberal education. Immediately thereafter he entered the employ of a maternal uncle, who was extensively engaged in mason work and the manufacture of brick,

in both branches of which business he became a complete expert. Possessing naturally a syntactical mind, the whole bent and inclination of which tended to the art of construction in all of its multifarious branches, he determined to adopt that profession and devote his energies and future life to it.

By nature he was emphatically self-reliant; in disposition, ambitious, ardent, and adventurous; in will, determined and indomitable. With these marked characteristics, combined with habits of frugality and abstemiousness, for his capital, he determined to seek his future fortunes in the then far West and South of our great republic, where, with his own strong right arm, he could cope with fortune, unconstrained and untrammelled by those elements that so curb and repress genius and labor, unaided by capital, in the older-settled and densely-populated communities of the East.

Accordingly, when but just verging into manhood, at the early age of eighteen, he went to New Orleans, where he found his skilled services in immediate demand. He constructed the gas works in that city, and also the fortifications at "Fort Jackson," below the city. Owing to the deleterious climate, he remained in New Orleans but a short time. He removed to St. Louis, and immediately established himself in the business of contractor and master builder, which he successfully pursued until the winter of 1848-49, when the news of the discovery of the gold mines in California reached there. Stories of their fabulous wealth created the greatest excitement among all classes.

Mr. Nagle did not escape the universal craze and he resolved to join the crowd who were eagerly preparing to throng hitherward. He immediately joined a party of gentlemen who were preparing to cross the plains, among whom were Colonel John Radford, Dr. White, S. Carlisle, Captain Whitney, and himself, with their families, and E. J. C. Kewen, Edward Hale, Robert Hunt, and John and Richard Radfellows, single men—all names of noted pioneers.

Being all men of considerable means, their outfit was probably as complete as any party of emigrants that had ever undertaken that dreary tramp. They provided themselves with ten large eight-mule wagons for their baggage, provisions, and camping necessities, also five large, comfortable, four-mule spring wagons for their families, and saddle horses for the gentlemen; they took along slaves for servants, and every possible comfort that could minister to their wants during their weary journey, a great deal of which was afterwards found to be superfluous and cumbersome, and was dumped out by the wayside. They left the frontier settlements early in May, 1849. When they left, the cholera was raging in the Eastern States, and it broke out among them, almost before they lost sight of the Missouri River, and never left them until they had crossed the mountains; they were well supplied with medicines, and made a stubborn resistance, but it proved too strong, and five of their companions succumbed to the dire disease, and were buried on the plains.

A journey across the plains, at that date, was attended with innumerable dangers, discomforts, and

hardships, of which travelers now have but little conception. Their lonely camps, reached after a long, monotonous day's tramp, over parched and arid plains and deserts, their trail flanked on both sides with the graves of the victims of cholera and the Indians, and strewn with the carcasses and bones of animals, and wrecked and abandoned wagons, often without water, or that which was unfit to drink, their animals foot-sore and weary, languishing for both food and water, frequently surrounded by a watchful, wily, and hostile red foe, necessitating a constant, unrelenting guard, with no sound to break the almost oppressive silence of the vast solitude save the weird cry of the wolf and the coyote, presents to the mind a scene that can be but faintly realized at the present day.

Their troubles with the Indians commenced when about three weeks out. A small band of Pawnees stampeded their animals, and succeeded in getting away with three mules. Mr. Nagle and two others started in pursuit, and overtook them on the evening of the second day. In the skirmish that ensued one of his companions was killed and the other slightly wounded. They killed at least three of the Indians, and recaptured two of the mules. After that they did not lose any more men or animals, but they had to keep a constant guard and lookout, and shots were frequently exchanged. Upon one occasion a large band of apparently friendly Pawnees rode into camp, and the chief offered a large number of ponies for one of the ladies in the party. When his offer was declined, without thanks, he suddenly caught up Dr. White's little boy and dashed off with him; every man

was instantly in the saddle in pursuit, and they soon succeeded in retaking the child, who was unharmed; but his mother was, from that time, in a fearful state of nervous excitement whenever an Indian made his appearance.

In crossing the alkali desert they suffered incredible hardships; their water entirely gave out; the animals became so exhausted that they could scarcely move the wagons. Their suffering for water, especially the women and children, was pitiful, and the men were almost prostrated with despair; but a kind Providence sustained them through this, the darkest hour of their journey. In crossing the Truckee River, three of their companions were swept down the stream and drowned, which was the last sad and fatal mishap that occurred to them.

Before reaching the Sierras many of the party had become so excited, in their feverish desire to reach the mines, that they cut their mules loose from their wagons and abandoned everything but what they could pack on them, and pushed on ahead; but Mr. Nagle was obliged to restrain his own ardor, and plod slowly along with his little family. The trail had become full of people, and there was no longer any danger from Indians or otherwise.

He made his first halt at a mining camp at "Steep Hollow," where for a week he tried his luck at mining, but, not meeting with encouraging success, and the surroundings being uncongenial to his little family, he left for Sacramento, and that ended his experience as a practical gold digger.

He arrived in Sacramento early in August, 1849.

and pitched his tent on the corner of J and Third Streets. His wife gave birth to a boy on the day of his arrival, which was named "Sacramento," in honor of his birthplace. He was the first child born to immigrant parents of that year. He was a promising, sturdy boy, but never reached the age of manhood.

Upon his arrival in Sacramento, Mr. Nagle found everything in a wild state of feverish excitement. Most of the business centered upon J Street and the Levee. Every species of reckless speculation, especially in town lots, was indulged in; gambling of every description was openly carried on in all the places of entertainment, saloons and drinking resorts, which all employed bands, and the strains of their music was heard at all hours of the day and night, and gave the town the appearance of a continuous gala day. A large portion of the population dwelt in tents, that stretched all around and through the town in every direction; every comfort and necessity was at fabulous prices; gold-dust was a drug, that everybody seemed to have an abundance of, which was lavishly displayed and squandered in the gratification of every desire or caprice, unrestrained by any sense of moral or legal responsibility. The personal rencounters constantly occurring in the streets and saloons, the sound of pistol shots, mingled with oaths, and the strains of music, constituted an almost incessant scene of saturnalian orgies somewhat fearful to contemplate.

But all this excitement had little effect upon Mr. Nagle. He coolly stood aloof, calmly debating within himself what course of business he would adopt and pursue in the future. He concluded that the permanency

and richness of the mines had been sufficiently demonstrated to warrant the belief that large and prosperous cities and towns must necessarily result both at Sacramento and on the Bay of San Francisco, and he wisely decided to establish himself in his legitimate profession of contractor and master builder. He immediately employed all the skilled workmen he could procure at \$25 dollars per day, laborers or hod-carriers at \$16 per day. Lumber was \$700 per thousand feet, and lime \$16 per barrel.

He erected many of the first houses in Sacramento, the principal material being adobe bricks. He shortly commenced the manufacture of real bricks and lime; he built the first limekiln on the coast, at White Rock Springs. He also inaugurated the old Sacramento *Union* newspaper; that is to say, he furnished the capital to his brother-in-law, Job Court, who, with Wm. Keating and M. Harkness, set the paper going; he furnished the money to Harkness to go to New York and buy the press and whatever other plant was necessary. The paper proved a success, but they finally sold out to Anthony & Merrill. It is needless to add that the paper afterwards became one of the most noted and influential journals ever published on the coast. The first fire in Sacramento started in his tent, just after the great flood at the close of 1849. There were four kegs of powder on the bed. Its explosion left scarcely a vestige of anything of value.

Although Mr. Nagle was pecuniarily successful in all of his undertakings in Sacramento, he conceived the idea that San Francisco presented a broader field and

larger scope for the employment of his energies and capital. Accordingly, early in 1855, just after the great fire, he came to San Francisco and established his business of general contractor and builder. The first structure he erected was the old U. S. Marine Hospital now standing on Rincon Point. He also erected for Samuel Brannan the fine building on the northeast corner of Montgomery and California Streets. According to the contract, the walls and roof were to be completed in thirty days, with a forfeiture of \$500 per day for all exceeding that number. It was completed in just twenty-seven days. When it is considered that there are twelve hundred thousand bricks in the building, the almost unprecedented celerity of the work may be appreciated. Mr. Brannan presented him with a \$450 gold watch and chain in token of his appreciation. The building still remains among the most noted in the city.

Among the numerous noted structures and enterprises due to the skill and genius of Mr. Nagle, in many of which he was the designer and architect, may be mentioned the following: The Grand Hotel, on the corner of Market and Second Streets; the Wells-Fargo Bank, on the northeast corner of California and Sansome; the splendid blocks of buildings on the corners of Montgomery and Pine, and on the west side of Sansome between Pine and California, belonging to A. B. McCreary, the extensive block at the junction of Bush and Market, belonging to Huntington, Hopkins & Co.; Union Hall, on Howard between Third and Fourth; the Newhall building, corner of Sansome and Halleck; the old Pioneer Hall, on Montgomery; Grace Church,

corner of California and Stockton; the first woolen mills at North Beach; all the San Francisco Gas Company's buildings; the immense granite wall on Mason, California, and Sacramento, built for Senator Jas. G. Fair, and costing \$100,000; all the brick structures at the C. P. R. R. depot at Oakland; the Masonic Temple, Oakland; the imposing buildings of the Continental Oil Company at Stockton and Sacramento, built for Tevis & Schofield; the breakwater at Wilmington, Los Angeles County; the officers' quarters at Mare Island Navy Yard. He manufactured the brick and constructed the most of the brick and mason work of the quarters, magazines, and fortifications at Angel Island and at Fort and Black Points, under General De Russy. He built the North Beach and Mission Street Railroad; also the Sacramento Valley Railroad from Folsom to Lincoln, including the bridge across the American River at Folsom; also the first railroad in Alameda; the railroad from San Jose to the junction at Niles Station. He built, in 1885, the private mansion for James C. Flood which rivals a royal palace in its magnificence. He erected the splendid new hall for the Society of California Pioneers, on Fourth Street; also the most extensive winery in the State, at Washington Corners, Alameda, at a cost of \$200,000, for Don Juan Galligo; also a brick block at the corner of Twelfth and Broadway, Oakland, at a cost of \$50,000, for Coleman Brothers, of Grass Valley; and for himself, a large three-story block, fifty by one hundred and twenty-six feet, on Market Street between Ninth and Tenth. He constantly kept a large number of employes on his pay-roll—never less than one hundred and often exceeding five hundred.

It will be seen that Mr. Nagle was not confined to any specialty, but in all the varied branches of his business of general contractor and builder he was equally proficient.

The argonauts of California, individually and collectively, have never been excelled in adventurous enterprise and undaunted perseverance, and it is not unmerited praise to accord to the subject of this sketch the possession of these characteristics to such a remarkable degree as to render his name conspicuous even among them. The works and structures, public and private, enumerated above, constitute a monument to him that will endure, co-equal and co-existent, with the annals of the State and city.

The honor of first calling attention to the importance of Alaska may be ascribed to Mr. Nagle. He, in connection with the late Louis Goldstein, first started the project of a company to transact business in that territory under American auspices.

In 1847 Mr. Nagle married Miss Emma Court, in St. Louis—a most esteemed and excellent young lady. She deceased in San Francisco in 1869. Their issue was four sons and one daughter, of whom two sons and the daughter survive. In 1871 he espoused the estimable and accomplished daughter of the late Judge O. Caller, of San Francisco. She was a most devoted wife and mother, knowing no degree in her love and affection for her own and her husband's former children. She died in 188 . His family then consisted of himself, two sons, and two daughters,—George, Harry, Mary, and Carrie,—all vying in devoted affection for each other.

Mr. Nagle's progenitors were Episcopalians, but he himself belonged to no sect, and professed no distinct creed; he was alike tolerant and liberal to all denominations, without invidious distinction, esteeming them to be the great conservatories of civilization and public morals. His purse was ever open, in unostentatious and generous response to the demands of the really needy and deserving. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, being a Royal Arch Mason; he was also a life member of the Society of California Pioneers. In politics he affiliated with the Democratic party, but was never a partisan in the political sense; in the late war he was unswervingly for the Union. Did he choose, he might well have aspired to political preferment; his sterling qualities and popular manners would undoubtedly have challenged and won prompt recognition; but such a career would have been repugnant and distasteful to his nature; his only desire was that government, in all of its branches, might be so administered as to redound to the best interests of the whole people.

It is gratifying to know that Mr. Nagle accumulated a competency, which was not of sudden growth, or of accidental or lucky speculation, but was the result of energy, enterprise, and unerring sagacity, combined with the most rigid personal and business integrity; it was sufficient to enable him to gratify his generous impulses to bestow a liberal education upon his children, and make generous provision for their future.

While still in possession of hale and vigorous manhood, with both physical and mental powers apparently unimpaired, promising many years of useful citizenship

still in store for his family and fellow-citizens, he was suddenly stricken down by apoplexy, and died on the 30th of April, 1891; after a few days' illness. He was buried under the auspices of the California commandery of Knights Templars, of which he was an honored member, mourned and followed to his grave by hundreds who had known him in life, shared of his generous friendship, and honored his memory by their presence at the last rites that were paid at his obsequies.

GEORGE H. HOWARD

Was born in Massachusetts. He was a younger brother of W. D. M. Howard, the noted pioneer. He had been trained to mercantile pursuits by Mr. Perkins, an eminent merchant of Boston. While in charge of important business for the house of Mr. Perkins, in New Orleans, his brother sent for him to come to California.

He arrived in California in June, 1849. His brother immediately established him in business in Sacramento, in connection with H. F. Teschmacher and J. P. Thompson, in which they were very successful.

In the meantime his brother's health having become seriously impaired, George soon closed up his business in Sacramento and removed to San Francisco to assist his brother in the management of his affairs. By his brother's long illness and consequent inability to give the necessary personal attention to his business affairs, they had become seriously deranged, and upon his death it was at once apparent

that the estate immediately required someone of keen business capacity to rescue it from the complexities in which it had become involved. Fortunately, such an one was at hand in the person of his brother George.

He at once assumed the entire management of the estate, and devoted his whole time and best energies to the task of extricating it from its very serious entanglements. How well and honorably he performed that duty the subsequent and present splendid financial condition of the estate and heirs amply demonstrates.

George eventually married the relict of his brother. Two sons and two daughters survive him. The eldest son, George, personally known to the writer, has seemingly inherited, not only the honorable traits of his father, but so many of the lovable and amiable qualities of his Uncle William that it is a pleasure to note them here, and, with pride, to refer generally to the young descendants of the pioneers and argonauts of California, in favorable contrast with the young generation of any part of our country.

George H. Howard and his brother William, in amiability of disposition and honorable traits of character, were not unlike, but in social desires and habits they were dissimilar. William was jovial and fond of lively society; George was more sedate and serious, studious, and much inclined to literature and art.

George H. Howard died very suddenly at San Mateo in April, 1878. He had proved a kind and devoted husband, and an affectionate and considerate father to his own and his brother's children. He was an honorable, high-minded, and useful citizen, and his death was sincerely deplored by all who knew him.

REUBEN MORTON

Was born in Graham, Cumberland County, in the State of Maine, January 9, 1819. He was descended from a long line of most honorable ancestry. The name is inscribed upon the roll of honor among the Revolutionary heroes and patriots that gave us our independence. His grandfather, David Morton, and seven other Mortons, all related, served in a Massachusetts regiment at Long Island under General Sullivan. He was present at the taking of Long Island by the British, and also at the battle of White Plains. His father, David Morton, served in the war of 1812, and was one of the last survivors of that memorable contest.

Reuben Morton was essentially a self-educated man, but he inherited a sanguine disposition and an indomitable will. Being a member of a growing and increasing family, he early determined to relieve his parents of the burden of his support, and become the architect of his own future.

In obedience to this dictate he left his home at the early age of thirteen, and obtained employment in a cloth factory. He continued in that occupation until he was twenty-one years of age, when he sought and obtained a situation in the Lowell factories. In 1842 he entered into business in Boston, in which he continued until 1849, when the news of the discovery of gold in California reached him; and, animated by the same spirit of independence that characterized his boyhood days, he immediately determined to be among the first to seek its golden shores.

In accordance with this determination, on the 10th

of February, 1849, he embarked on board the bark *Lanark*, bound for San Francisco *via* Cape Horn, where, after undergoing all the deprivations and discomforts incident to such a voyage at that time, he arrived, on the 12th of September following.

At the time of his arrival San Francisco was in a state of the wildest excitement. All business methods seemed to be lost sight of; tales of the fabulous wealth to be obtained in the mines by mere manual labor, were told upon every side; gold-dust was almost the sole circulating medium, and everybody had a plethora of it, carried loosely in their pockets in the shape of chispas, ranging all the way from a quarter to several ounces in weight; and every new arrival seemed to be agitated by but one idea, a feverish desire to reach the mines as soon as possible.

Mr. Morton and four of his fellow-voyagers soon left for the mines, and went to Mokelumne Hill, where they located several mines. After remaining there until the summer of 1850, and meeting with but indifferent success, Mr. Morton returned to San Francisco and entered the employ of C. B. Gillespie as teamster. In a short time he commenced the draying business upon his own account, which, increasing rapidly and becoming very profitable, he took as partner his brother John, and established the firm of R. & J. Morton.

The business steadily grew in magnitude, and generously rewarded its proprietors. But the wearisome and unceasing labor that it required overtaxed his strength and soon undermined his health; and in 1871 he sold his interest in the business to his brother, Sergeant S. Morton, and J. Ruggles, and went East

seeking its restoration. He returned in a few months very much recuperated, and connected himself with the Central Street Railroad Company, and in July, 1871, was elected its president and superintendent, which position he held until his death.

He also became one of the original promoters of the Geary Street Cable Railroad, which was constructed and operated under his supervision and superintendency. The success of these enterprises is due, in a very great measure, to the same untiring energy and executive ability that characterized his whole life. But the seeds of a fell disease had been implanted in his system, and finally developed virulent cancer of the stomach, which compelled him to cease all active business pursuits, and soon prostrated him upon a bed of sickness. For months he endured the most excruciating torments with heroic fortitude.

About a month previous to his death, his system rallied slightly, and he was advised to seek a change of climate. He, accordingly, went to Chicago. But, despite the most eminent medical advice and most tender nursing, the disease culminated in his death on the 9th of July, 1882, at Chicago, where his obsequies took place.

Two brothers survive him in San Francisco, John Morton, still carrying on the same business inaugurated by the two brothers in 1850, and Sergeant S. Morton, the popular ex-supervisor and capitalist.

Mr. Morton left an ample estate, in the disposition of which he did not fail to remember most generously everyone of near kinship, with whom, without exception, his memory remains embalmed with the tenderest love and in vernal freshness.

His death created a sad void in social and business life in San Francisco, where it was sincerely and generally deplored.

Vale.

I have finished a task that I have long had upon my mind. It has seemed to me—apart from any other consideration—that I at least owed it as a duty to my contemporaries, both dead and living, of those early days to perform it. I have made no effort to compile the dry, consecutive details of contemporaneous history, but simply to sketch a picture, imperfect as it may be, of life in California as I found it, while yet in its primitive, pastoral solitude, in contrast with the populous and thriving civilization which I have seen grow up around me. While there are others yet living who came to California as early as myself, there is not one among the three hundred thousand people who inhabit this great city who resided here when I first came to the then little hamlet of Yerba Buena—for I believe that I am the oldest *continuous* resident of San Francisco. As such, I feel that I am warranted in recalling the passing events of the early days, and in commemorating the names and the memories of those who participated in them as best I could, in order that the facts in regard to the same which live within my own knowledge and experiences, might not, with me, pass away and be forgotten.

Kotzebue, the Russian navigator who visited the bay of San Francisco in 1824, wrote of it in his report to his own government, in these words:—

"It has hitherto been the fate of this region, like that of modest merit or humble virtue, to remain unnoticed, but posterity will do it justice. Towns and cities will hereafter flourish where all is now silent. The water, over which scarcely a boat is seen to glide, will reflect the flags of all nations, and a happy and prosperous people, receiving with thankfulness what prodigal nature bestows for their use, will dispense its treasures over every part of the world."

The scene thus described had changed but little when I first took up my abode here. I have lived to witness a perfect realization of the prophecy which this intelligent navigator, as if gifted with prescience, thus placed upon historical record, and have witnessed all the events as they have transpired, that have led up to its marvelous consummation.

The "cove of Yerba Buena," as I found it, has become a great metropolis. More than three thousand miles of State railway system converge toward, and practically terminate in, San Francisco. Her bay is crossed at brief intervals by four lines of probably the best-appointed ferry service in the world. Her streets are threaded by more than sixty miles of cable roads, bringing every part of the peninsula between the ocean and the bay into easy, cheap, and rapid communication.

Two lines of steamers, giving semi-monthly service, connect San Francisco with China and Japan. Honolulu, New Zealand, and Australian ports, Alaska, Washington, and Oregon ports, Mexico, Panama, and the Central American ports, are all reached by regular steamship lines.

Costly and imposing public buildings, warehouses, mercantile establishments, banking houses, hotels, and theaters are met with on every hand. Homes, surrounded with ever-blooming gardens and flowers, beginning with attractive cottages, and ascending to palaces, are probably more numerous in proportion to the population, and more elegantly and luxuriously appointed, than any other city can boast of. Public parks, in most instances well and attractively laid out in lawns, shrubbery, flowers, and walks, are numerous and well ordered. Golden Gate Park, the one great public ground of all, containing more than one thousand acres, in the midst of a picturesque and attractive landscape, overlooks the Pacific, robed in shrubs, trees, flowers, and greensward, which no winter eve chills or robs of their gorgeous colors.

A fire department, which for forty years has prevented the recurrence of a serious conflagration, notwithstanding the prevalence of high winds, and the combustible nature of a great part of the city; a police force that prescribes public order; churches, school houses, and a school system richly endowed every year, and which is the pride of the city; charitable institutions, which reach every sect and condition in life, and care for and relieve thousands from suffering and want; streets well lighted, and an abundant supply of water under sufficient pressure to meet all requirements, even to the summit of the highest hills within the city proper; manufactories of every description, which turn out a long schedule, from the daintiest and most costly article of jewel ornamentation up to a modern vessel of war, with all her motive power and

other appointments; every modern appliance of luxury, comfort, commercial or social convenience, a market every day in the year, teeming with all that the most exacting appetite can crave, a public press, furnishing in its most elaborate detail, morning and evening, news from every quarter of the globe—these constitute some of the features of San Francisco metropolitan life, where, as I originally saw it, solitude reigned, and silence was hardly ever broken, save by the sometime faintly-heard morning or evening bell tolling to prayers from the tower of the distant mission.

Men, not far advanced beyond the middle period in life, who have witnessed and participated in this wonderful rise of a great city from the sand dunes and shrub oaks of "Yerba Buena Cove," still walk the streets in hale and hearty vigor.

With the fairest, most prolific soil, stretching north, south, and east from its gates, endowed with a climate so genial, and a diversity and generosity of products so vast, as to justify the belief that it can support in luxury a dense and prosperous population, all being tributary to it, commanding, by its superb situation, its incomparable harbor, the commercial supremacy of the north Pacific Ocean, who may dare to forecast the future of San Francisco, or compute the limit of her possible expansion?

And now, as I say farewell to my readers, and contemplate upon this wonderful transformation—"all of which I saw, and part of which I was"—I dream of a future for this great city far beyond even anything that has been accomplished in the past, and far beyond human ken to forecast and delineate by

pen or pencil. The new generations that are following in our footsteps will witness the rise of a mighty city whose proportions will more than realize and justify the words of California's most famous poet:—

“ Serene, indifferent of fate,
Thou sittest at the western gate.
Upon thy heights so lately won,
Still slant the banners of the sun.
Thou scest the white waves strike their tents.
m, Oh, wonder of two continents ! ”





